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THE PAGEANT OF LONDON

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE SULTAN AND HIS SUBJECTS
CUBA, PAST AND PRESENT
WEATHERLEIGH
SAND SEA, ETC.

THE
PAGEANT OF LONDON

BY

RICHARD DAVEY

WITH FORTY ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOUR
BY JOHN FULLEYLOVE R.I.

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THE PAGEANT OF LONDON

CHAPTER I

THE REFORMATION UNDER HENRY VIII.

HENRY VIII. in divorcing Katherine of Aragon, and proclaiming Anne Boleyn, in 1534, Queen-Consort, openly defied the Pope and all his following in the British Realm, and thereby created a schism in the ancient Church. He made no attempt to tamper with doctrine or alter ceremonial, but he assumed a pontifical position for himself, which certainly did not accord with his present conduct. He claimed the honours due to a Vicar of Christ, but his behaviour might fairly be ascribed to a Vicar of the Prince of Darkness!

Unhappily in the Reformation, as in the French Revolution, violence and persecution occurred on both sides, and the Londoners of the days of the Tudors "supped" to such an extent on horrors, that the metropolis soon became more like the capital of an Asiatic despot, or even of an ogre, than of a Christian monarch. The stranger from the Continent who reached London by the Dover Road, was regaled as he drew near the capital with a series of gruesome sights, such as, for instance, amazed the Venetian Envoys, whose fair city on the Adriatic was singularly free from hideous exhibitions, only too frequent in other countries of Europe, and even in parts of Italy itself.

About half a mile on the highroad beyond Southwark, in the days of Henry VIII. and his daughters, Mary and Elizabeth, stood a group of sturdy old trees which the traveller must necessarily pass, the branches of which often bent beneath the weight of pendant malefactors, thieves and highwaymen, left to swing until

they were either rotted away or withered to skeletons. One Ambassador (but that was in Elizabeth's reign) relates having seen as many as a dozen corpses dangling at a time on these trees.[1] At London Bridge at least a round half score of the heads of political offenders were generally stuck up in small iron cages on the tops of high poles, fixed over the central gate. The open space in the middle of the Bridge was also a favourite spot for the exhibition of severed heads, but here they were usually accompanied by the mangled remains of their erstwhile owners. You might, indeed, find a man's legs and thighs on London Bridge, and his fore-quarters over Aldgate or Newgate. Nobody seemed particularly horrified by the shocking spectacle, and it never seems to have occurred to the throngs going and coming over the Bridge that these mutilated and bleeding limbs often avenged the outrageous treatment their former owners had received by spreading infectious diseases amongst the passers-by.

Once in London, our foreign visitor was by no means rid of dreadful sights and scenes, for over the chief entrances to the Tower, and above each of the city gates, the heads of slaughtered traitors and malefactors were often set, and in times when persecution raged he was pretty sure to meet one, if not half a dozen, human beings bound on a hurdle, tied to a horse's tail, being dragged over the rough and uneven pavement to be burned alive in Smithfield or hanged at Tyburn. Had our friend happened in London one fine morning in the spring of 1531, and had gone into Smithfield market-place, he would surely have noticed a great crowd watching eagerly the boiling alive, in a huge copper cauldron, of a certain Master Richard Rose, cook to the Bishop of Rochester, who had been convicted of poisoning sixteen persons, for whom the poison was not, however, intended, but for the Bishop, who, fortunately for himself, was absent.

In this self-same year, 1531, if our friend had again found himself in Smithfield, he would have beheld no less than nineteen men and six women, all of them Dutch Anabaptists, and with them Hewitt and the learned Frith, Englishmen, burning at twenty-seven separate stakes. This was the largest number of human beings ever broiled at one time in England;

[1] Ambassades Françaises, temps Henri II. Bibliothèque Nationale.

but the awful spectacle, although witnessed by a vast crowd, does not appear to have roused either much sympathy or horror.

A grand *auto-da-fé* at Smithfield was considered one of the great shows of the day, and was attended by the rabble with the utmost punctuality and with the greatest apparent indifference to the sufferings of the victims. Anne Askew was burned at noon, but the crowd assembled many hours earlier to see her and her companions roasted. The mob generally followed the unfortunate victim, either in carts or on foot, all the way to the place of doom. The pillories — there were several of them in various parts of the town—were rarely vacant. In these the wretched culprits sat, with heads, hands, and feet thrust through holes in the uncomfortable instrument, absolutely powerless to protect themselves from the fierce shower of rotten eggs, dead cats, and rats, launched by the crowd. The accumulation of filth was often so thick as to necessitate its removal from the face and neck of the culprit with a stick. Women were punished in another kind of pillory known as the Thew, in which they were allowed to sit in a chair, but were none the less pelted unmercifully. Tyburn was an even more popular resort on "hanging days" than Smithfield at "burning times." It would require the pencil of a Hogarth or the pen of a Zola to describe the abominable orgies round the scaffold; the profanity, the shouting, and the evil jesting, especially in the last years of Elizabeth.

It is not possible, within the limit of these pages, to introduce, with much approach to detail, the tremendous drama of the Reformation, but a few descriptions of some of its memorable scenes, derived from contemporary sources, may prove of interest.

Among the more celebrated of the lengthy list of executions which took place in the reign of Henry VIII., few were more remarkable than that of the hereditary High Constable of England, the unfortunate Duke of Buckingham, the steadfast friend of Katherine of Aragon and the bitter foe of Wolsey. He was coming down the Thames in his sumptuous barge, in 1521, when he was arrested by the Captain of the King's Guard on a charge of treason, and carried through the Traitors' Gate to the Tower; whence, on the day of his trial, he was conveyed to

Westminster Hall by water, with all the ceremony due to his high position as a Prince of the Blood-Royal,—which rank was his chief offence. He was a lineal descendant of Edward III., and that was enough! Hence Henry's and the Cardinal's hatred, and even fear, of him. When he returned, a condemned man, all this state was abolished. He landed at Temple Stairs, the fatal axe being carried with its edge towards him, and was conducted through the city to the Tower as a "cast man." An enormous crowd gathered to see him perish on Tower Hill. This time the mob was in sympathy with the condemned Duke, and there was much and general wailing and moaning round the scaffold.

Elizabeth Barton, popularly called the Holy Maid of Kent, was another of Henry's early victims. A fervent visionary, she no doubt believed in herself—a sure manner of impressing others. She went about preaching; predicting the King's speedy punishment for his iniquitous conduct with regard to Katherine of Aragon and the Church. Arrested in June, 1533, the Holy Maid, who had been, through the influence of Bishop Fisher, admitted into the Benedictine Nunnery of St. Sepulchre, at Canterbury, was brought to judgment with her confederates, Friars Edward Bocking, Richard Dering of Canterbury, Henry Gold, Rector of St. Mary Aldermary, Hugh Rich, Warden to the Observants at Canterbury, and Friar Rigby of the same place. It is alleged, but on no convincing evidence, that she cast the whole blame on them, declaring she herself was but a poor woman, led astray by "these men, who should have known better, since they were learned clerics." But this abject confession and pleading, if ever it was made (and this, as Dom Gasquet shows, is not probable), did not avail her, and she and her companions were sent to Tyburn and hanged. The Maid's head, with its long grizzled black locks falling over the pallid features, was set up on London Bridge, and the heads and quarters of her fellow-victims were exhibited in various conspicuous parts of the town.

If Buckingham was Wolsey's victim, Sir Thomas More was surely Anne Boleyn's? She had good reason to hate him; he had done his best to prevent her marriage with the King, and he had not scrupled to tell her what he thought of her, and

even to predict her speedy downfall. We may imagine that if there had been newspaper contents-bills then, they would have read on that memorable day, July 6, 1534, very much as follows:—

EXECUTION OF THE LORD CHANCELLOR,
SIR THOMAS MORE!

SENSATIONAL SCENES.

AFFECTING MEETING WITH HIS DAUGHTER.

INCIDENTS ON THE SCAFFOLD.

DYING SPEECH.

QUEEN EXPRESSES DELIGHT AT EXECUTION.

London was indeed stirred to its depths by this just man's fate. Twice as her father passed to the Tower, did his favourite daughter, Mistress Margaret Roper, break through the halbert-men, and throwing herself into his arms, bathe his face with her tears, crying out, "O! my father! O! my father! Are you going to leave us?" "And," writes a spectator, "this sight made the very halbert-men weep: anon, she did speak once more, and the tears rolled down her face. When she said, 'Dear loved father, your blessing again!' Sir Thomas folded her in his arms and told her she must submit to the will of God, and pray for his enemies. After this last farewell, he felt that the bitterness of death was over, and he awaited the execution of his sentence with cheerfulness." This scene did not take place, as generally stated, when Sir Thomas More went to the scaffold, but as he passed, a doomed man, after his trial, from Westminster Hall to the Tower. A great multitude lined the way, and many noticed that since he last appeared in public "the Chancellor's hair had become white, his face pale, his frame emaciated, and his posture feeble." The people expressed so much sympathy for his misfortunes, that the King became, it is said, alarmed for his own safety. That More's treatment in the Tower had been very severe, is proved by a curious incident related by his daughter Mrs. Roper. It seems

that Sir Thomas' second wife, Alice More, who was considerably older than himself, and moreover a woman of very ordinary acquirements, visited him some days before his trial, which took place on July 1, 1534, at Westminster, in the Court of King's Bench. "You are indeed foolish," said Lady More; "I marvel that you who have hitherto always been taken for a wise man will now so play the fool as to lie here in this close, filthy prison, and be content to be shut up thus with mice and rats as your companions, when you might be abroad at your liberty with the favour both of King and Council. . . . I muse what in God's name you mean here thus fondly to tarry?" Sir Thomas asked her, with his usual good humour, "Is not this prison as near Heaven as my house at Chelsea?" The "rude housewife," as he himself calls her, did not understand what he meant, but continued to entreat him to submit to the King's wishes, and thus be able to return to his "comfortable home." At last Sir Thomas, tired by her vain importunity, told her plainly he preferred death to dishonour, and "so the poor lady went her way, marvelling at her husband's lack of common sense." Dame Alice More behaved at the last quite admirably. She sold her furniture, her fine clothes, and her jewels to help her husband, who, a few months before, had been Lord Chancellor of England, and reputed very wealthy!

When Sir Thomas More was led from the Tower to the scaffold on Tower Hill, his reception along the way was of a more mixed description than that with which he had met on his return from Westminster. The Boleyns, his mortal enemies, had organised a band of their partisans to hoot him as he went to his doom. This outrage occasioned a conflict between these scoundrels and the better class of citizens, who were in sympathy with the illustrious prisoner, and implored his blessing upon themselves and their children; even waving crucifixes and other religious emblems in the hope of attracting his attention. A little beyond the Tower a wine merchant's wife pressed forward with a goblet of Canary, which Sir Thomas refused, saying gravely, yet in a kindly way, "Christ, at the time of His Passion, drank no wine, but vinegar and gall." Then a certain Mrs. Rachel Chylde running up, angrily demanded the return of some law-papers she had entrusted to him. He answered some-

what sternly, "Good Mistress Rachel, in an hour hence his Highness the King will rid me of the care I have had of you and your papers." Then yet another woman railed against him for what she considered an unjust sentence he had passed upon her. "I mind you well, Mistress," he answered firmly, "and were I again to give sentence in your cause, I would not alter a word of it." Anon a citizen of Winchester flung himself at his feet, imploring him to pray for him. "Ay," said Sir Thomas, "I will pray. But go and pray for me awhile, and when that while is done, I hope to be able to pray for you in Heaven."

By the time the short but fateful procession had reached its destination, Tower Hill was black with people. More, as he ascended the scaffold, lifted a crucifix which he carried with him, and imposed silence whilst he knelt down and prayed. On seeing him fall upon his knees many hundreds followed his example, and for a moment nothing was to be heard but the murmuring of prayers. After a time Sir Thomas rose to his feet, and addressing the chief headsman, said to him, "with an air of pleasantry," as he handed him a gold angel: "Pluck up thy spirit, man, and be not afraid to do thy office: my neck is very short: take heed, therefore, that thou strike not awry, for saving of thy honesty." Then again, with his well-known sweet smile, he knelt and placed his head on the block, but as he did so he asked the executioner to be careful of his beard, which he himself placed over the wood so that the axe in falling might not injure or cut it. The head of this grand old man was struck off with a single blow, and then held up by the hair to the gaze of the crowd. Then occurred an outburst of popular indignation which threatened to assume dangerous proportions, until quelled by an armed force that presently dispersed the excited crowd.

The news of More's death was brought to Henry VIII. whilst he was playing cards with Anne Boleyn. He pretended to be startled; turned an angry look on his fair partner; rose from his seat, saying to her, as he left the room, "Thou art the cause of this great and good man's death!" Henry's fit of remorse did not, however, last long, for on the following day he issued orders for the eviction of More's family from their house at

Chelsea. He "did not leave Dame More a chair to sit upon, or a blanket to cover her, and the family were reduced to actual destitution. The King's vengeance even threatened anyone who might aid the Mores either with food or money."

According to tradition, Sir Thomas More's body was buried in the chapel he had prepared for himself and family in Chelsea parish church, but it is much more probable that it is still in the vault of St. Peter's at the Tower. His head, which had been previously parboiled, was exposed on London Bridge for six days, and finally given to Margaret Roper, who always carried it about with her. At her death it was placed in a small casket, and buried on the top of her coffin in the Roper vault in St. Dunstan's at Canterbury. In 1835 the ancient receptacle was examined, and in a small niche, closed in by an iron grating, a small casket was discovered, which is supposed to contain the head of Sir Thomas More, who, by the way, was beatified by the late Pope Leo XIII.[1]

Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, who had been executed five days before More, was probably the first and only member of the Sacred College who ever received his cardinal's hat in a prison. Henry is said to have savagely remarked, when he heard Fisher had been created cardinal, "If I could, I'd nail his hat to his skull." The venerable Bishop, like More, seems rather to have courted than avoided death.

On the morning of June 22, the feast of England's proto-martyr, Dr. Fisher rose very early. He said, as he dressed himself, "This is our wedding-day, and it behoves us to prepare for the wedding-

[1] There is a curious tradition concerning a portrait of More by Holbein, which is still one of the gems of the Louvre. A day or two after the execution of the Chancellor, Anne Boleyn entered a chamber at Whitehall where this picture then hung, and looked at it for a long time. "Being filled with fear," she snatched down the picture and flung it out of the window, crying, "O mercy! the man seems to be still alive: he is looking at me: he is looking at me!!" According to the story, the picture as it fell was caught by an Italian, who carried it to Italy and gave it to the Pope. When, early in the last century, Napoleon seized the pictures in the Vatican, this likeness was amongst those conveyed to Paris. At the fall of the Empire, the pictures and statues confiscated from Italy were restored, but Prince Talleyrand managed somehow to retain this one, and placed it in the national collection, where it is to this day.

table."• At nine the Lieutenant of the Tower, opening the door of his cell, found him on his knees absorbed in prayer. He was so old and feeble that he had to be carried to Tower Hill in a chair, holding in one hand a crucifix and in the other a copy of the New Testament. The demeanour of the vast multitude was extremely respectful. Many, weeping and sobbing, knelt to receive the Bishop's blessing. When his gown and tippet were removed "he stood in his doublet and hose in the sight of the people: and they marvelled to see a long, lean, and slender body, having on it little other substance beside skin and bones, insomuch as most part of the beholders wondered to see a living man so consumed, as he was the image of death itself: and the people thought it mighty cruel of the King to put such a man to death, he being so near his end."

However emaciated might have been his body, Cardinal Fisher's voice was vibrant, and he made a rather lengthy speech, and even read aloud some passages from the New Testament. He next knelt for about ten minutes in prayer. "When he rose he looked towards the East and made the Sign of the Cross with much solemnity, and then allowed his eyes to be bandaged." Life was severed at a single blow. As his gory head was held up by the executioner by its white locks an extraordinary scene occurred, "the like of which was never seen in England before!" A wail of sorrow rose from the great gathering of people in front of the scaffold, which consisted mainly of poor men and women, old domestics, pensioners, and friends of the charitable old man. According to Bayley, Cardinal Fisher's head was put in a white linen bag and taken to Anne Boleyn, who, after looking at it for some time, exclaimed, "Is this the head that has so often exclaimed against me. I trust it will never do me more harm." She struck it across the mouth with the back of her hand, "and hurt one of her fingers by a tooth that stuck out somewhat more than the rest did, which finger afterwards grew sore and put her to pain for many days: and when cured, the mark of the tooth remained to be seen on the said finger." In confirmation of this uncanny story, which was current all over London at the time, Henry Griffin of Rochester, who was present at the

execution, says that the executioner "carried away the head in a white bag," but does not say that it was taken to Anne Boleyn. Wyatt's sister, Margaret Lee, who was in attendance on Anne at the time, declares that, far from rejoicing at the Bishop's death, "the Queen was sore troubled in her mind about it, and received the Holy Communion that morning at a Mass said for the repose of the soul of the martyr." Be this at it may, Fisher's head was eventually spiked on London Bridge, between the heads of the Carthusians who had suffered a short time previously. For fourteen days an enormous crowd thronged on the Bridge to stare at the distorted face of the prelate, who was beloved of the poor, for they had often experienced his practical charity and welcomed him in their humble dwellings. At last it was rumoured that a "halo could be seen shining around the holy man's brow, so that the throng increased to such an extent that eventually all the approaches to the Bridge were rendered impassable both by day and night." Cromwell, hearing of this strange occurrence, ordered the head to be removed and flung into the Thames, and another substituted for it.

In the early years of his reign, Henry had professed great affection for the religious Orders, but his need of money and treasure for himself, and of lands to conciliate the new aristocracy, created to replace that older one which had perished during the Wars of the Roses and on Flodden Field, induced him to confiscate the accumulated treasures of the abbeys and priories, and seize their lands for the benefit of his freshly-created peers. Their new owners were placed under too great an obligation for them ever to venture to disoblige a sovereign who had been so very generous with other people's property.

The Franciscans, or Grey Friars, were extremely popular, and Henry VIII. himself had but a few years previously obtained certain spiritual advantages from Leo X. for their House in Newgate. Unfortunately for them Queen Katherine was devoted to the sons of St. Francis, especially those who dwelt in the five friaries of their Order at Greenwich, and this was quite sufficient to make her sordid and revengeful consort persecute them. They were, therefore, among the earliest victims of Henry's spite and malevolence.

Friar Forest of Greenwich, a man universally esteemed for his many virtues, had been confessor to the discarded Queen, and was now especially singled out for the King's unrelenting attack. He was arrested and brought before a Council at which sat the Duke of Norfolk, Cranmer, Latimer, Cromwell, and others. A singularly dramatic theological controversy between Latimer and the Friar was presently interrupted by the appearance of a body of eight men carrying the colossal wooden figure of David Gatheren, an image held in pious veneration throughout Wales, which Henry had ordered to be brought to London to be destroyed. The discussion between Latimer and Forest continuing, Cromwell rose and said, "My good Lord Bishop, I beseech you trouble no more with the man, but let him be burnt at once." On this the men who had brought in the image pressed forward to seize the Friar, who said, "I pray you, do not let go the image, lest it fall and crush me, and I be killed before my time." So they led him forth, and on the following day, May 22, 1535, he was burnt, and "this is the manner of it" according to the author of the Spanish Chronicle, who was a witness of the scene:—

"When Dr. Forest saw they would not let him speak to anyone, he made the sign of the cross, and said, 'Gentlemen, with this body of mine deal as you wish.' So they brought him down and took him to the gibbet which was just near, and they tied him up with a chain round his waist, and hung him up suspended by the middle. He begged them to let his hands be free, which they did. Then they began to set fire beneath him, and as it reached his feet he drew them up a little, but directly afterwards let them down again and he began to burn. The holy man beat his breast with the right hand, then raised both his hands to Heaven and said many prayers in Latin, his last spoken words being, 'Domine miserere mei,' and when the fire reached his breast he spoke no more, and gave up his soul to God.[1]

[1] This interesting account of one of Henry's earliest *autos-da-fé* is from the Cronaca de el Rey Enrique VIII., the MS. of which is preserved in the Royal Library at Madrid. The author was a Spanish merchant who resided in London during the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Mary. He evidently witnessed this distressing scene and many others. This curious work has been translated by Martin A. Sharpe. (George Bell & Sons.)

"As soon as the fire was lighted they cast the wooden saint into it, and it was burnt. A miracle happened, for the fire had scarcely destroyed the body when at midday was seen a dove, as white as snow, over the head of the sainted dead, and it remained there for a long time seen by many people. After dinner the body was taken down and buried in a hospital, and so ended this good Doctor."[1]

The fate of the Franciscans, or Grey Friars, who shared Henry's extremest resentment with the Carthusians, was equally appalling. Two hundred and sixty of them were arrested and thrown into prison without trial; but of these more than a hundred managed to escape to France and Scotland, thanks to the protection of Wriothesley. Friar Rokeby, one of the greatest scholars of the age, was hanged in prison in July, 1537. Thomas Belchians was deliberately starved to death, and the rest died in prison of their sufferings before 1588. Friar Peyto and Friar Payne, two of Queen Katherine's staunchest friends, saved themselves by effecting a flight abroad.

The Carthusian monks, especially those of the Charter House, who were greatly respected in London for their integrity and charity, refused to acknowledge the King as "the head of this or any other Church." John Houghton, the Prior, and his brethren resisted even the personal appeal of the King, who visited Charter House with the object of persuading them to apostatise, whereupon Father Houghton, together with Priors Webster of Axholm, Lawrence of Belleval, Hale, Vicar of

[1] The following doggerel was put up on the unfortunate doctor's gallows:—

"David Darvell Gatheren,
As saith the Welshmen,
Fetched outlawes out of hell;
Now he is come with speare and shield,
In harness to burne in Smithfield,
For in Wales he maie not dwell.
And Forrest the frier,
That obstinate lier,
That wilfullie shall be dead·
In his contumacie,
The gospell dooth denie,
The King to be supreme head."

(Lines quoted by Holinshed.)

Isleworth, and Father Reynolds of Sion, were tried for treason, and hanged and quartered at Tyburn on May 4, 1535. The barbarous mutilations to which they were subjected before their deaths, in the presence of the Dukes of Norfolk and Richmond,—this last a mere youth,—and indeed of the whole Court of England, give us an awful idea of the horrors of this period.[1] Chapuys says: "People say the king himself would have liked to see the butchery, which is very probable, seeing that nearly all the court, even those of the privy chamber, were there—his principal chamberlain, Norres, bringing with him 40 horses; and it is thought that he (the king) was of the number of five who came thither accoutred and mounted like borderers, who were armed secretly, with vizors before their faces, of which that of the duke of Norfolk's brother got detached, which has caused a great stir, together with the fact that while the five thus habited were speaking, all those of the court dislodged." Other writers, however, state authoritatively that the King was really not present.

Each of the victims ascended the scaffold with steady and unfaltering step. Houghton, who was the first to die, spoke in a strong voice, according to custom, to the multitude, forgiving all and entreating all to pray for him. His last words were, "Pray for me and have mercy on my brethren, of whom I have been the unworthy prior." The rope used was a heavy coarse one, that prevented the wretched men from being strangled, and thus it was possible to subject them to the subsequent diabolical cruelties inflicted upon the quivering body of each: they were still alive when their bodies were disembowelled and their bleeding hearts wrenched from their sockets and rubbed across their pallid mouths and faces. Yet these martyrs for conscience' sake died without a murmur, and passed into the next world gloriously, giving God thanks that they were held worthy to suffer for truth's sake.[2] Houghton's right arm was fixed to the gates of the desecrated Charter House, which he had governed so wisely and so well. Three monks of Charter House were sent to prison, and there compelled to stand in an upright position for thirteen days in total darkness with

[1] Calendar of State Papers, vol. viii. No. 600.

[2] Father Maurice Chauncey, who escaped to Flanders, has left a most thrilling account of the sufferings and martyrdoms of his companions.

heavy chains about their feet and necks. Then they too were hanged and quartered. The other members of the community were sent to Newgate, where they were "despatched by the Hand of God,"—*i.e.* died of fever and starvation.[1] A very few monks submitted, and on May 4, 1536, Charter House ceased to exist as a monastery, to eventually shelter a famous school of whose roll-call of scholars Englishmen may well be proud.

Anne Boleyn, whose fascination and whose misfortune stand, with those of Mary Stuart, unrivalled in our history, took her trial, not, as often stated, in Westminster Hall, but in the Great Hall of the Tower, which had been specially prepared with a stage and rows of seats to accommodate the accused Queen, the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Cromwell, the rest of the King's Councillors, the Lord Mayor, and a number of officials admitted to witness what may be described as a cruel pretence—a tragic farce! The story of the charges brought against the Queen is too familiar to call for recapitulation. The reader who desires to form a clear idea of the scandal and gossip then rife in London will do well to turn to the pages of the Spanish Chronicle, admirably translated by that accomplished historian Mr. Martin Hume, where he will find an *Arabian Nights*-like tale—which may, or may not, be true—of poor Anne's love affairs and intrigues. For the writer's part, seeing no witnesses in her favour were called at the trial, and the Queen was an evident victim of a skilfully pre-arranged plot, he feels himself obliged to accept her own version of the matter and hold her innocent.[2] It must be admitted, however, that her contemporaries thought otherwise. She was hated by nearly every class of the community, and held to be the author of the

[1] See for the dreadful details of the martyrdom of these men, in the Calendar of State Papers, Henry VIII., 1535—a very curious document, numbered 661; and also a letter, No. 726, containing still more "horrors," by the Bishop of Faenza, addressed to Messire Ambrogio, and dated 17th May.

[2] Chapuys, who hated the Queen to such an extent that he never mentions her to his Imperial Majesty except by some foul name, as,—"Messalina, Agrippina, Anne la concubine," or "that she-devil,"—thought she was unfairly dealt by, and seems to doubt most of the charges brought against her. The Lord Mayor, who was present at the trial of Anne Boleyn, afterwards declared "he saw and heard no proof of her guilt."

country's woes. The great, in their halls and galleries, and the poor, in their garrets and taverns, all manifested a singularly uncharitable spirit towards the poor woman whose own headstrong and thoughtless behaviour had largely contributed to her ruin. The people openly accused her of having poisoned the "good Queen," her late mistress,—a crime of which she was quite innocent. It is now fairly well established that Katherine of Aragon died of cancer of the heart. Anne's conduct on the receipt of the news of the Queen's death had created universal indignation and disgust; yet she was not the only one at Court who put on yellow as "a sign of joy for the departure of the Princess-Dowager," for Chapuys informed his Imperial Majesty that "Henry himself went mad with delight, dressed himself from head to foot in yellow damask, and stuck a white feather in his yellow velvet cap."[1]

The State Papers clearly prove that Anne's downfall was decreed early in January 1536, after she had given birth to a still-born boy, and it became evident that she was never again likely to become a mother. The wretched Queen herself now realised her peril, but although she spent much time in prayer, and gave abundant alms to the poor, she does not seem to have entirely cast aside her frivolous ways, or her unfortunate habit of indulging in over-familiarity with the young men who had once been her companions and equals, but who, since her elevation, were mere attendants and courtiers. She forgot, too, that she was surrounded by spies, and that her deadliest enemy was her vile, though lovely, sister-in-law, Lady Rochford, whose Madonna-like beauty, as limned in Holbein's fine sketch, entitled "The Lady Parker," must have been enough to disarm the most suspicious. On the 25th of April, 1536, that is to say five days before Anne was arrested, Parliament was dismissed, for no other purpose than to prevent a direct appeal to both Houses by the foredoomed Queen, and a secret Council was summoned in the King's Chamber at Westminster. On May Day took place the celebrated Greenwich tournament, at which the Queen dropped a kerchief, picked up by young Sir Henry Norris; an incident seized on by the King as a pretext for

[1] Hall and Sharon Turner omit this fact, and throw the whole blame of this unseemly incident on Anne Boleyn.

immediate proceedings against his wretched wife. Henry, as everyone knows, rose and left the field with well-simulated wrath. He at once rode back to London, taking young Norris with him. On his way to Westminster he endeavoured to extract a confession from Norris, but that youth, proving obdurate to threats and coaxing alike, was arrested and sent to the Tower. On May 2, the Queen herself was arrested at Greenwich Palace. According to one version, she was at table when the Duke of Norfolk, Cromwell, Audley, and the Lieutenant of the Tower, Sir William Kingston, demanded immediate admission to her presence; her friend, Thomas Wyatt's only sister, Mistress Margaret Lee,[1] one of her favourite attendants, whose narrative was published about a hundred and fifty years after the incidents had occurred, states that Anne, who, tormented with vague terrors, had not slept the whole night, had risen early and gone into the garden, and was standing under an apple tree full of bloom, when one of her maidens announced that her Majesty's uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, awaited her presence in the Council Chamber. Anne obeyed, and swiftly learnt her doom. The Duke, who behaved very harshly, sternly upbraided her for what he was pleased to call "her evil behaviour." When he ceased speaking, Sir William Kingston, the Lieutenant of the Tower, came forward and arrested her in the King's name for treason. The Queen besought her uncle and the other noblemen present to let her see her child, the Princess Elizabeth, but this natural entreaty was, of course, refused. The King would not have allowed it in the first place, and in the second the little Princess was most probably no longer at Greenwich, but with her governess, Mrs. Bryan, in the royal nursery at Chelsea. After a violent fit of hysterics Anne became sufficiently calm to permit of her being conducted to her barge and conveyed to the Tower. All the way down the Thames the Duke of Norfolk continued to taunt her for disgracing his ancient house. Anne appears to have paid but little attention to him, and to have sat dazed, staring at the flowing river. She had not even changed

[1] Miss Strickland mentions a Mary Wyatt, "a sister" of the poet. He had but one—Margaret—who married Sir Anthony Lee in 1531. She had a son who was five years of age at the time of Queen Anne's death. Mary Wyatt was probably a cousin by marriage.

her dress, which was, as usual, very splendid. One of the three female attendants who were allowed to follow her took off her own cloak and threw it round her mistress. It was nearly five o'clock in the afternoon when the royal barge reached the steps leading to the Traitors' Gate. The Queen cast herself on her knees on the wet steps, crying out, with tears streaming down her face, "O Lord Jesus, help me! For that I am an innocent woman!" When she grew a little calmer, Sir William Kingston and her women assisted her to rise. "Master Kingston," she asked, "am I to go to a dungeon?" "No, Madam," he answered, "to the chambers in which you passed the night before your coronation." And thither they conducted her, Lady Kingston receiving her at the head of the stairs and leading her to the throne-room, from which the daïs, chair-of-state, and canopy had not been removed. The Queen now learnt that her brother, Lord Rochford, had been arrested earlier in the day, as well as Sir Thomas Weston, Sir Harry Norris, Sir Henry Brereton, and her favourite musician, Master Mark Smeaton. On learning this bad news, she broke into a violent fit of hysterical sobbing, crying out, "O my sweet brother, shall I never see you again? O Mark, Mark, hast thou undone me?"—and so forth. After a time she became calmer, and even quite merry, laughing heartily and saying she believed "the King had done this to try her," and that "all would be well in the end." Meanwhile the barge had conveyed the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Suffolk, and the other officials to Whitehall, where they informed the King of what had happened. Late that night a secret Council was held in Henry's cabinet, report of which, in Cromwell's notebook, is still extant at Lambeth. At this Council Anne's arch-enemy, Lady Rochford, was examined by the King himself. Cranmer was not present, but Cromwell saw Morice, his Grace's private secretary, whispering with Lady Rochford[1] for nearly half an hour before

[1] Jane Morley was one of the most beautiful women of her time. She was the daughter of Lord Morley, a great friend of Mary Tudor, and was twice married, first to Sir John Parker, and secondly to George Boleyn, Viscount Rochford, Queen Anne's only brother. As already noted, "The Lady Parker," by Holbein, in the King's collection, makes her look more like a Madonna by Raphael than the wretch she really was.

she was admitted into the King's presence. Evidently he was "priming" her as to what she was to say. It would be very interesting, but quite beyond the scope of this work, to dwell on all the details of the last days of Anne Boleyn, but we must hasten to the closing scene of all—her execution, by far the most important of the many that darkened the annals of England in the first half of the sixteenth century, since it afforded a precedent for those of Mary Stuart and Charles I.

It has been asserted by some historians that Cranmer and Latimer offered spiritual consolations to the captive Queen. This is an error. That Cranmer visited Anne three nights before the last she spent on earth is quite true, but he came in his purely secular, not in his priestly, capacity, to bring her a certain document to sign, which annulled her marriage with the King on the grounds of pre-contract to Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland. Anne is said to have sworn by all that she considered holiest that she had never been pre-contracted in marriage to Percy[1] or any other man, and had, moreover, always been a true and loving wife to the King, her lawful husband.

Cranmer was not the Queen's confessor. The name of that personage is revealed, in a very rare black-letter tract entitled *The Last Hours of Queen Anne Boleyn*, as Father Francis Thirlwall, who printed his recollections at Antwerp in 1547, the year of Henry the Eighth's death. Two other Catholic clergymen attended the Queen during the last days of her life. One of these was Father Davett, the Almoner of the Tower, and Father Lavenue, a Franciscan friar who was expressly sent by the Duke of Norfolk.

Kingston, in a letter to Cromwell written the day before the execution, informed him that, in accordance with his instructions, he had turned all strangers out of the Tower, "some thirty in number," including a servant of the Imperial Ambassador, who was "honestlie put yout." He thought it was best that there should only be "a reasonable number" of people present, as he felt sure the Queen would declare herself innocent at the last. He had just held a conversation with her in which she had said to him, "'Mr. Kingston, I hear that I shall not die before noon,

[1] Percy, as Earl of Northumberland, was present at the Queen's trial, and became so greatly excited that he fell down in a fit, and had to be carried out of the hall. He died a year later.

and I am very sorry, therefore. For I thought to be dead now, and past my pain.' I told her it would be no pain, it is so 'sotell.' Then she said, 'I have heard said the executioner is very good, and I have a little neck,' and put her hand about it, laughing heartily. I have seen many men, and also women, executed, and that they were in great sorrow, but to my knowledge this lady has much joy and pleasure in death. Her almoner hath been with her continually, and since two o'clock after midnight."[1] Curiously, this last sentence confirms Father Thirlwall's statement, that it was exactly two o'clock when he entered the Queen's cabinet to hear her last confession. Kingston also informs Cromwell that the two spies, her cousin Lady Boleyn and Mistress Coffin, constantly slept in the Queen's room, on her pallet, so that she could not make a movement without their knowledge. Her gentlewomen were also not allowed to have any communication with her, unless in the presence of Lady Kingston, who, together with her husband, slept outside the Queen's door on an improvised bed. She obtained, although with difficulty, permission to have the Eucharist exposed upon the altar of the oratory attached to her apartments, and spent most of her time in adoration before it.

On the last day of her life, May 19, she rose at two o'clock in the morning, and Father Thirlwall evidently received her confession, for he was closeted with her for a very long time. She then heard three successive Masses, said by each of the three priests already mentioned, and received Holy Communion. By this time it was daybreak, and nearly seven o'clock, and her Highness sat down to breakfast with Lady Kingston, who, to her undying honour, throughout treated the unfortunate prisoner with the utmost kindness. Her four women[2] also joined her, among them Margaret Lee and Mary or Mildred Wyatt, probably

[1] It appears also, from this letter, that Anne must have been very hysterical the day before her death, for whereas she made a great dinner and was very merry at noon, an hour or so afterwards she called for her supper, "having marvell where I (Mr. Kingston) had been all day."

[2] The other two ladies named in the State Papers were Mrs. Coffin and Lady Boleyn. Both were notoriously inimical to the Queen, and repeated everything she said and did. But there must have been two other ladies—probably serving-women—for all accounts speak of *four* ladies with her on the scaffold, and these certainly did not include the treacherous ladies above mentioned.

a cousin of the poet, who, by the way, was also involved in Queen Anne's misfortunes, and made prisoner in the Tower at the same time as his childhood's friend and companion. The Queen ate very little. After she had finished her breakfast she rose, and throwing her arms round Mistress Lee's neck, sobbed as though her heart would break. She begged to be remembered to all her attendants, and to the young maids at Hever, and entreated that they should be asked to pray for her. Then she spoke about her pet dogs and her ponies at Greenwich. She also named her nurse, Mary Orcharde. She did not even allude to her child Elizabeth; but she had already made Lady Kingston promise to go to Princess Mary, kneel before her, and beg of her, in her name (Anne's) to forgive her the insolent spite with which she had treated her. We learn from the State Papers that the excellent Lady Kingston faithfully fulfilled this mission. After this leave-taking, Anne passed once more into her oratory, and, assisted by Father Thirlwall, remained in prayer till close upon the stroke of eleven. She then returned to the outer chamber, took a passionate leave of her ladies, thanking Lady Kingston for all her goodness to her. As eleven o'clock struck Sir William Kingston knocked at the door and announced that all was ready. The portals of the Tower were thrown back, and the grim procession passed out and slowly wended its way to the scaffold, close beside the Church of St. Peter-ad-Vincula, within the precincts of the Tower. It was headed by two hundred yeomen of the guard with halberts. Then came the executioner expressly fetched from Calais, and dressed, according to the fashion of his country, in a tight-fitting suit of black, a half-mask covering the upper part of his face. On either side of him strode his English assistants, wearing the usual English uniform of scarlet, with a scarlet mask entirely covering the face, and a high horn-shaped head-dress of the same hue. Then came a group of officials preceding Sir William Kingston; and after him the doomed Queen, between Mistress Margaret Lee and Father Thirlwall. Anne was dressed in a loose robe of black damask over a red under-skirt. She wore a deep white collar, furred with ermine; her splendid black hair was hidden by a small black cap, or hat. Under this cap she wore a white coif. At her girdle hung a gold chain and cross. In her hand she

carried a handkerchief and a little Prayer-Book bound in solid gold. Everybody noticed that she looked extremely handsome, her cheeks flushed with a hectic colour, and her glorious black eyes, although red with weeping, shining with an extraordinary light. Her step was firm, even elastic; but it was noticed that she looked back constantly, as if seeking someone in the crowd. Chapuys says about two thousand persons lined the road from the Tower to the scaffold, and crowded round it; but Father Thirlwall and a Portuguese witness assert that not more than two or three hundred persons were there, among them several foreigners; and, when we take the limited available space into consideration, this figure appears probably the more exact. The scaffold stood five feet above the ground, and was surrounded by a low rail, and covered with straw. Facing it was a sort of raised tribune, on which were seated the Duke of Norfolk as Lord Treasurer, with the young Earl of Surrey, in his quality of Earl Marshal, seated at his feet. Next to the Duke of Norfolk sat Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, Anne's mortal enemy, who had been wont to declare he hated her worse than the devil! Then came the young Duke of Richmond, the King's illegitimate son, a handsome boy of seventeen, who had married Anne's cousin, Lady Mary Howard. Then Cromwell, with Chancellor Audley and Master Rich and a few other officials; the Lord Mayor of London and several Aldermen, and a group of merchants of the city, together with half a dozen foreigners of note, were ranged to the right of the scaffold, but were not, it appears, given seats. From a distant window, Thomas Wyatt, who was still a prisoner, and several of Anne's retainers, as well as her old nurse Mary Orcharde, are said to have been allowed to witness the last moments of their friend and mistress.

The dismal procession reached the foot of the scaffold. It was about six minutes past eleven, and the sun was shining brightly. The Queen now took a final leave of her women, clasping each to her heart, embracing her, and imploring her not to give way to grief, but, for her sake, to compose herself until all was over. She gave her Prayer-Book to Mistress Lee or Wyatt, and was observed to whisper for some seconds very earnestly to this faithful friend. She must have told her to give the book in her name to Thomas Wyatt, for it remained for

many generations in the possession of the Wyatt family. Sir William Kingston then helped the Queen to mount the scaffold, which was carpeted with clean straw. For a moment she seemed dazed, looking round at the numerous spectators with a bewildered air. Whatever her emotions at that moment may have been, she quelled them quickly, and, having asked leave, made a short, terse, and sensible speech, pronounced in a clear and far-reaching tone. There are several versions of this speech, but, although the form differs, the sense in all is the same. Anne declared herself absolutely innocent of the dreadful charges brought against her. She had always, she said, been a true wife to the King, her lord and husband, and she entreated any persons who might at a future time meddle with her cause to do her justice. Finally, she begged all present to pray for her at the supreme moment of her life, when she was about to appear before her Eternal Judge. Her last audible words were, "Mother of God! pray for me. Lord Jesus! receive my soul!"

Her speech was received in breathless silence; when it was over, Mistress Lee removed her ermine cloak, or tippet, and headdress, and gave her a white linen cap with which she covered her hair. When her dress was rearranged, the Queen again knelt and was observed to pray in silence. The Lord Mayor now gave a signal for all to kneel and pray for a departing spirit. It was noticed that the Duke of Suffolk and the Duke of Richmond did not kneel, but stood up, as also did Cromwell and several other officials. The Queen did not remain on her knees more than a couple of minutes, and rising allowed Mistress Lee to bind her eyes with a linen handkerchief. Then the Lieutenant of the Tower led her to the block, and without more ado she knelt down and laid her head upon it. The French executioner took off his shoes, and drew his long and sharp sword from under the straw where it had been mercifully concealed. He made a sign to his English assistant to advance on the other side, a movement which distracted the Queen, and caused her to turn her head in his direction, and the Frenchman, seeing what he considered a favourable position, struck off her head with a single blow. A cry of horror rose from many lips—and well it might! No English sovereign till poor Anne had ever met death in this terrible form. The gathering now dispersed, and presently the only persons left

on the scene of the tragedy were the Queen's women and her chaplains. Mistress Lee lifted the severed head, covered it with a kerchief, and laid it in an old arrow chest, which had to serve as a coffin, no proper one having been prepared. Her three companions, "sobbing woefully," reverently raised the body and placed it in the chest. The lid was fastened down, and the remains of one of the gayest and fairest women of her time were taken into the church and deposited in the vault under the High Altar, close to the coffin containing the mangled body of her poet-brother, Viscount Rochford, who, with Brereton, Weston, and Norris, had been beheaded on Tower Hill two days earlier, May 17.[1] It was too late in the day for the customary Mass to be said for the repose of the soul of Henry the Eighth's second Queen, but Father Thirlwall pronounced a blessing over the rude coffin, and all was over. A story was soon current, and generally credited in London, that a few days after the execution of Anne Boleyn, her friends, the Wyatts, removed her body secretly from St. Peter's to Sale Church in Norfolk, close to Blickling Hall, where Anne Boleyn was born.[2] For generations an oak chest, heavily clamped with iron, has been pointed out to the credulous as still containing the body of the once beautiful and fascinating Anne. Unfortunately for this tradition, Queen Victoria, many years since, caused the vault of St. Peter's Church to be opened and thoroughly examined. The coffins of all the Tudor victims were still in their places, though extremely dilapidated, and in most instances mere heaps of dust and chips intermingled with bones, whole or in fragments.[3] These were carefully sorted and

[1] Mark Smeaton was most cruelly tortured, and then promised a pardon if he would confess and inculpate the Queen. In his great agony he unhappily obeyed, only to be hanged and quartered for his pains. Houssine, in his Memorials, says Anne refused to have her eyes bandaged, but this is an error. The contemporary evidence is too precise on this point to permit us to accept Houssine's story, refuted by the elder D'Israeli in his *Curiosities of Literature.*

[2] Sale Church, in Norfolk (near Aylesford), is one of the largest and most beautiful places of worship even in that county, so famed for its fine churches. Anne Boleyn's grandfather and mother, and many of her ancestors, are buried here, and brasses to their memory still exist.

[3] In Elizabeth's reign the vault beneath the Church of St. Peter, in the Tower, was visited by an anonymous writer, who tells us that "the coffin of the Duke of Northumberland rests beside that of the Duke of Somerset,

placed in urns by her Majesty's orders, and arranged under the floor of the sanctuary, with lozenge-shaped tablets on the pavement above them recording whose relics they enshrine. Thus perished she of whom the contemporary poet sang—

"So freely wooed, so dearly bought,
So soon a Queen, so soon low brought,
Hath not been seen—could not be thought,
Oh! What is Fortune!

As slipper as ice, as fading as snow,
Like unto dice that a man doth throw,
Until it arise—he shall not know,
What shall be his Fortune!

They did her conduct to a tower of stone,
Wherein she would wail and lament her alone,
And condemned be—for help there was none,
Lo! Such was her Fortune!"[1]

It does not require much imagination to picture the excitement which pervaded all classes of Londoners during those memorable weeks in May. If the people rejoiced in the scandal and in the downfall of their enemy, they could not have failed to manifest surprise at the extraordinary conduct of Henry VIII. Chapuys informed Cardinal Granville that in all his experience he had never seen or heard "a husband enduring his shame with so much joviality."[2] The King's glee at the condemnation and execution of his erstwhile beloved consort was, it seems, quite childish in its expression of delight. Every evening his State barge, gaily illuminated, and with bands of musicians and a throng of gorgeously attired lords and ladies on board, floated up or down the Thames, conveying his Majesty and his Court

between the coffins of the Queens Anne Boleyn and Katherine Howard, and next unto these last is the coffin of Lady Jane Grey. Then come the coffins of Thomas Seymour, Lord of Sudley, and of the Lady Rochford; and lastly that of George Rochford, that was brother to Queen Anne—all beheaded!" Strype gives pretty nearly the same account of the arrangement of these coffins, of which no trace was found when the vault was opened in 1874.

[1] These lines occur in a rather lengthy ballad attributed to Wyatt. Harleian MSS. No. 2252.

[2] Chapuys to Granville, Vienna Archives. Quoted in the Calendar of State Papers.

some ball or supper-party. One night he visited the Bishop of Carlisle, and feasted with a merry company of great lords and ladies. After his Majesty had retired, the Bishop came to the Imperial Ambassador and informed him that at supper Henry told the company that he had long foreseen what the end of Queen Anne would be. Then drawing from his doublet a little book written in his own hand, he announced to the astonished assembly that it was a tragedy he had composed on the subject of his wife's misdemeanours and their awful consequences. What would we not give for a glimpse of this remarkable tragedy?

The evidence of our national archives demolishes the oft-reported story of King Henry's waiting under a tree in Richmond Park for the signal from the Tower announcing that he was a widower, and then riding off post-haste to Wolfe Hall, the Seymours' seat in Wiltshire, there and then to wed the fair Jane. As a matter of fact, Jane Seymour was nearer at hand, for she had been recently and purposely lodged with Sir George and Lady Carew not far from Sheen. The dispensation for the marriage of the King to his third wife was, as said elsewhere, signed by Cranmer on the 19th, but the nuptials of the uxorious King with Jane Seymour were not blessed until ten days later. The new Queen was not officially presented to her husband's subjects until Whitsun week, when the event was celebrated with great pomp and by a magnificent Mystery play, the subject of which was the Creation of the World and the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary. King Henry and Queen Jane were present at this costly entertainment.

Among the State Papers are two curious inventories: one dealing with the debts owing to Queen Anne Boleyn at the time of her death; and the other showing her own indebtedness to tradesmen and others. Both are particularly interesting documents, affording us, as they do, an excellent insight into the cost of living, and the prices of clothes, etc., at this period. We learn, for instance, that as late as the 28th of April, Anne had ordered many yards of green ribbon to garnish a pair of clavichords, and some red fringe to mend the harness of the mules that dragged her coach. Also that she paid for "a cap of taffeta, covered with a caul of damask gold, for the baby Princess Elizabeth," 4 marks; that her silk-woman, Mrs. Phillips, claimed 7s 6d for

boat-hire from London to Greenwich and back, to "take measure of caps for my lady Princess Elizabeth," and to fetch the said "Princess' purple satin cap to mend": Anne paid on 23rd of January for twenty-five yards of "cadece (Cadiz) fringe mouray (violet)-coloured," and delivered to Scuttle, her tailor, for the trimming of a gown for "her Grace's woman fool," and a green satin cap for her, 24s. The list of debts owing to the Queen prove that one of the most treacherous of her attendants, Lady Worcester, owed her £100. This lady betrayed some of the Queen's secrets to the King, and shortly afterwards wrote a letter to Cromwell beseeching him to be "a good Lord unto her" and annul her debt to the late Queen in such a manner that her husband (Lord Worcester) should never know anything about it, as she dreaded the consequences of the revelation. Whether Cromwell complied with this request is not recorded, but under the circumstances it is not at all improbable that he did so. Chapuys tells us Lady Worcester's evidence was of a very damning character, and greatly injured the cause of her unhappy mistress, a fact Cromwell was not likely to overlook.

On the day following the execution of Queen Anne, the Lord Thomas Howard, younger son of the Duke of Norfolk, was consigned to the Tower for having clandestinely married the King's niece, the Lady Margaret Douglas. The youth died broken-hearted, or else, which is more probable, of a tertian fever, after a short imprisonment; and the Princess, who was not made a "close" prisoner, was then liberated and married to Matthew Lenox, whereby she became the mother of Darnley, the ill-fated husband of Mary Stuart, and of Charles Lenox, the father of the unfortunate Arabella Stuart.

Let us now glance at the part-author of these iniquities, Thomas Cromwell. In the light of recent historical research, and notably of the documentary evidence against him preserved at Lambeth, this rascal appears in the darkest of colours, one of the most abominable scoundrels that ever lived. But he soon met with the retribution he so richly deserved. It has been generally reported that he owed his downfall to Katherine Howard. This, however, is an error. In his case, Katherine Parr was the "avenging angel." He had offended her long before she became queen, and there can be no doubt that her influence turned

Henry VIII. against him. He perished on the scaffold on Tower Hill on July 12, 1542, making a most pious end by declaring himself a staunch Catholic. The executioner on this occasion appears to have been what we should term "an off-hand," for Hall describes him as "a ragged and butcherley miser, which very ungoodly performed the office." Be this as it may, Cromwell for once in his life appears to have behaved respectably, and to have died quietly, without much ado.

By the suppression of the monasteries, with the hospitals and other charitable institutions attached to them, Cromwell and his master flooded the streets of London with paupers and sick.

Amongst the earliest hospitals to be closed was that of St. Thomas Acon, which for nearly four hundred years had ministered to the wants of the poorest citizens. It was dissolved early in 1535, and the patients were all turned adrift. Then followed in rapid succession the closing of the hospitals of St. Bartholomew the Great, and of St. Mary of Bethlehem,—commonly called Bedlam,—beyond Bishopsgate; and of the hospital of St. Thomas, Southwark. Even the hospital for the blind was done away with, and not the slightest provision was made for its unhappy inmates, who were driven out into the streets. The Prioress of Great St. Helen's, one of the few who foresaw what was going to happen, sold a large slice of the conventual estate before the order was issued for the dispersal of her community. In brief, where a few years before opulent institutions with splendid churches and ecclesiastical buildings had stood, nothing now remained save ruin and desolation. Gone, and forever gone, were the majestic churches and monasteries of the Grey, the Black, and the White Friars, the Crutched Friars and the Minorites. In many places, even in the cloisters and gardens of the suppressed monasteries, new houses of a secular character were immediately constructed. Thus Thomas Cromwell built himself a large house in the cloister of Austin Friars, and the Marquis of Winchester another in the garden of the same friary, on the site of what is now Winchester House, Broad Street. The fine monuments were destroyed, and the church was handed over to the Dutch Protestants, and still belongs to this community. In due time Mr. Swyneton, a rich alderman and merchant, became possessed of the property,

and he it was who, in 1612, to universal regret, pulled down the famous steeple, "the beautifullest in London." It is a curious fact that it was the suppression of the religious communities that led to the creation of parish registers for both baptisms and marriages. Cromwell commenced establishing them in 1536, and the registers of at least two city churches, St. James' Garlick Hill, and St. Mary Bothaw, commence in the November of that year, though the order for the systematic organisation of registers in every part of the country is dated two years later. The regulation was resisted, for it was rumoured that the registers were to be a basis for the taxation of the churches, and among the grievances of the Pilgrims of Grace was one relating to the charge on baptisms. No such tax, however, was imposed, and the registration scheme has lasted, with great benefit to the people, down to our own times.

In 1537–38 Sir Thomas Gresham petitioned the King to re-open the three hospitals of St. Mary's Spital, St. Bartholomew, and St. Thomas on Tower Hill. Henry apparently did not deign to answer this reasonable request, but just before he went to France in 1544, he issued Letters-Patent for the reopening of the ancient hospital of Great St. Bartholomew's "for the comfort of prisoners, visitation of the sick, shelter for the poor, food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, clothes to the naked, and sepultures for the dead,"—and thus began the prosperity of this historical hospital, which has ever since remained one of the proudest of London's possessions.

There soon arrived in London thousands of distressed peasants from the country, who, being no longer able to obtain work from the closed abbeys and priories, began to appear in the capital, seeking work which they could not obtain. A hideous law eventually reduced these poor creatures to a state of slavery. If caught begging or wandering aimlessly about, they were liable to be seized, whipped, and sold like cattle. Hundreds were shipped off to the newly-established colonies in America and the West Indies; many perishing in the holds of the ships that transported them abroad, into which they were packed like sheep in pens. Starved and beaten at home, these unhappy creatures were no better treated abroad, where they were bought and sold as mere chattels. Henry's merciless law seems to have fallen into

CHARING CROSS, WITH STATUE OF CHARLES I AND ST. MARTIN'S-IN-THE-FIELDS

abeyance after a time, but in the second year of Edward the Sixth's reign, Somerset issued a fresh proclamation of a still more cruel character. Many, nevertheless, contrived to evade their persecutors, and formed no doubt the nucleus of that section of our present population which inhabits what is not inappropriately called "Darkest London."

The burning of the images of Our Lady of Walsingham and Islington, and of many other sacred icons, must have been curious functions. Walsingham Priory, in Norfolk, was, after Canterbury, the most famous shrine in England. The people of the neighbourhood opposed its suppression, but were quickly put down, and the miraculous image brought to London and burnt. Latimer tells us gaily that, "Our gret Sibyll" (the image at Islington) "with her old syster of Walsyngham, hyr younge syster of Ipswych, with ther other two systers of Dongcaster and Penryess wold make a jooly mustere in Smythfield. They wold not be all day in burnynge." They were cremated in Chelsea some time in 1537, in the presence of a dense crowd of spectators, many of whom trembled with superstitious awe, whilst others shouted with joy at the destruction of the "Idoyls."

On September 26, 1543, shortly after the marriage of Henry VIII. to his sixth wife, Katherine Parr, Hills, the Reformer, then in Strasburg, wrote a letter to Bullinger in which he makes the following characteristic remarks anent that much-married monarch. "No news, but that our King has, within these two months, as I have already written to John Bucer, burnt three godly men in one day. In July he married the widow of a nobleman named Latimer, and, as you know, he is always wont to celebrate his nuptials by some wickedness of this sort." The three "godly men" were Reformers, and are known as the Windsor Martyrs,—Parsons, Testwood, and Filmer by name. Hills was quite right,—for it is a fact that after each of his marriages Henry made some human sacrifice or other. It was soon after he wedded Anne Boleyn that the Carthusians, Friar Forest, Friar Peyto, with More, Fisher, and many others, were sent to the block or the pyre. Katherine Howard's espousal was celebrated by the execution of the venerable Countess of Salisbury, of the Marquis of Exeter, and of Lord

Montague, and by the burning of Princess Mary's confessor. Henry's honeymoon with Katherine Parr was cheered by the Windsor holocaust.

In 1537 the Tower was exceptionally crowded with persons who had refused to acknowledge the King's supremacy, and had opposed the Dissolution of the religious houses. Amongst these were the Lords Darcey and Hussey, Sir Robert Constable, Sir John Bulmer and his lady, Sir Francis Bigot, Sir Thomas Percy, brother of the Earl of Northumberland, Sir Stephen Hamilton, William, son of Lord Lumley, Nicholas Tempest, and Robert Aske; also the Abbots of Rivaulx, Fountains, and Jervaux, with the Prior of Bridlington, who were all convicted of treason and suffered death. Lord Darcey was beheaded on Tower Hill, and Lord Hussey at Lincoln. Constable was hanged in chains at Hull, and Aske in like manner at York. The wife of Sir John Bulmer was burnt at Smithfield, and the rest were executed at Tyburn. Lady Bulmer was the only woman ever executed in England for her political opinions.

In 1538, Henry Pole, Lord Montague, Henry Courtenay, Marquis of Exeter, Sir Edward Nevill, Sir Nicholas Carew, and others, having been accused by Sir Geoffrey Pole, brother of the first nobleman, of holding a traitorous correspondence with Cardinal Pole, were attainted in Parliament, and imprisoned in the Tower, together with the Marchioness of Exeter, the Countess of Salisbury, Sir Adrian Fortescue, and Thomas Dingley. Sir E. Nevill and Sir N. Carew were subsequently beheaded on Tower Hill; Pole was sentenced to perpetual confinement; the Marquis of Exeter was afterwards pardoned; but Fortescue and Dingley were beheaded. The Marchioness of Exeter was released by Queen Mary.

Some curious and little-known facts concerning the execution, or rather murder, of the last of our Plantagenet Princesses, the octogenarian Countess of Salisbury, are given by Marillac, the French Ambassador, in his brief account of that abominable crime. Henry had said that after his own mother the person he loved best in the world was his cousin Lady Salisbury, Reginald Pole's mother. None the less did he sacrifice her to gratify his vindictive spite against the Cardinal, whom he rightly or wrongly believed to be conspiring in Italy against him. The Princess,

who was considerably over eighty years of age, was cast into the Tower, and treated for two years like a common malefactor—kept without fire and decent clothing.[1] At last, to wound Pole in his tenderest feelings, the King resolved to sacrifice his aged relation. It is generally stated that she ran about the scaffold, refusing to submit to the executioner, but Marillac denies this tale.[2] The executioner, he says, a Frenchman from Calais, was nervous, and struck her with the sword, wounding but not killing her. She moved away in great agony, and he struck again and again before he finally despatched the sturdy old Princess, who to the last continued to move her lips in prayer, not for herself only but for her degenerate King. "The news of the execution of the Lady of Salisbury," continues the Ambassador, "although it took place at seven in the morning, was not known in London till late in the evening."[3]

The story of Katherine Howard, Henry's fifth wife, is one of the saddest in our annals, but too well known to need recapitulation here. Not so, perhaps, the account of her last hours, written by Chapuys to the Emperor a few days after her death. In one of his earlier letters he describes her as a plump and pretty little woman with beautiful eyes. Arrested at Hampton Court on much the same charges as Anne Boleyn, but of a less dreadful character, she was relegated to Sion House to await the King's decision as to whether she should be executed or banished. Cranmer visited her the day after her arrival, and was moved by her overwhelming distress and her paroxysms of hysterical sobbing. He evidently contrived both to console her and inspire her with some vague hope of pardon. Chapuys tells his master "that the Queen is still at Sion, extremely merry, and

[1] The household expenses of Katherine Howard afford the pleasing evidence that the unfortunate Queen, in the first months of her queenship, sent her aged relation in the Tower a parcel of underclothing, slippers, etc.—"*Item*, a nightgown, with petticoats, furred. *Item*, four pair of hose. *Item*, four pair of shoes and one pair of slips (slippers)." Acts of the Royal Council, vol. vii. p. 130.

[2] Ambassades Françaises—"Marillac"—temps François I. Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris.

[3] Marillac lived in a house on Tower Hill, facing the scaffold on which almost daily so many men and women perished. He must have witnessed nearly every execution that took place during his lengthy mission.

hopeful. Although at times she says she is sure to be executed, and admits that she will have deserved her death. None the less she dresses sumptuously, wears many jewels, and is as haughty and defiant as ever." On the afternoon of February 10, 1542, the Duke of Suffolk and the Lord Privy Seal went to Sion to fetch her to the Tower. She fully understood that her end was near, and at first made a great show of resistance, and it was only with considerable difficulty that she was persuaded to follow them. The Lord Privy Seal went first, in a great barge having twenty-four oarsmen. Then came the Queen in a little covered boat, with four ladies and four oarsmen. The Duke of Suffolk followed in a huge State barge, with a hundred armed men on board. It was nearly dark by the time this curious water procession reached London, and quite so when the Queen's barge "shot" London Bridge, otherwise she might have seen the severed heads of her companions in trouble, Culpepper and Dereham, which were spiked over the central arch. The Duke of Suffolk was the first to land at the Tower Stairs; he treated the fallen Queen with the utmost deference, and even accorded her the usual royal honours. Katherine was dressed in rich black velvet, and walked with a firm step to the apartments allotted to her. On the Sunday night she was informed that she was to be beheaded on the following morning. She immediately sent for the block, and spent some time in rehearsing the terrible scene in which she was so soon to take the most prominent part. She actually laid her head over the horrid piece of wood, and then, rising up, declared merrily "she could go through the dread ordeal with grace and propriety!"

At ten o'clock on the Monday morning she was escorted, with much the same state as Anne Boleyn, to a scaffold erected opposite St. Peter's Church within the Tower, which this time was only raised one foot above the ground, so that as few people as possible could witness the execution. Katherine made a brief speech, declaring her innocence and her love and respect for the King. Her head was struck off with one blow of the axe. Her weeping women then covered her remains with a black cloth and carried them into the church, where they were placed in a common coffin and lowered into the vault. The evil Lady Rochford, who had taken as prominent and mischievous

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a share in the affairs of Katherine Howard as she had done in those of Anne Boleyn, was executed after the Queen she had so abominably misled and betrayed. Neither the Duke of Suffolk nor the Duke of Norfolk were present at these executions. They absented themselves on pleas of sudden indisposition. The young Earl of Surrey, however, assisted in his character of Earl Marshal, and so, by the way, did the Queen's brothers, Henry, George, and Charles Howard. These young gentlemen, in the course of the afternoon, careered round London on horseback very gaily attired, to publicly testify thereby their approval of the King, their master's, "most just treatment of their guilty sister"! Well may Marillac, the French Ambassador, conclude his narrative of this tragic business with the somewhat sneering remark that "such are the odd customs of this very strange country"!

After the cessation of the French war in 1546, Henry, although suffering agonies from the numerous maladies which carried him off at the beginning of the next year, turned his attention to ecclesiastical affairs, and, desiring uniformity of religious belief, enforced the famous, or rather infamous, "Six Articles"—the first of which established the doctrine of the Real Presence, and whosoever denied it, or indeed any one of the other distinctly Roman doctrines, did so at the risk of his life. These "Articles" were the cause of a terrible outburst of persecution, and brought many to the stake or the gallows. One of the most interesting of the only too numerous victims of these dreadful decrees was Anne Askew, and as the minutest details of her execution have come down to us, and are singularly characteristic of this period of terror, a brief account of it, including some of the least-known features, may prove of interest; all the more so as it is typical of all the other horrors of the same sort during this particular period. All followed the same lines,—even to the inevitable "speech," which seems to have been a *sine quâ non* at an execution in those days.

Anne Askew was the second daughter of Sir William Askew, or Ascough, of South Kelsey, Lincolnshire. At fifteen she married Mr. Thomas Kyme of Lincoln, and for a few years led a fairly happy life with him, becoming the mother of two children. Presently she began to show symptoms of restlessness, and having studied the "new learning," as the Reform was

called before the invention of the words Protestant and Protestantism, she abandoned her husband and children and started preaching her own gospel. She seems to have been a clever, if hysterical, woman; but her conduct in leaving her husband and her children was open to blame, and her contemporaries took good care to tell her so very plainly. One Sunday afternoon she preached rank heresy in Lincoln Cathedral, and was consequently ejected by the Dean. This led to considerable trouble between herself and her husband, who feared both for her safety and his own. After violent scenes, Anne left him, and came to London, where she took up her abode in a house near the Temple and held prayer-meetings. A Catholic neighbour seems to have been much struck by her piety, although he resented the psalm-singing which went on nearly all night and kept him awake! At length, on May 10, 1546, Kyme was ordered to Greenwich by the Privy Council to look after his wife. Bishop Bonner made an effort to induce the lady to go back to her domestic duties, but she refused, whereupon husband and wife parted never to meet again. Presently Anne, who had resumed her maiden name, was arrested on a charge of heresy and sent to Newgate. On being released she began to preach once more, was recaptured and again lodged in Newgate Gaol. She was never, as is generally stated, a prisoner in the Tower.[1] Only once was she inside that fearful place, and then but for a few hours only for her examination before the Council, which consisted of the Lord Chancellor Wriothesley, Sir Richard Rich, Sir John Barker, and Sir Anthony Knevet. On her refusal to give up the names of certain great ladies, the Queen's included, who had befriended her, Wriothesley ordered her to be stretched on the rack, and it is said actually turned the crank of the hideous machine himself! She could not, however, have been very much hurt, for according to her own account, published at Hesse in 1547 by John Bale, Bishop of Ossory, she made an attempt to convert her tormentors immediately afterwards. She sat on the floor and talked with Wriothesley and Rich for nearly an hour,—which she certainly could not have done if her limbs had been dislocated. Then she was returned

[1] In proof of this assertion, see Privy Council Papers for 1546, State Papers Office.

to Newgate to await her doom. On the night before she was burnt at Smithfield she was visited by the two brothers Throckmorton,—connections of Katherine Parr and active sympathisers with Anne and her cousin. She spent the evening in their company, and in that of her companions in misfortune, John Lascelles, John Adams, and Nicholas Bolenian, a priest. The two young Throckmortons sat on the window-sill of the prison, their legs dangling, and Anne, with the "face of an angel," in the midst of her doomed friends, "talked pleasantly on godly things until very late." On the following morning, a little before noon, she and her companions were taken to Smithfield. Mrs. Askew, we learn, was too weak to walk, and was conveyed to the stake in a chair. In the 1563 edition of Foxe's *Martyrs* there is a very quaint illustration representing the execution. It took place exactly opposite St. Bartholomew's Priory, up against the wall of which there was a raised platform whereon sate, in their official capacity of witnesses, and as spectators, the Lord Mayor, the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Russell, Wriothesley, Rich, and others. In the centre of a fenced-off circle a pulpit was erected, from which that turncoat, Dr. Nicholas Shaxton, whose pupil Anne had been, preached a sermon in which he actually supported that very doctrine of Transubstantiation which, but a few days before, he had ostentatiously denied! During this exordium the unhappy victims remained tied to large, square piles of faggots. Anne was dressed in white, and one side of the pyre was devoted to her alone; the three men, who were, according to the old print in question, naked to the waist, were bound opposite the pulpit. An enormous crowd of men, women, and children was present. It seethed about the scaffold, lolled out of the windows, and even climbed the roofs. Just before the brand was applied to the faggots, Norfolk and the Lord Mayor, being considerably perturbed by a rumour that there was an unusual amount of gunpowder on the spot, manifested some alarm as to their own safety. They were comforted by Lord Russell's assurance that there were only a number of small bags of powder concealed about the persons of the victims to shorten their torments, but so disposed as to be harmless to the spectators!

At last the fire was applied, the faggots crackled, the smoke

rose, the flames ascended, and concealed the four hapless victims of intolerance. There was a long, wailing cry, then silence. The fire crackled on, and then died down suddenly. That was all! What had been four living creatures were nothing now but a heap of ashes! A peal of thunder rolled out, the rain fell in torrents, and homeward hurried the chattering and indifferent crowd. Such was the sort of scenes which, throughout nearly a century, London and Londoners often witnessed!

The last of Henry the Eighth's long list of illustrious victims were the old Duke of Norfolk and his accomplished son the poet-Earl of Surrey. There was quite as much of the personal as of the political in their prosecution. The two Seymours, Edward and Thomas, although of inferior position to the Howards, stood, by reason of their sister Jane's marriage with Henry VIII., very near the throne. Like most *parvenus*, when they first began to rise in the social scale they courted the favour of the Howards, whose position was unquestioned; but the young Earl of Surrey, who at first became very friendly with them, soon quarrelled with his new friends. Sir Thomas Seymour, who had offered his hand to Norfolk's daughter, with her father the Duke's approval, had been rejected, thanks to the rather spiteful officiousness of Surrey. In 1542, a little after the execution of Katherine Howard, Surrey induced his father to give a grand ball at his house in Lambeth, in order to conciliate the Seymours, who attended. Edward Seymour, then Earl of Hertford, was married to the beautiful and haughty Anne Stanhope, with whom Surrey had fallen desperately in love, and to whom he addressed some passionate verses which the Countess regarded as a direct insult. When the young Earl invited her to dance she disdainfully turned her back on him, a rudeness which inspired him with some of his most beautiful lyrics, though the incident increased rather than diminished the animosity between the two families. The politics of the Duke of Norfolk and his family were diametrically opposed to those of the Seymours; the former were Catholics, the latter Protestants. In the last months of Henry's life matters came to a crisis. Surrey, who was at Kenninghall, in Norfolk, was accused of having had the Royal Arms introduced into a scutcheon which figured in the corner of his portrait, by an Italian painter—probably Toto or

Penni.[1] This was interpreted as an intention to claim the throne, as a descendant of the Plantagenets, on the death of Henry VIII. The Earl came to London, and had not been many hours in town ere he was arrested on the charge of treason. The old Duke, hearing of his heir's trouble, hurried to the metropolis to use his interest in his behalf. He, too, was immediately arrested, and tried by his mortal enemy, Wriothesley, at his house in Holborn. This mansion, as we have already seen, stood on a site of New Staples' Inn, which at present belongs to the Mechanics' Institute. The Duke was condemned, and sent to the Tower to await the King's pleasure; but to avoid the mob, instead of being paraded through the streets, he was put on board a barge and rowed down the Old Bourne to the Fleet, and thence to the Tower, which proves the Bourne was navigable in those days. Surrey was paraded through the streets, and sympathetically greeted by the people, with whom he was popular. His trial took place a few days later, early in January, 1547, in the Guildhall, which was packed to the doors. When he was condemned there was a great disturbance, the people hissing and hooting the sentence. On his way back to the Tower the axe was carried before him with the edge turned towards him. He was cheered all along the line,—which greatly disturbed his enemies, who ordered his sentence of death to be carried out without delay.

Surrey perished on the morning of the 18th of January, a bright frosty day, the sun shining brilliantly. There was a vast crowd assembled round the scaffold on Tower Hill, which was entirely in sympathy with the unfortunate Earl, who looked extremely handsome in a costume of black velvet slashed with white silk, elegance in dress being one of this luckless gentleman's passions. He made a very long speech, in which he declared himself absolutely innocent of all evil-doing and of any attempt to claim the royal succession. His head was severed with a single stroke of the axe. Both head and body were immediately placed in a coffin, and conveyed to St. Peter's Chapel, in the Tower, whence many years later they were removed to Kenninghall, and buried under a sumptuous monument erected by his widow.

[1] See Bapst's *Life of Surrey*: "Vie de Deux Gentilhommes Poetes aux Temps de Henri VIII." Also North's *Life of Surrey*.

The Duke of Norfolk was saved by Fate. Between the date of his sentence and that assigned for carrying it into effect the hand that signed it was for ever stilled. Henry VIII. was dead. But the Duke spent the whole of Edward the Sixth's reign in prison, becoming free shortly after the accession of Mary.

There is an interesting letter extant, written from his prison in the Tower by the Duke of Norfolk, and dated the day his son was executed, in which he beseeches the Lords of the Council to allow him to have some books sent from his house at Lambeth, "for," adds he, "unless I have books to read ere I fall asleep, and after I wake again, I cannot sleep, nor have done these dozen years." Evidently the old Duke, who was not aware of his son's fate until many months later, was in the habit of reading in bed. He got leave to have his books, which were of a religious and historical character. When Queen Mary liberated him, he came very near forgetting to take them away with him from his cell. Recollecting them, however, he scampered back to his recent habitation, tied them up in red pocket-handkerchiefs into two bundles, and made his exit from the Tower, carrying one in each hand.

There is a curious story concerning Foxe the martyrologist and the children of the unfortunate Surrey. Foxe was starving and in despair, when, a day or two after the execution of the Earl, a stranger came to him as he sat in St. Paul's, and gave him abundant alms, bidding him be in the same place on the following day. He obeyed, when another stranger appeared and announced to him that he was appointed tutor to Surrey's boys. Thus began the friendship between the future Duke of Norfolk —he who perished on the scaffold in Elizabeth's reign, and was a Catholic—and the ultra-Protestant author of the *Book of Martyrs*!

CHAPTER II

THE REFORMATION UNDER THE LATER TUDORS

EDWARD VI., the "Second Josias," as his zealous contemporaries called him, is usually represented as a beautiful youth,[1] "of a sweet and holy disposition," and as accomplished as any Admirable Crichton or Pico della Mirandola; whereas in reality he was an under-sized, pale-faced boy, with one shoulder-blade higher than the other. His eyes were weak,[2] and he had occasional attacks of deafness. Precocious to a

[1] See *Vita di Girolamo Cardano, Milanese*, of which Henry Morley published an abridged translation in 1854 under the same title. The original is exceedingly interesting. Cardano, who was an astrologer, came to England in 1549, and remained here some two years. On his return to Italy he published a folio volume entitled *De Varietate Rerum*. The account of Edward VI. appears in a small volume entitled *Geniturarum Exempla*, Lugd. 1555. It was printed at Basel in 1555. Cardano died at Rome in 1576.

[2] No better idea of the curious condition of medical science in the sixteenth century can be found than in the following prescription for weak eyes, used by Edward VI., and published in the *Pathway to Health* by Peter Levens, 1612.

"A Precious Water for the Sight of the Eyes made for King Edward the Sixt.

"Take smallage, red fennell, rue, verveine, betonie, egremony, pimpernell, enfrance, sage, selondine, of each a like quantity: first wash them cleane, then stampe them, and put them in a faire brasen pan, with the powder of xv. pepper cornes, faire serced into a pint of good white wine, then put them into the hearbes, with three spoonfuls of hony, and five spoonfuls of the water of a man-child that is an innocent: mingle al together, and boile them over the fire: and when it is sod, straine it through a fine linnen cloth, and put it into a glasse, and stoppe it well and close it till you will use it, and, when you need, put a little thereof into the sore eyes with a feather: but if it were dry, then temper it with white wine, and it profiteth much all manner of sore eyes: this water was used by King Edward the sixt."

degree, this royal prodigy, thanks to a disastrous process of "cramming," was soon transformed, for political purposes, from what was probably an intelligent happy little boy, into a prematurely old-fashioned little man. In a letter to his stepmother, Queen Katherine Parr, dated six weeks before his father's death, he entreats her to "preserve his dear sister, Mary (a woman over thirty), from all the evils and enchantments of the Evil One"; and to beseech her "to attend no longer to foreign dances and merriments, unbecoming a most Christian princess." This queer epistle throws a curious light on the mentality of the boy-King, from whom the Catholic party, having lost its leaders, Surrey and Norfolk, had manifestly to expect but little goodwill. Well aware of this unpleasant fact, made doubly evident by the imprisonments of Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, Dr. Bonner, and others of their few remaining leaders, the Catholics wisely withdrew into the shade to watch and bide their time. They were thoroughly cognisant of the precarious state of the young King's health, and their hopes were concentrated on the eventualities likely to happen at his death.

The seeds of Dissent sown in Henry the Eighth's reign soon brought forth fruit. Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley, Parkhurst, Coverdale, Ascham, Grindley, Aylmer, and other enthusiasts of the "new learning," all of them men of talent and indomitable will, saw their chance and seized it; feeling certain, as they did, that with the powerful assistance of the young King's uncle, the Protector, they would soon be able to effect so radical a change in the Church as to prevent all possibility of any future reconciliation with Rome. The Protector was exactly the man for their purpose. A born iconoclast, Edward Seymour had an intuitive antipathy to everything in the shape of elaborate ritual or complicated dogma, and was only too eager to overthrow "the old superstition, root and branch." Archbishop Cranmer, however, moved slowly and judiciously. The young King had been brought up a schismatic and not a Protestant, and it was therefore necessary to be cautious; for although a mere child he was none the less a Tudor, and naturally obstinate.

To the honour of the Lord Protector Somerset, no man or woman lost life or limb for their religious belief during his term of office,—a remarkable contrast to the preceding reign of terror,

when, according to Holinshed, 75,000 persons were put to death for their religious and political opinions. No sooner, however, was Somerset deposed and decapitated, and Northumberland had gathered the reins of government into his hands, than Cranmer, who had long had his eye on Anne Askew's friend, Joan Bocher or Butcher, who had been detained a prisoner for nearly a year, obliged Edward, against his will, to consign her to the flames in Smithfield.[1]

A well-conceived plan of action served Seymour's scheme against Rome and Roman doctrine better than violence. None the less, London beheld some extraordinary scenes and radical changes during his term of office. For fully eighteen months after Henry the Eighth's death, the Church in England remained exactly as he left it, for though the first Book of Common Prayer was issued in 1548, Mass continued to be said daily in the young King's chapel and in every church throughout the realm. We learn from a small MS. Book of Accounts of the Treasurer of the Chamber, still extant among the Trevelyan Papers, that Edward VI. heard Mass nearly every day, and High Mass on feast days, until well into the year 1549. During the first two years of his reign the Catholic feasts were as strictly observed as ever they were, especially in London; the first three days in Easter Week, Corpus Christi,—when there was the usual procession of the Host through the streets,—the "Days" of St. John, SS. Peter and Paul, St. Mary Magdalen, St. James the Apostle, the Annunciation, the Nativity, the Conception, and the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, All Hallows' Day, All Souls' Day, St. Edward Confessor, Christmas Day and the three following holidays. When Parliament met in November, High Mass of the Holy Ghost was said, according to ancient custom, in St. Stephen's Chapel, when the King and both Houses attended in state. By degrees, however, a number of English prayers were interpolated, even into the service of the Mass; and as early as 1548 Compline was chanted in English. On SS. Peter and Paul's Day of the same year the Litany was sung in the vernacular.

[1] In his Journal, Edward VI. refers to the matter in the following casual manner: "Joan Bocher, otherwise called Joan of Kent, was burnt for heresy, being condemned the year before, but kept in hope of conversion."

What happened in the Chapel Royal was closely followed throughout the country, and we may therefore conclude that Mass was said in London in all the churches till near the end of the third year of Edward's reign.

From another of Edward's MS. Account Books, and from his Journal, we glean that, soon after his accession, and whilst he still heard daily Mass, his closet was provided with ultra-Protestant preachers. Such a man was Ridley, Bishop of Rochester, afterwards of London, who preached before the King on Ash Wednesday, 1547, when the ashes were blessed, and, in accordance with ancient custom, a cross made with them on the forehead of every member of the congregation, including the young King, who, according to a letter from Gardiner to Latimer, received them "reverentially,"—but for the last time, this picturesque ceremony being abolished in the ensuing year. Other Court preachers included Dr. William Barlow, Canon of St. Osyth's in Essex, who became Bishop of Chichester in Elizabeth's reign; Dr. John Taylor; Dr. Redman, a violent opponent of the doctrine of Transubstantiation; Dr. Thomas Becken; Dr. Giles Ayre, a bitter enemy of Gardiner; and Dr. Latimer. John Knox, who came to London in 1551, also preached before the King. He was in a sour temper with the Protector, and accused him of paying greater attention to the building of his new house in the Strand than to his sermons.

Sometimes his Majesty assisted at controversies in which Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, Ridley, Bishop of Rochester, and "that most zealous Papist" Heath, Bishop of Worcester,—afterwards Archbishop of York under Mary,—"debated and disputed" on such grave subjects as Transubstantiation, Intercession of Saints, Worship of the Virgin, Prayers for the Dead, Purgatory, etc. Queen Mary once told Jane Dormer, Duchess of Feria, that her young brother confessed to her "he was very tired of sermons," which, considering his age, is not to be wondered at, especially as they often lasted two or three hours!

Divines of advanced opinions preached constantly at Paul's Cross, occasionally as many as four and five times a week, and in Lent and Advent even twice a day. There was invariably a large congregation, especially to hear Dr. Latimer preach. His

rough and caustic wit both interested and amused his admirers. A little later, St. Paul's Churchyard proving too small for the increasing number of those who were absorbed in the vexed religious questions then agitating Europe, a new open-air preaching place and pulpit was set up in one of the courtyards of Whitehall Palace. It was here that Dr. Gardiner preached his last sermon before Edward VI.—the memorable one in favour of Papal supremacy which sent him to the Tower. Contemporary evidence informs us exactly how the people were grouped round this improvised rostrum, which was built close to the palace to enable the King to hear the sermon from an open window, where he generally sat, notebook in hand, in the company of the Lord Protector, and of Dr. John Cheke his beloved tutor. The old men and women were accommodated with benches close to the pulpit, then came the rest of the congregation standing and filling the courtyard. The learned Nicholas Udall very often sat at a desk under the pulpit, taking shorthand notes of the sermon, thanks to which many of the most remarkable of these orations have been preserved to this day. John Knox preached his last sermon before King Edward from the improvised pulpit in Whitehall.

From the end of the first quarter of the sixteenth century onwards, London, as well as the rest of England, was deluged with tracts, broadsides, pamphlets, and leaflets, against the old religion, its Pope, and its priesthood, or else condemning with equal virulence the "heresies" of the day. As very few, even of the highest class, could read or write, enthusiastic volunteers or else professional readers, usually poor clerks, wandered up and down the country reading to the people, not only excerpts from the Scriptures but from anti-Catholic literature of a most virulent sort. The Catholics were not behindhand in retaliation, and thus two antagonistic currents of religious controversy presently swept over the land, producing a remarkable confusion of theological doctrine and practice.

Sometimes the itinerant reader took up his station by the market cross, and gathering a crowd round him, fervently yet cautiously disseminated the peculiar views of the sect to which he belonged. In taverns and wayside inns, where working-men resorted, these readers doubtless became less reticent; and thereby

propagated among the lower classes those unorthodox tenets which brought dire trouble on so many in the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth.

Presently an army of Swiss, German, French, and even Italian Reformers, fleeing from the persecution of the Catholic reaction on the Continent, flocked to England. The citizens of London, ever jealous of foreign interference, do not seem to have been over-pleased with this invasion; but the leaders of the momentous movement, which was to change the trend of English thought and history, gave them a cordial welcome. The opinions of these immigrants were extremely varied, and in some cases equally subversive, casting doubt even on the Divinity of Our Lord; but so long as they expressed no sympathy for Popery, they were received with open arms. Some of the more learned, Bucer and Peter Martyr, for instance, were presented with professorial chairs at the Universities; whilst others, like John ab Ulmis, Conrad Pellicanus, and Oswald Geisshaüsler (known as Myconius), were received into the houses of the aristocracy to teach their children the "new learning." The Marquis of Dorset, father of the Lady Jane Grey, invited John ab Ulmis to Bradgate, his seat in Leicestershire, whence he wrote to Bullinger and his other friends at Zurich and Basel laudatory accounts of the evangelical zeal of the Marquis, and of the piety and virtue of his foredoomed daughter.[1]

Immediately after the abolition of the Mass, the Roods were "cast down" from every church throughout the country. Piles of them were burnt in London on huge bonfires hastily built up at the street corners. The *Grey Friars' Chronicle* takes care to note that the enormous Rood which spanned the chancel of St. Paul's, with its accompanying colossal figures of St. Mary and St. John, suddenly fell forward and killed two men engaged in lowering it, an accident which naturally filled the simple-minded

[1] All these Swiss and German Reformers kept up a continual correspondence with Bullinger, and the other Reformers at Zurich, Basel, and Geneva. Fortunately a great number of their letters are extant, and have been published in the "Zurich Letters" issued by the Parker Society. The number of foreign refugees in England at this time has been variously estimated as between 5000 and 20,000—the former figure is most probably the true one. Many of these refugees, especially the Italians, settled in London, where their descendants still flourish.

with terror. The magnificent altars, many of them of alabaster and enriched with figures of saints and angels, were overthrown, and replaced by plain oaken communion tables. All pictures, triptychs, and crucifixes were removed from all churches throughout the kingdom; defaced, burnt, or else surreptitiously sold for a vile price to the hordes of Jews who had come over from Holland and Flanders to pick up artistic bargains. Equally sweeping was the destruction of choir books, missals, and prayer-books. The sumptuous choir books of St. Paul's went to Spain; those of Westminster Abbey were seen by the writer of this book, some twenty years ago, in the possession of the Marquis Passano of Genoa—a dozen of them, gorgeously illustrated and splendidly bound in leather, with the arms of Westminster embossed in silver. Everywhere the magnificent stained-glass windows were either smashed or removed because they contained "superstitious pictures." The interesting mediæval frescos in the churches were covered with whitewash—even now in country districts you can occasionally trace their outlines peering through their thick coatings of plaster. All the magnificent and most artistic plate belonging to the cathedrals, abbeys, collegiate and parish churches, was confiscated by the Protector for the King's use, or else sold or minted into coin. The inventories of the parish churches, taken at this time, yield abundant evidence of the great value and beauty of their furniture, plate, and vestments, even in remote country districts. Presently nothing was left but bare and newly whitewashed walls. The glaziers alone benefited by this general vandalism, for they were scarcely numerous enough to fill expeditiously with plain glass the countless windows so ruthlessly deprived of their brilliant and storied panes. Rich vestments were cast out, sold to the Jews, or confiscated by the Court folk, to make into doublets for themselves or petticoats and cushions for their wives. Even the church linen, some of it elaborately embroidered in silver, gold, and coloured silk and thread, was wantonly carted away and destroyed, a thing which seemed so scandalous that a petition was presented to Northumberland, in 1554, asking that this linen should not be burnt, but given to the poor or to the hospitals. This reasonable request was reluctantly granted—but by that time the finest had disappeared. The images of the Virgin and Child,

and of the Saints, which had stood for ages at the street-corners, were pulled down, and the dainty religious figures and emblems on the City Crosses were crushed to atoms. Thus, in a few weeks London, and indeed all England, was deprived of the accumulated art treasures of many centuries. Five shiploads of "imauges" from England were captured by pirates and taken to Algiers. A vessel-load of crucifixes and "imauges" sailed into the harbour of Constantinople, where its sacred freight was speedily disposed of to the Italian Catholics of Galata and the Phanar. A great many of these statues and other objects of Catholic veneration must have been hidden away in London itself, for when, in the first year of Mary's reign, an order was issued for the "putting up of the Roods, Altars, and imauges" in the churches from which they had been recently taken away, they were speedily forthcoming.

A house-to-house visitation was next instituted to search for rosaries and other objects of Roman devotion, which were seized and destroyed, resistance being punished by stripes and imprisonment. Those centres of old-world jollity, the Maypoles, were hewn down as emblems of idolatry; and the city magnates, anticipating by three hundred years the zealous Jacobins of the French Revolution, actually proposed to change the names of the Saints of Heaven, that had been given to certain streets, for those of earthly heroes. The Londoners, however, true to their conservative instincts, rebelled against this petty innovation. They still cling, with a quaint tenacity, to such pre-Reformation appellations as Ave Maria Lane, Paternoster Row, and Amen Corner.

With the emblems of the old worship passed away many of the revered and picturesque practices of bygone times. The religious processions, the Rogations, the Blessing of Palms, the creeping to the Cross, and the pilgrimages were prohibited, and only weddings and funerals were allowed to be solemnised in accordance with ancient usage, but with a somewhat modified ceremonial. The Guilds were suppressed and robbed of their property, an act which Dr. Gairdner has justly stigmatised as the most iniquitous of any then perpetrated, since it despoiled the poor to benefit the rich, and the rich only.

The abolition of the doctrine of Purgatory, and its consequent belief in the efficacy of prayer for the dead, one might have

imagined would have considerably modified funeral ceremonial. Not so; the doles and the lights continued, if the Requiem was suppressed. In the chronicles of the period we find that although during the last three years of Edward's reign the simple Burial Service of the Church of England was universally used, it was accompanied by a wonderful display of lights, banners, and black cloth. The exterior, as well as the interior, of the deceased's house was hung from top to bottom with black cloth, whilst the body was laid in state in the hall or in the best room. The mourners wore black cloth hoods, scarves and cloaks, and carried in their hands sprigs of fresh herbs and enormous candles, and thus equipped took up their turn, during about ten days, to "watch" and "wake" round the catafalque, after which ceremony the body was conveyed in solemn procession to the church for interment. As the hearse passed, men doffed their caps and women made the sign of the cross, many pious people even turning back a few paces to accompany the procession on its way.[1] Young unmarried women were attended to the grave by maidens dressed in white, who more often than not carried the bier between them. There is a well-known eighteenth century engraving of a young girl's funeral proceeding to the Church in Covent Garden, which shows us that this quaint custom of a "white funeral" lasted until comparatively recent times. These elaborate funeral processions added greatly to the picturesqueness of the streets, especially as they took place usually by torchlight, and even as late as midnight. So expensive was a State funeral in the seventeenth century that at least one ancient family was ruined by it. Charles II. ordered that his friend, the last Duke of Rothes (Leslie), should be buried with the same pomp and honours as a member of the Royal Family. To gratify the King's wishes in this matter, the Leslies mortgaged their estates, being fully persuaded that his Majesty would eventually pay for what he himself had commanded. The Merry Monarch took care not to realise their expectations, and the ancient family of Leslie remained poor till our time, when their fortunes were improved by a rich alliance.

[1] When David Garrick's widow died, in the first half of the last century, the house in Adelphi Terrace was decked with black cloth, both inside and out.

The fasting and abstinence days were also abolished, Cranmer himself setting the example by publicly eating meat on a Friday in the Great Hall at Lambeth. Presently, however, the fish trade began to suffer by so sudden a departure from time-honoured custom, and the observance of the Friday and Lenten abstinence was restored.

The death of Edward VI., early in July 1553, revived the dashed hopes of the Catholic party, which proved its numerical strength by acclaiming Queen the then popular Princess Mary. Very little sympathy was manifested in London for the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey. Most of those ardent Protestant Members of Parliament who had helped to place her on the throne, and nearly all her household, deserted her. Forlorn and lonely, with angelic resignation she awaited, at the Tower, her cruel fate. The world was wild for Queen Mary, and the little "Nine Days' Queen" was soon forgotten. Not so the author of all the mischief that befell her, John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, who, as we shall presently see, was speedily arrested and sent to the block; an event which, together with the quelling of the Wyatt rebellion, placed Queen Mary securely enough upon the throne, to enable her to commence those drastic changes in the national religion which were dearer to her heart than life itself. London was now destined to behold some very extraordinary scenes, and unfortunately, a little later on, a series of the most shocking and bloody events that have stained her annals. Meanwhile Mary, who seems to have been, when left to herself, tolerant enough (some of her ladies and most intimate friends, among them Lady Bacon, the Duchess of Somerset and her learned daughters, were professed Protestants), issued a proclamation which breathed a spirit of broadest toleration, and was received with much enthusiasm. It seemed destined to put an end to the prolonged religious war which was desolating the country. Her Majesty desired her liege subjects to cease their religious disputations, and to no longer call each other by such offensive names as "Papist" and "heretic," at least until their Sovereign Lady had decided which was the proper religion for them to adopt.

With Mary's accession the Catholic reaction set in with extraordinary vigour. During the first eighteenth months of her

reign, the Queen did not, however, publish her submission to Rome, but after restoring the Church to the same order in which it was at her father's death, she continued ostensibly to preside over its doctrines as its supreme and visible Head upon earth. The majority of those prelates and priests who had so lately accepted the Book of Common Prayer were soon saying and singing Mass, incensing sacred images, and walking in solemn processions, clothed in gorgeous copes and dalmatics. There was, however, some very decided opposition to the Queen's will. Thus an old priest who ventured to say Mass in St. Bartholomew's was violently ejected from the church by an excited mob. At Paul's, a fanatical youth dashed the Host out of the hands of the officiating priest; and one prelate, Dr. Weston, even took the precaution when saying Mass at Whitehall to wear a coat of armour under his sacerdotal vestments. A young woman living in Aldersgate Street was induced, by a man named Drake, to conceal herself in the thickness of a wall and pretend to be a spirit. When the crowd outside shouted, "Is the Mass holy?" the wench in the wall answered, "Nay, 'tis idolatrous." "God save Queen Mary!" cried the mob. "Nay, rather, God save the Lady Elizabeth," echoed the "spirit." At the suggestion of the Council, Lord Howard courageously investigated the dwelling, and soon unearthed the pretended visitor from another world, who proved to be a housemaid named Elizabeth Croft, who was mercifully dealt with, being put in the stocks for two hours and then set free.

Presently the streets of London were alive with processions and pilgrimages. All the priests and guilds belonging to the parish churches, followed by most of their parishioners, came in solemn procession, cope on back and cross in hand, from even as far off as Islington, Chelsea, Brixton, and Greenwich, to hear Mass or Vespers in St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, and to pray before what remained of the desecrated shrines of St. Erkenwald and of the Confessor. The Queen herself, together with all her ladies, went in state through the streets to visit the churches in the neighbourhood of St. James's and Whitehall Palaces—St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, St. Giles', and St. Mary-le-Strand. The great annual procession of Corpus Christi was celebrated in June, with all its erstwhile magnificence, the Lord

Mayor and City Corporation joining in it. The Queen and her ladies, in full court dress, walked immediately after the Host through the cloisters of the Abbey. The streets were decorated and strewn with fresh rushes, flowers, and sprigs of box.

On All Saints' Day 1555, two dozen priests did penance by parading round St. Paul's Churchyard "in white shirts, with a taper in one hand and a white rod in the other." After the procession, the Bishop came and spoke to them and kissed them. "Then they stode before the preacher at Pawles Cross till the prayers were made. Then did the priests come to them, and they put off their white shirts and stode all the rest of the sermon in their clothes."[1] The offence of these priests was "the taking unto themselves of wives, who had now to be set aside"—a solution which must at least have greatly chagrined the ladies so suddenly and embarrassingly cast adrift. Many priests and laymen who had recanted during this and the preceding reigns, were none the less obliged to wear a badge representing a fiery faggot on their sleeves, to remind them how near they had been to a fiery death.

The pretext for the Wyatt rebellion was the extreme unpopularity of Mary's intended marriage with Philip. We obtain some curious side-lights, from various chronicles of the period, on the excessive objection to this marriage. Thus when, early in 1554, Count Egmont came as special ambassador from Charles v., to arrange the proposed marriage between his son and the Queen of England, he was mistaken by the people on Blackheath for the King himself, and narrowly escaped being torn to pieces. Then, again, some three hundred schoolboys assembled on a holiday afternoon to play at games in the fields outside Moor Gate. Their play consisted of a mimic representation of the Wyatt rebellion, one of them impersonating Philip, as yet only King of Naples and not of Spain. The little people were so absorbed in their game that the urchin who enacted Philip came near being hanged in earnest. Luckily some people passing that way arrived just in time to cut him down. Mary, on being informed of the occurrence, ordered that the ringleaders of this infantile brigade should only receive

[1] Machyn's *Diary*.

a good caning, and that the most pugnacious should be shut up for a day or two.

Philip landed at Southampton early in August 1554. The Queen proceeded direct from Windsor to meet him at Winchester, where the wedding took place, Bishop Gardiner officiating. The King and Queen came thence to Richmond, where they remained from the 9th of August to the 27th, when they made their state entry into the metropolis. Possibly the sight of thirty-four chests,[1] a yard long, known to contain bullion, which Philip had carried in the procession, with considerable ostentation, produced the desired effect upon the popular mind, for their Majesties were received with some degree of enthusiasm. From the political point of view this was a great alliance for our island Queen. Philip, on the death of his father Charles v., would be the ruler of a far greater empire than that of Edward VII., becoming King of Spain, Naples, Lombardy, and the Netherlands, Emperor of the West and East Indies, and of all that was discovered of the two Americas!

The Court of England at this time entertained a group of some of the most remarkable men of the period associated with the Reformation. Londoners now beheld, for instance, the terrible Duke of Alva, one of the handsomest men of his age. Don Ruy Gomez, afterwards the celebrated Prime Minister of Spain, whose manners were considered "exquisite," was also of the company, and greatly in favour with the ladies. Doubtless, too, the Court dames beheld with pleasure the gallant Counts Egmont and Horne, who eventually became the opponents of Philip and Alva's abhorrent policy, and the victims of their tyranny. Philip Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy, a suitor for the Princess Elizabeth's hand, the future conqueror of St. Quentin, added, by way of contrast, his war-like countenance and brusque manners to the courtly group. William of Nassau, Prince of

[1] "Upon Tuesday the 2 of October, there came to the Tower in twenty casses, made for the Shewe, accompanyed with certeyn Spanyerdes of the King's garde, thirty four lyhte chestes of a yard long and three ynches brode, of syllver, which will mak by estymacyon one thousand pounds."—*Chronicle of Queen Jane and Queen Mary*. The writer, it will be observed, makes a point of stating that they "were made for the Shewe or show," an evidence that they figured in the procession, probably as a means of increasing the King's popularity.

Orange, who eventually wrested the Netherlands from the bloody grasp of Spain, also enjoyed Mary's hospitality at this time. These famous personages were accompanied by a quite overwhelming number of Spanish and Flemish lords and ladies and attendants, whose quaint and gorgeous costumes no doubt vastly amused the equally richly but less singularly attired grandees of the English Court.

All this stateliness and glory was soon to end in stress and storm, for the Marian persecution began in earnest almost immediately after the arrival of Philip. He so infatuated the Queen, that in his hands she soon became as unresisting as wax. At the same time her health broke down, and she was carried to her throne in the House of Lords on January 16, when she dissolved Parliament, and went through the ceremony of sceptring those Acts which rendered possible the hideous persecution that was presently let loose throughout the kingdom, and which has left so ineffaceable a stigma on the character of the most unhappy of our queens. This is not the place to discuss the guilt or innocence of Mary Tudor in this respect. History, however, at the present moment is dealt with in a much less prejudiced spirit than it was even twenty-five years ago, and recent investigation of the State Papers and other contemporary documents, not only of England, but in the archives of the Continent, enables us to lift from Mary a good deal of the odium which has hitherto overshadowed her. We know, for instance, that her Parliament, which consisted for the most part of men who had been active in furthering the Protestant views of the councillors of her late brother King Edward, did not hesitate to sign the abominable penal laws that brought so many Reformers to the stake. These worldly and ambitious men were capable of anything except the renunciation of the rich lands wrenched from the monastic Orders and bestowed upon them by Henry VIII. and his son. When the Queen, for instance, proposed to her peers that the Church lands they possessed should be restored, their lordships became extremely irate. "Swearing Russell," Earl of Bedford, realising that his interests were at stake, rose in his seat at the Council, and flinging his rosary, which hung at his girdle, into the fire, cried out, with an awful oath, "I value my sweet Abbey of Woburn more than any

fatherly counsel that shall come to me from Rome!" The other peers followed his example, and soon Mary realised that if she wished her cause to prosper she must make no further mention of the restitution of ecclesiastical property. She herself, however, set a good example, by restoring all the lands that had been confiscated to the Crown. The Benedictines went back, forthwith, to Westminster; the Grey Friars were installed at St. Bartholomew's-the-Great; and a company of Benedictine nuns once more filled the ancient convent of Sion, where Northumberland had lived in the days of his glory.

In December of the same year, Cardinal Pole returned from Rome, bringing with him a Bull from Pope Julius III. reconciling the country to the Holy See, and confirming the nobility in the possession of their Church property,—evidently the price of their apostacy! Pole came by water from Gravesend, with a huge silver cross affixed to the prow of his State barge. Philip and Mary, with Bishop Gardiner, were dining at Whitehall, when the long-exiled Cardinal's barge anchored at the stairs. Philip rose from table and received the Cardinal at the principal entrance to the palace; Mary stood at the head of the stairs, to welcome her cousin with the utmost cordiality. The ceremony of the reconciliation of England with the Papacy was solemnised soon after the arrival of Pole, who himself celebrated High Mass in St. Paul's, after which a solemn *Te Deum* was sung. The Londoners do not seem to have resented this remarkable event, and doubtless, had a more reasonable and moderate policy been adopted, England, like Germany and Switzerland, would have remained to this day partly Catholic and partly Protestant.

After the reconciliation of England with Rome, Mary was very rarely seen in public. Her health broke down completely. Michele, the Venetian Ambassador, says that when he visited the Queen in the last days of April, 1556, her head and face were so frightfully swollen that he could scarcely recognise her. Foxe reports that Mary lay for weeks without sleeping, and more than once the rumour spread through the town that she had died in child-bed. Later in the same year, when the fires of Smithfield were burning their luridest, the French Ambassadress, Mme. de Noailles, went to Hampton Court, where she found

the Queen, who had not been visible for a long time, "crouched on the ground with her knees higher than her head." On her Majesty lifting her face, the Ambassadress was shocked at the change. "She was aged by ten years." The fact is, the poor woman was the victim of an awful complication of diseases, probably including cancer, certainly dropsy, which she had mistaken for pregnancy. She was, moreover, most unhappy and jealous, owing to the repugnant treatment she had received from the young husband she adored. Can a woman in such a condition as this be held responsible for acts which were certainly approved by her Parliament—with the exception, however, of a glorious band of some twenty members, among them several Catholics as well as Protestants? Headed by Plowden,—so staunch a Romanist that he refused the Chancellorship in Elizabeth's reign rather than change his religion,—these brave men and true seceded from the House of Commons sooner than countenance the merciless policy of the majority,—a policy which was disapproved by Cardinal Pole, and denounced from the pulpit by Philip's own confessor, the Franciscan Friar, Alfonso de Castro, who boldly inveighed against the wickedness of burning people for their conscience' sake! The fault, therefore, seems to rest with the majority of both Houses of Parliament, with Bishops Gardiner and Bonner, with King Philip, and, above all, with Reynaud, the cunning and fanatical Imperial Ambassador. Be this as it may, over two hundred men, women, and children, belonging mostly to the lower and lower-middle classes, were burnt in Smithfield and other parts of England, their horrible torments exciting such indignation that even now it would be difficult, if not impossible, to clear Queen Mary's good name. To the end of time she will remain, in the popular imagination, a narrow-minded, bigoted fanatic.

The three most famous of the Marian victims, Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley, perished at Oxford. Their deaths had a reflex action in London, from which it is evident that Latimer was the more popular and revered of the three. A curious and learned controversy took place some years ago in that excellent journal, *Notes and Queries*, in which the evidence favoured the hope that the sufferings of the unfortunate victims of bigotry of this period were considerably abbreviated by their being

first hanged and therefore dead before their bodies were set light to.

If Mary was cruel, her sister Elizabeth was cruel too. During her long reign the persecution of Calvinists, Anabaptists, —or, as we should now call them, Nonconformists,—and of Catholics was fierce and unrelenting. Many hundreds perished. The astute Queen, however, wholly abandoned the stake and Smithfield, and confined her operations as a rule to the rope and Tyburn,—the gibbet replacing the faggot. Here, indeed, the Queen showed her sagacious policy. No more burnings at Smithfield to remind the people of Mary, but a considerable number of hangings were distributed over the country! The effect produced was less horrifying, and thus Elizabeth has escaped being confounded with her fire-brand sister. The appalling torments inflicted upon the unfortunate youths, led by Father Ballard, and headed by young Babington, who had engaged in a conspiracy in favour of Mary Stuart, are too dreadful to be detailed, and have left a dark stigma on the name of the great Queen. In justice to her memory, however, it should be remembered that when she heard of the unusual and unspeakable horrors inflicted on the first batch of these wretched young men, Queen Elizabeth was highly indignant, and commanded that the torments of the second should be *considerably* diminished.

When we come to look into these and other matters of a like appalling nature with unprejudiced eyes, we soon perceive that individuals, and especially kings and queens, were, more often than not, less to blame than the system which held good in the age in which they lived. After all, Mary and Elizabeth are perhaps not more guilty of the horrors of Smithfield and Tyburn, than was the King, their successor, who in the beginning of the nineteenth century allowed batches of twenty, and even thirty, men, women, and children to be hanged at Tyburn for misdeeds which in our day would only be punished by a few days' or hours' imprisonment. At anyrate, neither Mary nor Elizabeth, nor indeed any other British sovereign, followed the evil example of the Kings of France and Spain, who often attended public executions in full state; as did Catherine de Medici, Francis II., and the fair young Queen, Mary Stuart, who, together with

the whole Court of France, assisted at the beheading of thirty-two Huguenot gentlemen convicted of joining in the conspiracy of Amboise,—an agreeable entertainment, which lasted the better part of two hours, and deluged the royal feet with blood!

An appalling anarchy in religious belief and observance ran riot from 1532 to 1560 in every part of the kingdom. Nobody knew exactly what to believe or what not to believe. Independently of the important and hotly disputed doctrines of Transubstantiation, Invocation of Saints, Papal Supremacy, Prayers for the Dead, Seven Sacraments, etc., there were minor spiritual matters to vex and worry the souls of quiet folk, and make them regret the past, and welcome any form of belief or misbelief that promised them peace of mind and safety from brutal persecution. One month, for instance, it was at the risk of life and limb that a man lifted his cap, according to time-honoured custom, when he passed the market cross; in the next he might be sent to Smithfield for omitting this simple act of respect to the symbol of his religion. In 1547–48 the Vicar of Belrisden, near Canterbury, was "cautioned" because he sprinkled the death-bed of one of his parishioners with holy water; and the Rector of the next parish was very near being hanged for not performing the same ceremony! An old woman was burnt for creeping to the Cross in Holy Week; and a boy of sixteen was whipped at the same time for refusing to "creep." Parson Melton of Canterbury kept an image of the Virgin bedecked with flowers in his church, and, according to ancient custom, allowed a number of village lasses to pray before it. For this offence he got into terrible trouble; whereas his neighbour was put in the stocks for five hours for "casting" an "imauge" of Our Lady on his dunghill! Parson Plucky swore he would never speak to a man who "signed" himself with the Cross; and Parson Manly was fined for "irreverence" because he would not "sign" himself! In one week two "imauges" of Our Lady were thrown down at Islington and forthwith put up again! Mrs. Tofts, on being asked her opinions as to the merits of "imauges," replied, "They be devils and idols." Whereupon she was set in the thew, and threatened with the fires of Smithfield if she did not instantly recant her heresies. Some men and

women refusing to join in a procession at Islington on Maundy Thursday, 1547, were terribly treated for their pains; but at Ipswich the people who went to the procession were not only turned back, but deluged with dirty water. Cranmer was openly accused of keeping a boy to turn the spit at Lambeth throughout Holy Week; whereas young Surrey and his friend Pickering were sent to prison for eating meat on Fridays. Under Somerset's Protectorship, three years later, any man caught eating fish on any of the old abstinence days, even Good Friday, was imprisoned and fined. Somewhere in 1552 the Catholics spread a report that Cranmer had two wives living at the same time, and got whipped for evil speaking; but a Protestant came to grief for proclaiming that the Archbishop was not married at all, which was false. These are but a few examples of what went on all over the country from 1532 to the close of the fifth year of Elizabeth's reign, by which time uniformity of a sort in religious belief and observance was established.

When we consider all this chopping and changing in matters of dogma, and above all, of ancient observance, we can easily realise why a generation which had not beheld the ecclesiastical pomps and glories of bygone days, described to them by their fathers, accepted, if only for the sake of peace and safety, the form of religion which Queen Elizabeth and her ministers considered best suited to their spiritual needs. The majority were content to attend the weekly service in the parish church, denuded of all its former paraphernalia, glaringly whitewashed, and as bare as a barn; the wanton neglect becoming, in the course of time, so great that in many a country church geese cackled before the communion table, and turkeys laid their eggs in the pulpit! Church-going on Sundays and holy days was made obligatory by law; but the sacred edifices, which in bygone times were never shut, were now only open once in seven days. The people, however, stuck to the material observances of their Saints' days, and persistently ate goose at Michaelmas, lamb at Easter, and roast beef on Christmas Day. They still "waked" on All Hallows' Eve, and beat the boundaries on Rogation days. Some few pre-Reformation customs linger to this day in remote villages; otherwise Roman Catholicism in the sixteenth century was stamped out by

Protestantism for nearly four hundred years, and more completely so than Paganism had been by Christianity.

That stately cathedral at Westminster, now four years built, is something more than a church—it is a blessed monument to tolerance! Sixty years ago nobody would have believed that such a building could have been erected in this stronghold of anti-Catholicism; but then, who could have dreamt that a Jew would ever be the Prime Minister of England, or that quite a series of worthy Jewish merchants should occupy the distinguished position of Chief Magistrate of London? That such has been the case is a magnificent fact in our history, and a fine lesson to our nearest neighbours, who are never happy save when they are persecuting or annoying each other in the sacred names of Religion and Freedom.

The history of the Reformation under Queen Elizabeth is too complicated a matter to be dealt with in any detail in this work. It must be dismissed in a few words. During the first two years of her reign, the people doubtless had a very anxious time, not knowing exactly what they were to believe or not to believe. At last, however, the sagacious Queen, in whose character piety held but a very small place, made up her mind, and the Church in England reverted to the condition in which it was left at the time of Edward's death. The altars, the roods, the crucifixes, the images, the vestments, the incense, the flowers and the lights, were again cast out of the churches—but this time for good and all. The worldly wisdom of this wholesale iconoclasm became evident towards the end of the great Queen's reign, when a new generation, which had never beheld the ritualism of the past, having become accustomed to the simpler forms provided for them, cared little for the restoration of the vanished ecclesiastical magnificence so dear to their grandparents.

Two years before Elizabeth died, Hentzner, the German traveller, happening to be in London, counted no less than three hundred gory heads stuck up on London Bridge; and there were also a great number spiked in various places about the Tower, where the Queen, unappalled by these horrible trophies, occasionally resided. The Duc de Biron, who came to England on a special mission from Henry IV. of France at

this period was received in great state by Queen Elizabeth, and had a startlingly interesting conversation with her Majesty, in which he had the unspeakable lack of tact to let fall the name of the unfortunate Earl of Essex who had so recently lost his head. Elizabeth condescended to justify her conduct towards her favourite on the grounds of public safety. Then, taking Biron by the hand, she strode rapidly across the apartment, and flinging open the window, pointed to the heads planted on the Tower, saying, as she did so, "My lord, that is the way we punish traitors in England!" She next calmly recounted to him the names of all her subjects she had brought to the block, omitting Mary Stuart, but including Essex. She afterwards had yet another conversation with the Envoy, in which she explained to him that personally these deeds of horror were repugnant to her, "but," she added, "in some cases there is no middle course. We must lay aside clemency as too dangerous, and adopt extreme measures. He who touches the sceptre of a prince lays hold of a fire-brand, which must destroy him. For him there is no mercy." Then she again referred to the sorrow which it occasioned her to put any man to death. "But," she added, "where the welfare of the State is at stake, I may not indulge my own inclination." No doubt she spoke the truth. She lived in hard times and had hard work to do. Her coffin rests on that of her sister. Their ashes may be said to mingle. Possibly, in the eyes of God, both sisters were equally guilty—or equally innocent? Their severity, no doubt, worked good in building up that spirit of toleration, born of sheer repugnance for the merciless deeds, nay, the crimes, they were forced to commit. And surely this toleration is the greatest glory and force of our race. Let it never diminish, but rather increase as the ages roll on! Then will the fires of Smithfield not have burned in vain, and the gallows of Tyburn, watered by the blood of martyrs, have blossomed into a goodly tree, whose every leaf bears a message of peace. It were better for England to lose her richest colony than that a single Jesuit or Jew should be persecuted for his conscience' sake within her dominions.

CHAPTER III

LONDON UNDER EDWARD VI.

EDWARD the Sixth's progress to the Tower, on February 19, 1548, took the form of an extremely lengthy and gorgeous procession, in which he bestrode a white pony, caparisoned with silver, and wore a white velvet waistcoat and cloak slashed with Venetian silver brocade, embroidered with pearls. Over him was carried a white silk canopy, fringed with silver. It was generally remarked that the boy-King looked very pale and delicate. On his either side rode his uncles, the Lord Protector, newly made Duke of Somerset, and the Lord High Admiral, Thomas Seymour, now Baron of Sudley, and soon to become the King's step-father, by his clandestine marriage to the Dowager Queen Katherine Parr. The Protestant party noticed with satisfaction that Cranmer, chatting with the German Envoy, cantered by the side of the Venetian Ambassador.

The streets were gay with tapestries and cloth-of-gold, and there were a good many of the usual pageants along the route. At Cornhill a conduit ran white wine and red, and children arrayed as angels sang a hymn of praise to the King, beginning—

> "Hayle, noble Edward, our Kynge and soveraigne,
> Hayle, the cheffe comfort of your communaltye:
> Hayle, redolent rose, whose swetness to reteyne,
> Ys unto us all such great comodity,
> That earthly joy no more to us can be."

At the Standard in the Cheap there was yet another pageant—"like a tower"—hung with cloth-of-gold, on the top of which trumpeters appeared, who, after sounding their instruments, recited a very long poem in praise of the King, the con-

cluding verse of which will suffice to give an idea of what preceded—

"Ye children that are towardes, sing up and downe,
And never play the cowardes to him that weareth the crowne,
But always doo your care his pleasure to fulfyll,
Then shall you keep right sure the honour of England still.
Sing up heart, sing up heart,
Sing no more downe,
But joy in King Edward that wereth the crowne."

The procession halted in St Paul's Churchyard to witness an Aragonese acrobat fly down on a rope from the top of the Cathedral steeple to the pavement, where he prostrated himself and kissed the King's feet, after which, amid much cheering, he flew up again to his lofty perch.

Faith, Justice, and Truth met his Majesty in Fleet Street, and each recited a lengthy poem in his honour. Faith, as a sign of the times, had a Bible in her hand instead of the usual Cross!

Temple Bar was "new painted in dyvers colours," and hung with cloth-of-arras, and garnished with gay standards and flags. Seven French trumpeters were stationed over the arch, and "blew sweetly," whilst a choir of children sang an anthem. From Temple Bar to Westminster Hall there was a great crowd lining the road on both sides—but little cheering! Indeed, it was noticed that the new Sovereign was coldly received throughout the line of route. The banquet was served in the Great Hall, and was of extreme magnificence. It was attended by all the great officers of State, Archbishop Cranmer, the Bishops, the Ambassadors, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs. The King passed the night at Westminster.

On the following Sunday the coronation took place in Westminster Abbey. Edward's delicate health necessitated a considerable abbreviation of the ceremonies, which otherwise followed the old Catholic form. Dr. Cranmer preached the sermon, in which he alluded to the contemplated change of the national religion—abjured the Pope and all his works, and besought the young King to put down "idolatry." None the less, the King "offered" at St. Edward's shrine as usual.

Jousts and other sports, to which the public were admitted, closed the celebration of the coronation of the first Protestant

King of England, who, together with all his Court, afterwards attended that dramatic performance at Blackfriars already alluded to, whose preparations, to Gardiner's way of thinking, had marred the solemnity of the obsequies of Henry VIII.[1]

The violent religious evolution which absorbed the nation's attention throughout this reign, was not conducive to worldly pomp or courtly pageantry. Edward the Sixth's was a sombre reign, in which even costume experienced the depressing influence of the times, and lost much of its previous wealth of material and gaiety of hue. The Puritanical-minded Protector kept the young King to his books, and isolated him as much as possible from all contact with those who did not share his own religious or political opinions. Henry VIII. had surrounded his son in his childhood with a number of young gentlemen of high rank, who acted as school- and playmates to him, but of all his old companions, the young Duke of Suffolk and his brother,[2] and his beloved Barnaby FitzPatrick, appear now to have been the only ones left in attendance upon the solitary little monarch.[3]

In his childhood, Edward had lived a good deal with his two sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, the youngest of whom he was wont to call "his sweet sister, Temperence." He was also extremely attached to Katherine Parr, who during her queenship had been very kind to him, but the Protector kept these august ladies as far removed from Court as possible. When, however, Somerset was away fighting in Scotland, and Edward had greater freedom, he went several times to Chelsea Manor to visit his step-mother, Queen Katherine, and his uncle of Sudley, and their wards,

[1] There is a very lengthy and minute MS. account of this coronation preserved at the College of Arms, and reproduced in the first volume of the *Literary Remains of Edward VI.*, by John Gough Nichols. Published by the Roxburghe Club, 1857.

[2] These accomplished lads, who were the sons of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, by his fourth wife, Catherine Willoughby, died of the plague within a few days of each other, in 1551, whereupon their royally-born half-sister, the Lady Frances, became heiress to the greater part of their wealth, and her husband, the Marquis of Dorset, was created Duke of Suffolk.

[3] There are a number of letters of a most affectionate character addressed by the King to this young gentleman. Edward is otherwise said to have cared only for Dr. Cheke, his tutor, Barnaby FitzPatrick, and his sister Elizabeth. As to Lady Jane Grey, he probably knew very little of her until after her marriage with Guildford in the last year of his brief reign.

Princess Elizabeth and the little Lady Jane Grey, and enjoyed himself, boy-fashion, romping with the young Princesses in the garden.

Elizabeth paid her brother Edward several visits during his brief reign, but there is no evidence of any special festivities being held in her honour. In the autumn of 1548, Princess Mary came to Court and stayed as her brother's guest at St James's Palace. She seems to have had a fine suite of apartments allotted to her, for we glean from her Household Books that during this visit she entertained quite sumptuously a number of her friends. Mary paid her brother another visit in 1552. The Princess on this occasion rode from Wanstead, accompanied by a great retinue of ladies and gentlemen, and went through the City, viâ Fleet Street, to Westminster. Each of her numerous attendants carried a black rosary and crucifix. The Princess had come to ask her brother's permission to have Mass said in her private chapel, a favour the King refused; whereupon there were high words between the brother and sister. Edward told Mary flatly that she "was to obey as a subject and not to rule as a sovereign." The Princess answered that "her soul was God's, and that she was ready to lay her head on the block in defence of her Faith." Edward, although he did not acquiesce in her reasonable request, was none the less hospitably inclined, and, "with cheering words" invited her, together with her train, to a goodly repast; after which she rode back with her retinue, through London, to St. John's Priory, Clerkenwell, where she spent the night, and the following day proceeded to New Hall in Essex. She was, it was noticed, greatly cheered by the multitude in the streets both "at her coming and her going."

In Tudor times the reception of an Ambassador was always a pompous affair. The foreign representative to our Court generally landed at Gravesend, or else, if he journeyed by way of Dover, he waited a good mile or so beyond the city walls, until he was met, in the name of the King, by some great officer of State, attended by a brilliant escort, who brought him in a sort of triumph into London. When, in July 8, 1556, Jacques d'Albon, Maréchal de St. André, the French Envoy Extraordinary, came to England to negotiate a marriage between the young

King and the Princess Elizabeth of France, he was welcomed with almost regal honours. His state entry into the city was excessively splendid, over one thousand horsemen having gone out as far as Gravesend to greet him and to fetch him to London, where he stayed with the French Ambassador. He must, however, have been glad to leave the city, since Edward tells us the "sweating sickness" was raging at the time, and the Court had removed for fear of infection to Hampton Court, which his Majesty, by the way, spells without an H. The Envoy arrived at "Ampton" Court at nine o'clock on the morning of the 14th, having been met at about a mile's distance from the palace by the Duke of Somerset. His Excellency dined with the King, in Wolsey's Hall, which was hung with the costliest arras. M. de St. André was lodged at Richmond Palace, and on the 20th of July again came thence to "Ampton," when the King showed him over the palace. Edward records this visit in the following entry of his Journal:—

"The next morning he came to see mine arraying, and saw my bedchaumber, and went a unting with hundes, and saw me shotte, and saw al my garde shot togither. He dined with me, erd me play on the lute, ride, came to me in my study, supped with me, and soe departed to Richemond."

Sad to relate, notwithstanding this interesting exhibition of kingly accomplishments, the Ambassador failed in his mission, and the proposed alliance was ultimately abandoned. It was for the especial entertainment of this Envoy that a huge banqueting-hall was erected in Hyde Park, not far from the present Hyde Park Gate. Built of wood, and decorated with classical medallions, designed by the Italian artist Toto, it was 57 feet long by 21 feet in breadth, and took twenty-two days to build. The roof, it appears, was of solid oak, and decorated for the banquet with boughs and garlands of fresh flowers. From the Account Book of the Master of the Revels we gather that the workmen employed in its construction were paid as follows: carpenters, 1d. an hour; bricklayers, 1d.; labourers, ½d.; plasterers, 11d., and painters, 6d. and 7d. a day, according to their merit. The banqueting-hall cost £169, 7s. 8d. It seems to have been standing as late as James the First's time, and to

have been used both for public and private entertainments. Such a restaurant might prove a very god-send in our day, especially of a hot summer's evening![1]

The following extracts translated from the despatches of Saronzo, the Venetian Envoy to the Court of Edward VI., contain exceedingly interesting descriptions of London and England generally during the Protectorate of Somerset. Much of it reads as if written but yesterday. The climate does not seem to have greatly altered, for, says the Ambassador—

"The air of London is thick (*grasso*) and therefore often generates clouds, wind, and rain, but in calm weather the climate is so temperate that the extremes of heat and cold are rarely felt and never last long, so that people clad in furs may be seen all the year round. . . ."

Which is precisely what happens in our time, when furs and fur garments are once more in fashion.

"They have some plague in England well nigh every year, for which they are not accustomed to make sanitary provisions, as it does not usually make great progress, the cases for the most part occurring among the lower classes, as if their dirty habits impaired their constitutions. In 1551 (the first year of Saronzo's residence in England) there was an atmospheric putresence which produced the disease called the "sweat," the mortality being immense among people of every condition; but children under ten years of age did not seem subject to this epidemic. The malady consisted of a profuse sweat: if the remedies at first administered took no effect the patient died in a few hours, so that during the first three days of its appearance there died in London alone upwards of 5000 persons. Some remedy having been subsequently devised it ceased in twenty days. The alarm, however, was great and universal, especially at Court, some of the King's chamber attendants having died, so that his Majesty and all who could made their escape: all business was entirely suspended, the shops closed and nothing attended to but the preservation of life. . . ."

The following observations concerning our agriculture at this period are especially interesting—

"The soil, especially in England proper, produces wheat, oats, and barley, in such plenty that they have usually enough for their

[1] See Losely MSS. Edited by Kemp, p. 96.

own consumption, but were they to work more diligently, and with greater skill, and bring the soil into higher cultivation, England might supply grain for exportation, but they do not attend much to this, so that they sometimes need assistance both from Flanders and Denmark, and occasionally from France likewise. They grow no other sort of grain, and their only lentils are beans and pease. Although they have vines they do not make wine of any sort, the plant serving as an ornament for their gardens rather than anything else. In lieu of wine they make beer, with wheat, barley and hops, which (last) they import from Flanders, boiling all the ingredients in water and making it stronger or weaker by adding more wheat or less barley, and producing a contrary result by reversing the process. This potion is most palatable to them, everybody drinking it, even the sovereign, although they also consume a great quantity of wine, which is brought to London and Bristol from Candia, Spain, the Rhine, and from France, this last being prized more than the rest, but it is sold at a very high price, so that it is usually worth from 35 to 40 ducats per butt, and at this time costs 50. As there are no olive trees in England they import oil from Spain and the Venetian possessions, but the consumption is small, since for food they use butter, and for the cloth manufacturers, rape oil, which is imported from Flanders and Spain. They have great plenty of white salt at home, and the black is brought from Normandy, nor is there any salt duty. They have abundance of fish both from the ocean and the Thames, of the same sort as is common in Venice, but they have also salmon, a fish which is not found in Italy. They have an immense quantity of oysters, so that occasionally as many as twenty smacks are seen filled with them, but during four months in the summer it is forbidden to either take or sell them. The rule holds good, that oysters are considered unfit to eat in months whose names are spelt without an 'r,'—May, June, July, and August. . . ."

Of the chief cities of England we learn that—

"The principal cities of the kingdom are London and Norwich, Bristol and York, but London is the most noble, both on account of its being the royal residence, and because the river Thames runs through it to the convenience and profit of the inhabitants, as it ebbs and flows every six hours like the sea, and scarcely ever causes inundations or any extraordinary floods. Up to London Bridge it is navigable to ships of 400 butts burden, of which a great plenty arrive with every sort of merchandise. This bridge connects the City with the Borough, and is built of stone with 20 arches, and shops on both sides.

"On the banks of the river there are very large palaces, making a very fine show, but the city is much disfigured by the ruins of a multitude of churches and monasteries heretofore belonging to friars and nuns. It has a dense population said to number 180,000 souls: is beyond measure commercial, the merchants of the entire kingdom flocking thither, as by a privilege conceded to the citizens of London, from them alone can they purchase their merchandise, so that they soon become very wealthy, and the same privileges placed in their hands the government of the City of London, which is divided into twenty-four trades or crafts, each of which elects a certain individual styled alderman, the election being made solely in the persons of those who are considered the most wealthy, and the office is for life: the which aldermen, after assembling these trades, create annually as their head a person for the current year, styled Mayor, or as they call him Lord, which signifies *Signor*: he assumes the magistracy on the day of SS. Simon and Jude, when he gives a banquet to the ambassadors and lords, and to the judges of the city and others, in such number that in one and the same hall upwards of a thousand persons sit down to dinner, all being served at the same time with the most perfect order. The Lord Mayor is always preceded by the Sword in virtue of the privilege conceded to the City for its deserts in 1190 by King Richard I. This Mayor usually keeps a most excellent table with open doors, and in one year spends at least 4000 marks out of his purse. . . ."

By this it is clear the Lord Mayor's banquet was attended in those days by the Ministers, Ambassadors, etc., precisely as at present.

Of the English themselves the Envoy says—

"The English are, for the most part, of fine stature and sound constitution, with red and white complexions, their eyes also being light in colour. According to their station they are all as well clad as any other nation whatever. The dress of the men resembles the Italian fashion, and that of the women, the French. The nobility, save such as are employed at Court, do not habitually reside in the cities, but in their own country mansions, where they keep up very grand establishments, both with regard to the great quantity of eatables consumed by them, as also by reason of their numerous attendants, in which they exceed all other nations, so that the Earl of Pembroke has upwards of 1000 clad in his own livery. In these country residences they occupy themselves with hunting of every description, or with whatever else can amuse or divert them, so that they

seem wholly intent on leading a joyous existence, the women also being no less sociable than the men, it being customary for them, and allowable, to go without any regard, either alone, or accompanied by their husbands, to the taverns, or to dine and sup where they please. . . ."

Evidently the aristocracy in Edward's time resided, much as they do now, in the country. The Puritanical character of the court no doubt marred the attractions of the capital as a place of residence, especially for the Catholics, who lived in fear and trembling, and for the more worldly-minded, who missed the magnificent entertainments of the previous reign.

The rivalry between the Protector and his brother, Thomas Seymour, and their distrust of each other, at last ended in an appalling tragedy, brought about by the secret machinations of John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, who no doubt availed himself of the feud that raged between the Seymours to accomplish his own aggrandisement. Thomas Seymour was arrested on thirty charges—of treason: of having, amongst other crimes, attempted to acquire an undue influence over the Princess Elizabeth in order to compel her to marry him, and with having purchased the Scilly Isles with the view of turning them into the headquarters of a gang of pirates of which he was self-constituted Captain-General. Brought to trial at the Guildhall, he was speedily condemned, his death-warrant being signed by his brother Edward, an act which produced a revulsion of popular feeling against the Protector. Thomas Seymour, at the time of his arrest, was living at Seymour Place, Strand, whence he was conveyed to the Tower, and sentenced to death. He was executed on Tower Hill on the morning of March 20, 1549. Unlike his brother, the Protector, he was a man of no fixed religious convictions, and died hard. It seems that he had a struggle, if not actually a hand-to-hand fight, with the executioner before he submitted to receive his sentence. The Sunday following Seymour's execution, Latimer preached a sermon at Paul's Cross, in which he painted him in the blackest colours. "He died very dangerously, irkesomely, horribly. He was the man farthest from God I ever knew, or heard of in England. He shall be Lot's wife to me as long as I live. God had clean forsaken him—he was an wicked man, a covetous—a horribly covetous man. I would there were

no mo' such in England,"—and much more to the same effect, which ill became one who had been Seymour's intimate friend a few days before his fall. Sudely evidently died as he had lived. There was no hypocrisy about the man, and he passed out of a world which had treated him none too tenderly without any of the usual recantations made at the last minute on the scaffold, by such men, for instance, as Thomas Cromwell and the Duke of Northumberland.

Protector Somerset fell three years later. He was popular with the masses, and although Northumberland had issued strict orders that no one was to stir abroad until the execution was well over, on the morning of January 22, 1552, a huge mob assembled on Tower Hill. At eight o'clock the Duke ascended the scaffold, led by the Sheriffs of London. He knelt down and prayed, then rising, he addressed the people, and solemnly protested his innocence and his fidelity to the King. Just as he was preparing for the fatal stroke, a tremendous disturbance took place. The people, seeing a number of horsemen galloping towards the scaffold, scattering the crowd right and left, hoped for a reprieve. It turned out, however, to be only Sir Anthony Browne, accompanied by a troop of halberdiers, who had been especially ordered to attend the execution and arrived late. The crowd cried "A pardon! a pardon!" But it soon became evident that Sir Anthony brought no reprieve, and the execution proceeded with all its dismal formality. After all was over, a woman rushed up the steps of the scaffold, and dipped her kerchief in the Protector's blood, to preserve as a "relic of a just man"—which Somerset can hardly be said to have been. But nevertheless he was a bigger man than is usually admitted. Although in correspondence with Calvin, he was a staunch supporter of the Church of England in what is now termed its "Low" form. His greatest glory consists in the fact that whilst in power he was merciful, when he might have been a terrible persecutor. His chiefest crime was his implicit obedience, whilst in Scotland, to the mandate of Henry VIII., "not to spare man, woman, or child." "Cut them down," wrote the fiendish King; and Somerset's way back from Edinburgh over the Border was through burning towns and villages and homesteads, and hecatombs of the slaughtered. Callous as were the men of those

times, a thrill of indignation ran through the kingdom at the report of these horrors,[1] which was repeated a little later when the same dreadful fate was awarded to the men of Norfolk, who claimed the right to worship God as their fathers had done before them. Ten thousand were slain by John Dudley's men with Somerset's approbation.

John Dudley, now Duke of Northumberland,—who never nominally assumed Somerset's position of Protector, but was only known officially as Grand Master of the Household,—perceiving the danger threatening the young King's health, from the confined life which he had hitherto led under the late regime, determined to allow the youthful monarch a little more recreation. He was encouraged to ride and even to shoot, and the number of the sermons to which he had hitherto been obliged to listen was considerably diminished. The greatest pageant of the last years of his reign was the sumptuous entertainment given to the Queen Dowager of Scotland, Mary of Lorraine. She was returning from a visit to the Court of her lovely daughter, Mary Stuart, when she was overtaken by a tempest before Portsmouth. As she was already provided with a passport, granting her the right, in case of necessity, to traverse England, she despatched a gentleman of her escort to London to announce to the King that she wished to avail herself of its privilege. The King assured her that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to gratify her wish, and also to behold her. His thoughtful Majesty even

[1] John Gough Nichols, in his *Literary Remains of Edward VI.*, remarks that "throughout the affairs . . . we find the utmost heartlessness (in Edward), and a precocious alacrity to sacrifice to the supposed demands of justice an uncle who had ever endeavoured to gratify his boyish fancies, and one of whose most frequent misdemeanours had been that of secretly supplying him with pocket-money." Latimer made no secret of his glee at the unfortunate man's death, though he appears to have been angered by the defiant manner in which he died. In a Lenten sermon, preached before the King at Westminster, he related, "as a proof that the wicked are with difficulty brought to confess their crimes," a story of a man who was hung at Oxford, protesting his innocence, and only confessed his crime when revived by the fire during the process of drawing and quartering. Latimer concluded this story by saying, "I will leave here, for I think you know what I mean well enough. I shall not need to apply this example any further." He referred in similar unkind terms to Thomas Seymour on three occasions.

wrote letters to various gentlemen whose seats were situated on the road from Portsmouth to London, commanding them to entertain the said Regent on her way to the metropolis. Mary of Guise-Lorriane left Portsmouth on the 26th of November 1551, and lodged the first night at Mr. White's house, Southwick Priory, where she remained two days. Her next stage was Warblington, the seat of Mr. Cotton. She dined on the next day at the Earl of Arundel's house at Stanstead, and spent the night at Cowdray, Sir Anthony Browne's seat, which now belongs to the Earl of Egmont. The Queen passed the following day at Guildford, and thence rode straight to London without stopping. In our day her Majesty could easily have performed the journey in two hours. Instead of entering the city, however, she proceeded direct to Hampton Court, where she was met by the Marquis of Northampton and his wife, the Lord Robert Dudley, the Countess of Pembroke, and a number of other ladies and gentlemen. According to the Council Book, Princess Mary and Princess Elizabeth were invited to meet their royal kinswoman, but apparently did not avail themselves of the opportunity. During her brief stay at Hampton Court the Regent was shown all the works of art which that splendid palace then contained. Edward informs us in his Journal that "the night and the next day were spent in dancing and pastimes, as though it were a Court, and a great presence of gentlemen resorted thither." On the 1st of November the Queen was entertained with a deer hunt, and on the following day she delighted the Londoners by making her state entry into the city. Although the Regent was fiercely Catholic, strange to say she was lodged at the palace of the very Protestant Bishop of London. From Machyn's *Diary* we discover that the Queen went from Hampton Court to London by boat, and that on her arrival at the Episcopal Palace she received from the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, a gift of the following extraordinary collection of miscellaneous provisions: "beeves, muttons, veales, swines, bread, wild fowl, wine, beer, spices and all things, and quails, sturgeon, wood and coals, and salmon, by divers men." The Duke of Suffolk, the Earls of Warwick, Wiltshire, and Huntingdon, with other lords, were commanded to attend upon her during her stay in London. Among the ladies who were bidden to wait upon the Scottish Queen were, the

King's cousin, the Lady Margaret Douglas,—whose son, Darnley, eventually became the second husband of the Regent's daughter, Mary Queen of Scots,—the Lady Frances, Duchess of Suffolk, and the Duchesses of Northumberland and Richmond, the Countesses of Bedford, of Arundel and Huntingdon, the Lady Winchester, the Lady Russell, the Lady Rich and her "dowter," the Lady Dudley, the Lady Coke, the Lady Newname, the Lady Mary Sidney, and the Lady Jane Grey,—this is the first mention in history of that unfortunate young lady's appearing at a Court function.

On the 4th of November the Duke of Suffolk, and fifty lords and gentlemen and ladies, and about a hundred others, rode up from Hampton Court to fetch the Scottish Queen to Whitehall. The streets were thronged, and the windows and balconies gaily decorated. London had beheld no such spectacle since the King's coronation, and everybody was delighted at the gleam of sunshine with which it gladdened what had hitherto been a very dull period. The Duke of Northumberland stood at the gate of Whitehall to receive the august visitor. The young King, with some satisfaction, informs us in his Journal that "the hall and stairs were full of serving-men and guards, the Chamber, the Great Chamber, and her (the Queen's) Presence Chamber of gentlemen." The King met her Majesty in the inner hall, and led her by the hand through interminable suites of apartments to the one allotted to her, which it seems overlooked the river. Having rested herself, Mary of Lorraine dined with the King in state. She sat next to him at dinner under the cloth of state, or canopy. At the farther end of the royal table sat the Lady Frances and the Lady Margaret at one corner, and at the opposite one the French Ambassador. The King tells us that the royal party were served by "two services, two sewers, cup-bearers, carvers, and gentlemen." He also informs us that there "were two cupboards, or sideboards, one charged with gold plate, five stages high, and another with massy silver, six stages high." The lords and ladies dined at separate tables. After hearing some music, the Queen Regent took her departure with the same ceremony that had accompanied her arrival. On the morning of the 6th the Duke of Northumberland, with a band of a hundred gentlemen, forty of whom were in

black velvet with black and white sleeves, and sixty in cloth, the Earl of Pembroke with a band of fifty more, the Earl of Wiltshire with fifty-eight of his father's band, a great following of pensioners, men-at-arms, and equerries, and all the great ladies before mentioned mounted on horseback, brought the Queen through Cheapside and Cornhill to Shoreditch, where she was met by a hundred Middlesex horsemen who escorted her through England out of the realm. It took the royal lady nearly three weeks to reach the Scottish Border. She was lodged on her way north at a number of noblemen's seats, their owners having previously received orders from London to entertain her Majesty as handsomely as their means would permit. This was the last important pageant in the otherwise, socially, *triste* reign of our sixth Edward.

On the occasion of the Regent's visit Lady Jane Grey made her first appearance at Court in attire so rich as to distress the mind of her tutor, Mr. Aylmer, who kept the Swiss Reformers informed of her movements, and even begged Sturmius, when next he addressed the Lady Jane, to beseech her "not to waste her time on such frivolities as jewellery and rich attire." "You may," he says, "bring forward the example of our King's sister, the Lady Elizabeth, who goes clad in every respect as becomes a modest maiden. Yet no one is induced by the example of so gracious a lady to look down on gold and jewels and braidings of hair." Ye gods! Could worthy Aylmer have but beheld as in a vision the 3000 gowns and 600 wigs left by that "modest maiden" some fifty years later!

Soon after the departure of the Scottish Queen, the young King's health began visibly to decline. He had to forego all public functions and entertainments, and even relinquish attention to affairs of State. Occasionally, however, he is mentioned as present at some marriage festivity,—for instance, at that of Lord Robert Dudley to Amy Robsart, which took place at Sheen early in 1553. He was too ill, however, to assist at the wedding of his cousin, the Lady Jane Grey, to Northumberland's youngest son, the Lord Guildford Dudley, which was celebrated in London, at Whitsun, a week or two later.

In June of that year, M. de Noailles, the French Ambassador, informed Montmorency that "there was no hope of the King's

recovery." It was falsely given out to the public, however, that he was able to walk about in the palace gardens. He was attended in his last illness by Dr. Owen and Dr. Wendy; the latter assisted at the deathbed of Henry VIII., whereas the former brought Edward into the world, and closed his successor, Queen Mary's tired eyes. An attack of small-pox was presently complicated by measles. The poor lad seems to have suffered a great deal of pain, but to have borne his afflictions with uncommon patience. Dr. Owen, an hour before he died, leant over him, saying, "We heard you speak to yourself, but what you said we know not?" The weary little King answered, smilingly, "I was praying to God." A little later he was heard to murmur, "Lord, have mercy upon me, and take my spirit." He never spoke again.

The royal funeral took place on the 8th of August, the King's body having been removed on the preceding day from Greenwich to Whitehall. His obsequies in Westminster Abbey were conducted according to the rites of the Church of England. Machyn says a great number of children figured, and very appropriately too, in the procession. Noailles, the French Ambassador, told his Government that "the funeral was a very shabby affair, badly attended, without any lights burning, and no official invitations sent to any of the Ambassadors."[1] Cranmer read the burial service in English, according to the Book of Common Prayer. It must have been with a sinking heart that the Archbishop beheld that little coffin lowered into the royal vault, for his own career practically ended by the side of this newly opened grave. Meanwhile Queen Mary, who was already residing in the Tower, ordered a solemn Requiem to be sung in St. Mary's Chapel for the repose of her brother's soul, which she attended in state; Dr. George Day, Bishop of Chichester, preaching before her Majesty, made but a very vague allusion to the religious changes effected in the late King's reign. Although we have no official record of the fact, a Requiem for King Edward must have been sung at St. Paul's, for the bill of costs for candles, bier, choir boys, for such a ceremony is still extant. If so, our Protestant Edward VI. was the last English King buried with Catholic rites in England; James II. died a Catholic—but in France.

[1] Ambassades Française—Noailles. Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris.

At no period was costume so elegant, so picturesque, and so comfortable as it was in the first half of the sixteenth century; and it continued to be so until the middle of the reign of Elizabeth, when, by exaggeration, it rapidly degenerated and became frightful. Henry VII. was a parsimonious monarch, who discouraged every sort of extravagance, especially in the matter of dress. Nevertheless the "popinjays"—the "swells" of his time—managed to make themselves sufficiently brilliant to astonish their fellows. They wore parti-coloured hose and round-toed boots or shoes, and a sort of skirt, kilted from the waist to the knees, and gathered in at the waist by a leathern girdle. The hat worn with this peculiar costume was usually made of buckram, covered with velvet, silk, or felt, and had a brim as wide as a cartwheel; affixed to the left side was a gigantic bunch of parti-coloured plumes, some of them a yard long. A short man staggering under such a burden as this looked, so said his contemporaries, "even as a big mushroom walking along"; possibly this was the reason why some young men, instead of wearing their hats on their heads, slung them across their backs like targets. The ladies, especially the elderly, under the lead of the austere Elizabeth of York, wore, excepting on state occasions, nearly the same plain habit as the Roman Catholic Sisters of Mercy. When Henry VIII. ascended the throne the costumes of both sexes became magnificent in the extreme. In the first four or five years of his reign, owing to the exquisite fairness of his skin, he introduced a fashion among men of wearing low-necked dresses exactly like those worn by our grandmothers fifty years ago. There are several portraits extant of Henry in a low-necked dress; and a very remarkable one of Sir Thomas Wyatt, the poet, belonged at one time to the author, from whom it was unfortunately stolen some fifteen years ago. It was very well painted, and certainly no modern belle could have ventured a more liberal display of her charms than Queen Anne Boleyn's earliest friend and companion must have done on occasion. This singular fashion, however, did not last long, and was presently replaced by a becoming single ruffle of the finest lawn, more often than not exquisitely embroidered with gold and silver thread enriched with seed-pearls. There is a very interesting page in Stowe's *Survey* which gives us an excellent

idea of the costume of the citizens in Henry the Eighth's time. "I take it," says he, "that the use of square bonnets worn by noblemen, gentlemen, and citizens and others, took beginning in this realm in Henry the Eighth's time," when they apparently replaced the time-honoured hoods which served our ancestors in more ancient times. "Henry VIII. wore a round flat cap of scarlet silk or velvet, with a bunch of jewels, and a feather: divers gentlemen, courtiers, and others did the like. The youthful citizens also took to this new fashion of flat caps, knit in woollen yarn black, but so light that they were obliged to tie them under their chins, else the wind would be master of them." These caps were so much in favour that the Lord Mayor and Aldermen adopted them. Their grave seniors, however, kept to the hood. Stowe, too, notes that people began in 1523 to wear suits of all one colour. The shoes were round-toed, and the colouring of all the costume from head to feet, rich and glowing,—red, yellow, green, purple, blue, slashed with black, orange, and violet,—"peppered" with gold and "shot" with silver thread.

If the costumes of the men were elegant at this period, those of the ladies were equally so. Anne Boleyn—we have it on the authority of Brantome—set the fashions of her time, and was constantly changing the style of her head-dress, the shape of her sleeves, and the forms of her slippers and of her fans. She is usually, however, represented wearing the graceful diamond-shaped coif so intimately associated with her name. In a fine portrait of her, now in the possession of the Marquis Spinola of Genoa, she wears a sort of Turkish turban thickly covered with pearls and gems.

As we approach the end of the Bluff King's reign, male costume becomes simpler in form but richer in detail. Nothing can be imagined more magnificent than the costume of red upon red, velvet and silk, worn by Surrey in his stately portrait by Streetes at Hampton Court. There was not much change in dress in the reign of Edward VI., but a pretty little velvet cap with a group of small ostrich feathers affixed to the right side was much favoured by the King and the younger scions of the aristocracy of his Court. Gloves, though they had been in use since the fourteenth century, now began to be more generally worn; and the carrying of a pair in the hat was considered a

challenge to an enemy, though the gift of a pair of gloves was reckoned a mark of high favour. In the *Merchant of Venice* Portia asks Bassanio for his gloves, that she may wear them for his sake. The usual material for gloves was leather, but sometimes they were made, as now, of kid. Edward himself, in a picture of him as Prince, now at Hampton Court, appears to be wearing a pair of grey kid gloves, quite unadorned with any sort of stitchery. Gloves remained an expensive luxury for many generations, for as late as 1622, twelve, and even forty-four, shillings were paid for a single pair; but possibly the latter sum was for a pair of "ornamented or jewelled" gloves, such as Elizabeth wears in some of her portraits, and which figure in a few of the pictures of the early Stuart and late Tudor period. They were sometimes stamped on the back with most intricate figures, and even studded with pearls and small gems. Gloves scented with musk and other pungent odours were introduced from Italy, and continued in fashion throughout the seventeenth century, being last heard of in the eighteenth.

The religious changes effected during the reign of Edward VI. in this country told very markedly on costume. The stuffs became simpler and the colours very sombre. A distinct reaction occurred, however, under Mary, when rich velvets, silks, and satins became once more the fashion, the Queen having exquisite taste in the matter of dress, of which she was almost as fond as her sister Elizabeth, always appearing in public richly arrayed and blazing with jewels. It was she who introduced the becoming coif that usually goes by the name of "Marie Stuart." During the first fifteen years of Elizabeth's reign, that Princess exhibited a certain amount of reticence in her dress, which, when she was not decked out fantastically for a ball, as, for instance, in the curious picture of her in fancy dress at Hampton Court, was handsome and graceful. But with advancing years, and the loss of her natural charms, whatever they may have been, she dressed more like a Vishnu than a human being. The *guarda infanta*, or farthingale, the most noticeable and also the ugliest feature of her costume, was not, however, of her invention, but was introduced from Spain and France. In the last ten years of Gloriana's life, her costume and that of her courtiers became absolutely monstrous. It was nothing for

a lady to wear a petticoat four yards in diameter; and the gentlemen, not to be behindhand, stuffed out their nether-garments till they looked like balloons. It is related that a certain gentleman of the House of Hoby, being in the presence of the Queen and her ladies, was invited by her Majesty to sit down. Unfortunately in so doing he tore his breeches against a nail, whereupon, to the Queen's intense amusement, a cataract of bran began to pour down his legs, and his "bags" began to diminish correspondingly! The ladies had not one whit better taste than the gentlemen; witness a play of 1594, *The Cobbler's Prophesie*, which says of the *grandes dames* of that time—

"To-day hir owne haire best becomes which yellow is as gold,
A perriwigs better for to-morrow, blacker to behold,
To-day in pumps and cheverill gloves, to walke she will be bolde,
To-morrow cuffes and countenance for feare of catching colde.
Now is shee barefast to be seene straight on her muffler goes,
Now shee is hufft up to the crowne, straight musled to the nose."

Nor was this extravagance in matters sumptuary confined to the aristocracy alone. Worthy old Stubbes was grieved beyond expression to find that "every pesant has his stately bandes and monstrous ruffes, how costly soever they be." Yet again the same chronicler hears of "shirtes that have cost some ten shillings, some twentie, some fortie, some five pounde, some twentie nobles, and (what is horrible to heare) some ten pounde a peece: yea, the meanest shirte that commonly is worn does cost a croune. Yet this is scarcely thought fine enough for the simplest person that is." All of which Master Stubbes considers "a greate confusion and disorder: God be merciful unto us." However, it must not be imagined that even the great wore their finery in everyday life. As a rule they went about in a costume that strongly resembled the one we now call a "Norfolk" suit. As to the lower orders, they also for the most part wore this convenient costume, but towards the end of the century many of the people adopted a sort of loose trouser, caught in at the ankle, as in the picture of Tarlton, the famous actor, in the Harleian MS.[1]

[1] In the MSS. of Queen Elizabeth's necromancer, Dr. Dee, we find a description of the dress of "a neate and fine gentleman" which gives us a

Hats in Elizabeth's reign assumed the strangest forms, varying from one like unto "a reasonable upper-stone of a mustard quern" to others like "barbers basons with narrow brims." All were ornamented with feathers as "ensignes of vanitie," and some had jewelled hatbands. Beaver hats, too, made their first appearance in "Our Eliza's" day, and must have been a very expensive article of dress, costing as much, it appears, as £3. They did not, however, bear much resemblance to the beaver hat so popular in the first decade of the nineteenth century. The lower orders wore felt hats, quite plain, the shape of which may be seen in the well-known print of the coronation procession of Edward VI.

The Reformation very considerably modified the shape of ecclesiastical costume. The aim of the Reformers was to do away with anything and everything that reminded the people of Romanism, and with the Mass and the "imauges" went the fur hoods, the decorated stoles, and the dalmatics of the ancient Church. In their places we find plain stoles (those of the Roman Church were decorated as are those of the Established Church to-day), the plain cassock, and the well-known beflapped cap, which, none the less, bears a slight resemblance to the Catholic *biretta*. The "gentlemen of the queen's chapel" got a little mixed in their costume; which consisted of the plain white gown of the Anglican Church, covered by the gorgeous cope of the Church of Rome,—which was now ornamented, not only with representations of saints, but also with the portcullis, rose, lion, etc., of the Tudor arms,—the whole incongruous garb being effectively finished off with Elizabethan ruffs and white tall hats! What the effect must have been can be better imagined than described! The legal dress in the sixteenth century was very much what it had been for centuries—a long gown lined and edged with fur, surmounted by a hood.

Artists and costumiers who desire to faithfully reproduce sixteenth-century costumes, should bear in mind that their rich colouring was obtained from vegetable and not from aniline

good idea of the ordinary habit of a gentleman at that time: "Himselfe being appareilled in a blacke cote, and cape cloke, wth a payer of blacke silke nether stockes gartered with blacke garteres crost above the knee: having a velvet cap, and a blacke fether."

dyes, which are harsh and crude. A close examination of the period will, moreover, prove that the principal charm of the costumes of the past is to be found in their quaintness and in the infinite variety of their details. In the great picture of Surrey at Hampton Court everything is in three shades of red, excepting a few inches of white silk shirting exhibited round the throat, and enriched with a most exquisite pattern embroidered in gold thread. The same material appears round the wrists; otherwise everything in the costume is red—hat, shoes, and feathers included. The inventories of wardrobes and household effects of the sixteenth century are of great interest, and throw remarkable light on the manners, dress, and customs of the period, as well as on the particular taste of the individuals they once belonged to. Very few people would associate Lady Jane Grey with extravagance in dress, and yet the unedited Inventory of her effects in the library at Hatfield proves that she was extremely fond of finery of all kinds, especially of clocks and watches, of which she had a rare assortment. A few specimens of the *items* describing these articles will afford the reader a very fair notion of the sort of clocks then in use in the houses of the great.

"One fair striking clock standing upon a mine of silver; the clock being garnished with silver and gilt, having in the top a crystal, and also garnished with divers counterfeit stones and pearls, the garnishment of the same being broken, and lacking in sundry places.

"One alarum of silver enamelled, standing upon four balls.

"One round striking dial, set in crystal, garnished with metal gilt.

"One round hanging dial, with an alarum closed in crystal.

"One pillar, with a man having a device of astronomy in his hand, and a sphere in the top, all being of metal gilt.

"One alarum of copper garnished with silver, enamelled with divers colours having in the top a box of silver, standing upon a green molehill a flower of silver, the same altar standing upon three pomegranates of silver.

"One little striking clock, within a case of letten, book fashion, engraven with a rose crowned, and *Dieu et Mon Droit.*"

GATE OF ST. JAMES'S PALACE

CHAPTER IV

UNDER MARY I.

EDWARD the Sixth's will, dated June 21, 1551, is frequently described as a forgery, whereas it was a document drawn up in the King's name by Northumberland with the assent of the Privy Council. By this deed Edward set aside Mary and Elizabeth in favour of his Protestant cousin, Lady Jane Grey and her heirs; or, failing these, her sisters the Ladies Katherine and Mary Grey and their heirs successively. It was signed by the dying King, who was not responsible, and witnessed by Archbishop Cranmer, the Duke of Northumberland (Grand Master of the Household), the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Treasurer, and the other Lords of the Council. The preparations for the publication of this extraordinary document, and other matters connected with the proclamation of Lady Jane Grey, induced Northumberland to keep the King's death a profound secret for two whole days.

Nicholas Throckmorton, a youthful supporter of Mary's claims, who was present at the deathbed of Edward, undertook to secretly inform her of what had occurred. For this purpose he persuaded her goldsmith to convey her the news at her country seat, Hoddesdon, where she was residing at the time of her brother's death. Thus Throckmorton, by his timely interference, frustrated Northumberland's plot to capture—even, it was said, to kill—her. Elizabeth, who was detested by Northumberland, was also cautioned, and hurriedly left Somerset House for Wanstead to await her sister's coming. Meanwhile the Duke rode to Sion, his seat at Isleworth, to announce to Lady Jane Grey her accession to a throne she never wished to occupy. The pathetic scene of the young girl's terrified

reluctance to accept so weighty a burden as the Crown is well known even to the most casual reader of history.

Early in the morning of the 10th of July, Lady Jane Grey, together with her father and mother, came in a State barge to Durham House, where she dined.[1] At three in the afternoon, her water procession floated down the Thames towards the Tower, amid deafening discharges of artillery from the batteries. The following curious account of the walking procession of Queen Jane from the landing-wharf to the Great Hall of the Tower is translated by the author from an Italian MS. of the period, the original of which is in Genoa. Says the Genoese merchant, Bartolomeo Spinola, who was a witness of this picturesque pageant—

"A little before three, in the afternoon of the tenth of this month, I hurried, with some of our clerks, to see the new Queen land, and enter the Tower. There was with her a great crowd of magnificently dressed gentlemen and women, who preceded and followed her, all very stately. The Duke of Northumberland, her father-in-law, who is a very fine big man, was dressed in crimson velvet, and gave her his hand to alight from the barge. This Lady Jane, who is the daughter of the Duke of Suffolk, is very small, so small indeed, that she had to be raised on *chopine*[2] made after the Venetian fashion, and nearly a foot in height, which were, however, concealed by her robes, and made her walk totteringly, so that, in order not to tumble, she had to lean on her husband's arm. She is pretty, with very small features, red hair, and much freckled. Her dress was of green velvet, embroidered in gold. Her train of purple velvet was of great length, lined with ermine, and was upheld by her mother the Lady Frances, niece to Henry VIII. This

[1] It is generally stated that she descended the Thames from Sion, but it is far more probable that she came from *Sheen*, her father's place, on the opposite side of the river. On the other hand, according to a local tradition, she started on her fateful journey from a house at Chelsea, which stood on the site of one now inhabited by Sir Bruce and Lady Seton in Durham Terrace. The old house was pulled down some seventy years ago. It contained a very fine oak staircase, and it is said a subterranean passage still exists which communicated with the Thames.

[2] *Chopine*, heelless clogs, with soles made of cork, sometimes a foot and even more in height. These *chopine* were often made of ebony and sandal-wood, and richly inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl. D'Israeli the elder, in his *Curiosities*, also mentions the fact that Jane was raised on *chopins*.

was much commented upon, for many thought the crown should have come first to her, she being the late King's niece, and not to her daughter. But there is a good deal of religion about this matter, this Lady Jane having been brought up a staunch Protestant, and the Protestants wish her to be the head of the nation and of the Church. Her husband is a very fine tall young man. He has a bright complexion, like a woman, and very fair curly hair. His garments were of white velvet and white satin, and he was constantly bowing and smiling most pleasantly. But the crowd was very silent. None the less, the people knelt when the Queen passed, according to the custom of this country. Northumberland's wife was in this procession, but I do not know the names of the other lords and ladies, who were numerous, most gaily dressed, and all of them chatting and laughing cheerfully as they passed along. When they entered the Tower the gates were closed."

They closed for ever on poor Lady Jane!

Meanwhile, London was in a state of great excitement over these exceptional events. At seven in the evening of July 10 the heralds, in the presence of the Sheriffs, posted up Jane's proclamation — an interminable document — at the Cross in Cheapside and elsewhere. In some places it was pulled down; in others, besmirched with mud. A pot-boy named Gilbert, being overheard expressing his opinions too freely concerning Queen Mary's right to the crown, was set in the pillory and had his ears cropped for his pains. Mary, when she came to her own, recompensed poor Gilbert handsomely for losing his ears in her cause. Strange to relate, his employer, who had betrayed him, was capsized in his boat and drowned in the Thames at the very time poor earless Gilbert was pilloried.

The "Nine Days' Queen" had reigned but four, when Northumberland realised that the failure of his conspiracy was a foregone conclusion. The people were as one for Queen Mary. Vainly did Ridley thunder in Jane's favour at Paul's Cross. He spoke to a large and excited assembly of her rights, her talents, and her piety, but when he had finished no one shouted "God save Queen Jane!" The people knew very little about Queen Jane, beyond the fact that she was the daughter of the late King's cousin, the Lady Frances, Duchess of Suffolk. They would have none of her! Even the

staunchest Protestants abandoned her cause; knowing full well that, though the plot to place her on the throne might succeed for a time, it would eventually lead to a repetition of those disastrous wars of succession of the fifteenth century, the memories of which still lingered in the national mind. In less than three days the lords and ladies who had followed the luckless Jane into the Tower grew apathetic, and openly expressed their regret at having interred themselves in so perilous a place. The remainder of the sad story of Jane's nine days' queenship belongs to the domain of general history, and scarcely affected London at all. Mary was proclaimed by the Lord Mayor at Paul's Cross on the afternoon of July 19, from which date her reign commences and that of Queen Jane ends.

Mary's dashing ride from Kenninghall in Norfolk to Framlingham in Suffolk, and thence to the metropolis, was crowned with the success so spirited an achievement deserved. At Wanstead she picked up her sister, Elizabeth, and with a numerous escort of great ladies and gentlemen the royal sisters entered London through Aldgate in triumph. The Queen rode a "white ambling nag," the housing of which was fringed with gold. She had dismissed her army of 15,000 men, and came to London escorted only by a guard of 3000 yeomen, dressed some in blue and white, others in white and red, and yet a third company in the apple-green and white colours of the House of Tudor. Her Majesty was attired in violet velvet, and looked, according to a foreign eye-witness, about forty years of age, "very fresh coloured"—and no wonder, after so long a ride through the open country. The charity children sang choruses of welcome. The streets were fresh gravelled, the houses bedecked with flags and flowers, and lined by the craftsmen in their various costumes, holding their several banners and streamers. The Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs, cordially welcomed our first Queen Regnant, and a thousand gentlemen in velvet cloaks marched forward to receive her. By the Queen's side rode the Princess Elizabeth, in pale blue silk shot with gold. The Duchess of Norfolk, the Marchioness of Exeter, and a host of noble dames accompanied her Majesty. The Aldermen brought up the rear, together with bows and javelins. Before she passed under the city gate, Mary

dismissed her guard of yeomen, intending thereby to indicate in a pointed manner her implicit trust in the loyalty of her good people of London. On reaching the Tower, the Queen found the State prisoners — amongst whom were the old Duke of Norfolk, the Duchess of Somerset, young Courteney, and his mother, Gertrude, Marchioness of Exeter, and Bishops Gardiner and Tunstal — kneeling upon the greensward opposite St. Peter's Church. Perceiving them, she dismounted from her "ambling nag," and raising Catholic and Protestant alike, embraced each one on both cheeks, saying as she did so, in her hearty deep contralto voice, "Ye are my prisoners!" and set them free. The Bishops were presently restored to their Sees of Winchester and Durham; Courteney became Earl of Devonshire; Norfolk recovered his honours; and the Marchioness and the Duchess were granted exalted places in the Royal Household.

Queen Mary began her progress through London from the Tower at three o'clock in the afternoon of September 30. The procession was extremely magnificent, and, as the new sovereign was the first Queen Regnant of this realm, it was conspicuous for the number of ladies who joined in it. No less than seventy "grand dames" — peeresses most of them — followed the Queen's litter either in chariots or on horseback. They were dressed in crimson velvet lined and edged with ermine, and wore golden coronets and veils of silver and gold tissue. Mary occupied a gorgeous litter slung between six white horses, housed with cloth-of-silver. The Queen, who had great taste in dress, was gowned in blue velvet, edged with ermine. Her underskirt was of silver brocade, and on her head she wore a caul of jewels of inestimable price—so heavy, indeed, that Stowe says she had to use her hand to bear it up. Elizabeth, in pale blue and silver, followed in an open chariot lined with crimson velvet. This vehicle must have somewhat resembled a modern landau, for we are told that Anne of Cleves, blazing with jewels,—she had the finest of any woman at the English Court, —sat opposite her step-daughter, with her back to the four horses that dragged the gaudy and ponderous coach. The royal procession was preceded by that of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs. Then came, on horseback, the Ambassadors in

velvet robes, richly furred with sable; and next an interminable line of mounted bishops, prelates, and peers. The old Duke of Norfolk came immediately before the Queen, and with him was the Earl of Sussex, who carried the Queen's hat and cloak, and who rode between two Squires wearing the robes and caps of Estate of the Duchies of Normandy and Guienne. The stately procession was opened and closed by long detachments of men in armour, commanded by twenty young noblemen and gentlemen, whose gold and silver damascened armour and splendid surcoats of velvet, emblazoned with the arms of their various houses and alliances, especially attracted the attention of the delighted crowd. Nor should the Beefeaters from the Tower, or the three thousand yeomen in the apple-green and white liveries of the House of Tudor, be forgotten, for they added greatly to a picturesque display which was long remembered for its extreme splendour. Needless to say, there were the usual pageants along the line of route. These, by some singular coincidence, were remarkable for the number of giants introduced into their composition—which can scarcely have been intended as a compliment to the Queen, who was dwarfish! Gog and Magog greeted her Majesty at the Tower gates, and six other monsters were grouped in Gracechurch Street; whereas in Fenchurch Street, the Florentine merchants had erected a triumphal arch, over which stood a colossal angel in robes of vivid green. This angelic personage was, it appears, built up of lath and buckram, like a modern stage giant, but "very artful made," since it could lift its mighty hands to its mouth to perform upon its instrument.

Mary's coronation took place on the following day. She came with her Court from the Tower, very early, landing at Whitehall Stairs, which were carpeted with blue cloth. Her Majesty went direct to her Parliament chamber, where she was robed ready for the walking procession which started for the Abbey at ten o'clock. By eleven the church was crowded with spectators. The nave was lined with yeomen, who kept a passage clear for the Queen and Court. Her Majesty was escorted to the chancel by Bishop Gardiner and ten other bishops. The French Ambassador was quite overcome by the magnificence of the Queen's jewels, and by those of Anne of

Cleves, who walked immediately behind Princess Elizabeth, whose precedence as heir-presumptive was strictly defined and observed. Again Elizabeth appeared in blue and gold—colours which must have harmonised with her blonde tresses and brilliant colouring. It was considered an unfavourable omen that Dr. Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, crowned the Queen, instead of the Archbishop of Canterbury, or, failing him, his Grace of York. But as both these prelates were in prison, their absence was easily accounted for.

We have still at the Royal College of Arms a fairly good presentment of the exceedingly handsome Sir Edward Dymoke, who was Champion of England at the coronation banquet of Queen Mary. Thrice did he cast down his gauntlet, but no one picked it up—which appears curious when we remember that Queen Jane was still a prisoner in the Tower. The festivities ended with a masque, more banqueting, and a dance in which, all tired as she must have been, the Queen joined. Heywood the dramatist, who, during the reign of Edward VI., had been obliged to seek shelter abroad on account of his religious opinions, but who was now newly returned to Court, organised the masques and plays performed on this occasion. "What wind blew you here?" cried the Queen, when she first beheld the returned exile. "Two good winds, your Grace," answered the playwright and actor, "one that I might see your Grace, and the other that your Grace might see me!"

Not even during the dramatic days of Richard III. did London witness a series of more sinister tragedies than those that crowded its historic stage in the first months of Queen Mary's reign. Northumberland, the chief author of Lady Jane Grey's misfortunes, recognising that the chances for the success of his audacious scheme to make his daughter-in-law queen were diminishing to vanishing point, bestirred himself to make good his escape to Cambridge, where, in conjunction with his sons, the Lords Robert Dudley (Earl of Warwick) and Ambrose Dudley, the Marquis of Northampton, Sir John and Sir Harry Gates, Mr. Palmer, his secretary, and several others, he expected to be able to raise a sufficient force to replace Queen Jane upon the throne in less than a month. In this he was entirely mistaken, and on the 19th of July he was arrested in King's College. He remained

at Cambridge, strongly guarded, for over a week, and was then brought to London and imprisoned in the Tower. On August 18 the Duke of Northumberland, William Parr, Marquis of Northampton, Robert, Earl of Warwick, son and heir to the Duke, were arraigned at Westminster Hall before Thomas, Duke of Norfolk: no witnesses were called, and after the reading of the indictment, sentence of death was immediately pronounced. Northumberland and the others pleaded not guilty, and threw themselves on the mercy of the Queen. On the following day, Sir Thomas and Sir Harry Gates, Lord Ambrose Dudley, and Sir Thomas Palmer were tried at Westminster and condemned. On the morning of the 21st of August, the Lady Jane Grey, looking out of her window at the Tower, saw the Duke of Northumberland and the rest entering St. Peter's Church to hear Mass, and was sorely distressed when she learnt that they had received the Sacrament according to the rites of Rome. Northampton, Lords Robert and Ambrose Dudley, and Sir Harry Gates continued prisoners in the Tower for some time, but were eventually pardoned; though Ambrose Dudley died of fever before he was liberated. Whilst Robert Dudley (who afterwards became Earl of Leicester) was a prisoner in the Tower he was allowed to receive a visit from his wife, Amy Robsart,—the lady immortalised by Scott in the noble but very inaccurate novel of "Kenilworth";—the pass admitting her is still extant.[1]

The Duke of Northumberland, Sir Thomas Palmer, and Sir John Gates, were beheaded in the presence of a great multitude on the morning of Tuesday, August 22. The Duke, having divested himself of his "crane (grey) coloured damask cloak," advanced to the rail and made a speech in which he confessed his guilt, and begged God and the Queen to pardon him. He died in communion with the Church of Rome, and was attended on the scaffold by Bishop Heath of Worcester. The Duke refused the usual assistance of the headsman, and himself bound the handkerchief over his eyes, and then "laid him down and so was beheaded." The turn of Sir John Gates followed. He

[1] This permit for the wives of the Lords Robert and Ambrose Dudley, of Sir F. Jobson, Sir H. Gates, and Sir Richard Corbett to visit their husbands, is dated from Richmond. (Privy Council Papers), 5th of September 1555.

would not allow his eyes to be bandaged, and his neck was only severed at the third stroke. Sir John Palmer was the last to ascend the scaffold. Quietly surveying the mangled remains of his late chief and his companion, he leaned against the rail and delivered himself of a Ciceronian oration of considerable length, and quite classical tone and form. He insisted upon placing his head upon the block, "just to feel what it was like"! Having satisfied himself on this point, he knelt down and said his prayers, and, putting himself in the right position to receive the fatal stroke, cried out to the executioner, "Strike, fellow, in God's name. Good leave have thou!" His head was struck off at a single blow. The bloody remains of the three conspirators were now placed in a common tumbrel, which trundled off towards the Church of St. Peter, within the Tower, where they were put into rough coffins and lowered into the vault under the High Altar.

Meanwhile, Lady Jane's fickle mother, the Duchess of Suffolk, obtained an interview with the Queen, and throwing herself upon her knees besought and obtained her Majesty's pardon for her husband. She does not seem to have pleaded for her unfortunate daughter, Lady Jane, or her son-in-law; doubtless she felt sure that they would, eventually, be released. And so they would have been, had it not been for Suffolk's egregious folly. Immediately after his liberation he betook himself to Sheen, where he forthwith embarked upon a rash conspiracy; not, however, as is generally stated by nine historians out of ten, to replace the Lady Jane upon the throne, but to oppose the Queen's projected marriage with Philip of Spain, the announcement of which had proved universally unpopular, and was the direct cause of the Wyatt rebellion. Had Suffolk "proclaimed his daughter Queen in divers places" (as stated by Bishop Cooper in his Chronicle), surely this act of treason would have been alleged against him at his trial, which it was not. On Friday, January 26, instead of coming to Court as invited by the Queen, "he ran away from Sheen to Bradgate in Leicestershire, with his two brothers and the Earl of Huntingdon, where he was very ill received." He was now obliged to trust to the fidelity of his park-keeper, who concealed him in the hollow of a tree. At the end of two days the fellow betrayed his master.

Londoners who were stirring early on the morning of February 1, might have seen his Grace of Suffolk, surrounded by a bodyguard of armed men, passing over London Bridge and through the silent streets to the Tower, where he remained a close prisoner until the 17th of February, when he was carried to Westminster and there arraigned. On going he is described as having been very cheerful, being, apparently, quite certain of his acquittal. But when "he returned his face was rueful, and he knew that he had but a few days more to live." The imprudent conduct of the Duke of Suffolk proved fatal to the unfortunate Guildford and his fair consort, and also to his brother Lord Thomas Grey.

The Wyatt insurrection, which disturbed London more than any event since the time of Jack Cade, originated in young Sir Thomas Wyatt's intense antipathy to the proposed alliance between Mary and Philip of Spain. He was eldest son of Sir Thomas Wyatt the poet, so intimately connected with Anne Boleyn, and as a mere lad had accompanied his father on a mission into Spain, where both father and son came very near falling into the clutches of the Inquisition; after which adventure, the mere mention of a Spaniard maddened young Wyatt into frenzy. Although a Catholic, he entertained considerable sympathy for his father's unfortunate patroness, and it is quite conceivable that he was in secret league with Sir Peter and Sir Gawan Carew, two other notorious rebels, to place Elizabeth on the throne, and subsequently arrange a marriage between that Princess and the handsome, but not very reputable, Courteney, Earl of Devonshire, who had an undeniable, though indirect, claim to the Crown. The Duke of Suffolk favoured this plot, but his share in the conspiracy, as we have seen, came to an abrupt end. The two Carews also failed. Sir Peter, more fortunate than the Duke, managed to escape to France, whereas Sir Gawan was arrested and sent to the Tower.

On February 1, whilst Queen Mary was rejoicing in the intelligence of the capture of Suffolk and his colleagues, and the flight of Carew, she learnt, to her dismay, that Wyatt, at the head of 15,000 men, was as close to the metropolis as Deptford, whence he addressed to her Majesty his terms of peace—*i.e.* her instant surrender to his dictatorship. To add to

her astonishment, a messenger arrived post-haste at Whitehall to inform her that the Duke of Norfolk and his men, who had gone out against Wyatt, had been betrayed and routed by the arch-rebel, who, so it was reported, would presently be battering at the gates of London.

On the following morning, February 2, Mary heard a Low Mass in the Chapel Royal at Whitehall, her chaplain, Dr. Weston, officiating with a coat of mail under his vestments—so great was his fear of a sudden attack. Meanwhile London was thrown into consternation, and the streets thronged with wildly excited men, women, and children, trembling for their lives and their property. In the midst of this clamouring multitude the undaunted Queen rode to the Guildhall, followed by her ladies and her Privy Councillors. She was received by Lord Mayor Sir Thomas White, armed cap-à-pie, and surrounded by the civic authorities, similarly harnessed. Mary, who possessed the same remarkable oratorical gift as her sister Elizabeth, delivered a most eloquent and patriotic speech, which inspired the crowd that filled the body of the Hall with the utmost enthusiasm. After taking refreshment, she remounted her horse, and together with her Councillors and attendants, and the Lord Mayor and his, passed swiftly through the mob to the "Three Cranes," at the Vintry, where she took her barge and returned to Whitehall. Her first act now was to place the palaces of St. James' and Whitehall in a state of siege. Three thousand armed citizens immediately offered themselves to keep watch at night round the royal residence. Edward Underhill, the famous "Hot Gospeller," although a fiery Protestant, hastened to Whitehall to defend his Queen, but was repulsed by Mr. Norreys, a Roman Catholic gentleman, who happened to be on guard. Unabashed, Underhill sauntered off, and soon placed himself at the head of a body of men he met by chance, and to whom he boldly declared himself willing to shed his last drop of blood in the Queen's cause.

On February 7, Wyatt's men entered Southwark; sacked some of the shops in the Borough, and the palace of Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, destroying his library—"they stood knee-deep among the tattered leaves of his precious volumes." Their further advance, however, was repulsed at the head of the

Bridge. At about two o'clock in the morning, the Queen and her ladies were awakened by the cry that Wyatt and a troop of 10,000 men had made a detour on the Surrey side, had crossed the Thames by Kingston Bridge, and were as near to the palace as Hyde Park Corner. Barricades were now raised in every corridor, and guards stationed even at the Queen's bedroom windows. Within the palace the utmost confusion prevailed: "such running and shrieking of gentlewomen, such clapping and slamming-to of doors as was appalling to hear." The Queen's ladies bewailed the fate of a sovereign whose very bedroom was filled by men in armour! In the midst of this pandemonium of noise and terror, Mary and four of her ladies, Susan Clarencieux, Mary Finch, Mary Browne, and Mrs. Basett, the learned granddaughter of Sir Thomas More, remained perfectly calm and dignified. At about nine in the morning, the back of Westminster Palace was forced, and Whitehall was in great peril. The Queen had but 500 infantry men, though before noon a host of citizens came to her rescue; and Underhill, who had at last contrived to gain admission to the palace, elected himself her champion. Some lawyers, too, who were on their way to plead in Westminster Hall, with suits of armour under their gowns, on hearing of the Queen's plight threw off their legal attire, and, seizing arms, also offered their services to their beleaguered Sovereign. The palace and the adjacent streets, Charing Cross and the Strand, were in the wildest confusion. Mary stood unwavering in the gallery of the Gate House, whilst her demoralised guards, forsaking their posts, hid in the kitchens and outhouses.

Meanwhile Wyatt pressed on up the Strand, which was held by the Earls of Devonshire and Worcester, towards Lud Gate. Courteney of Devonshire, being in secret collusion with Wyatt, fell back in order to let his fellow-rebel pass, and after considerable trouble contrived to gain admittance to Whitehall, where, in a disorderly plight, he rushed into the presence of the Queen, crying out, "Your battle, Madam, is broken: all is lost to Wyatt!" "Fye!" retorted the Queen sarcastically, "such is the opinion of those who durst not go near enough to see the truth"; and turning from her cowardly kinsman announced her intention of going down into the street herself. Wyatt, now temporarily

triumphant, forced his way as far as Lud Gate, where he was confronted by the loyal Lord William Howard, who forced him back to Charing Cross, where he vainly endeavoured to recover his position. A dashing onslaught from the royal troops, under the captainship of Lord Clinton—who had for some hours held the ground between the Cross and the palace—cut the rebel leader adrift from his following. The area between Whitehall and St. James's Park remained, however, for some hours in the possession of a wild mob that surged round the palace itself, threatening to invade it. The Queen's women, in a paroxysm of terror, now urged her to seek safety in flight, to take boat and make for the Tower. Mary, however, held her ground firmly, and besought her ladies to withdraw out of danger into the innermost part of the palace, even into the chapel, whilst she, with only two faithful gentlemen of the guard, passed majestically out of Whitehall and stood, for over an hour, within reach of the arquebuses of the enemy, watching Lord Pembroke's splendid charge, which eventually decided this fateful day in her favour. When all was over, and the excited populace began to disperse, the Queen re-entering Whitehall went direct to her oratory to return thanks to God for her safety. It is said that when her ladies sneaked one by one into her presence she chaffed them, "heartily but pleasantly," for their cowardice. Wyatt, realising that his cause was lost, scurried off with his disorganised crew towards Fleet Street. Here, "his clothes torn, his face covered with blood, and all forlorn," he sought the shelter of a fishmonger's stall, opposite "Belle Sauvage" Inn, Ludgate. Too exhausted for further resistance, he was easily captured, and conveyed a prisoner to the Tower. The formidable character of this outbreak influenced the Council to induce the Queen, reluctantly, to sign the death-warrants of Lady Jane Grey and her husband. Their existence, it was represented to her, was not only a danger to the safety of her throne, but, above all, a menace to her cherished scheme for the restoration of Papal Supremacy.

The trial of Lady Jane and her husband—if trial it can be called—took place at Guildhall on November 13, 1553. A dense crowd lined the streets to see the little lady and her stalwart husband led from the Tower to the historic Hall. Lady

Jane walked all the dreary way. She was plainly dressed in black, and carried a Prayer-Book in her hand. Four ladies attended her. Young Guildford was escorted by halbert-men, and followed his wife at a short distance. With these interesting prisoners was yet another equally famous, Archbishop Cranmer. On their return journey to the Tower, the axe was carried with its edge towards them, and thus the people knew they were to be executed. Lady Jane and her husband, although separated, remained prisoners in the Tower for nearly four months, whereas Cranmer was presently sent to Oxford.

About ten o'clock in the morning of February 12, 1554, Lord Guildford Dudley left the Tower for the scaffold, which had been erected on Tower Hill. At the outer gate he shook hands with Sir Anthony Browne, Master John Throckmorton, and a number of other gentlemen who had assembled to bid him a last farewell. He asked them to pray for him, and then, accompanied by the Sheriff, walked between an escort of halbert-men to the place of execution. It appears that no priest was deputed to attend him in his last moments, and he had to say his prayers by himself, "holding up his eyes and hands to God many times." His was an unusually short speech. He firmly asserted his innocence of any treacherous designs upon the Queen,[1] and after beseeching the people to pray for him, "stretched himself along, with his head upon the block, which was struck off with one blow from the axe."[2] Lord Northampton, Katherine Parr's brother, who, possibly on account of his near relationship to Mary's old friend and stepmother, was included in the amnesty promulgated by the Queen at Easter, stood upon

[1] The poor lad little dreamt that his treasonable correspondence with his Spanish godfather, Don Diego de Mendoça, then in Brussels, would, some four hundred years after his death, come to light to give the lie to his dying assertion of complete innocence. These documents are in the Belgian archives, and prove that Guildford was busy during his wife's nine days' reign endeavouring to induce the Emperor to allow him to proclaim himself King of England, and reduce poor Jane to the complimentary position of Queen-Consort. See also the correspondence of Hoby, our ambassador at Brussels, on the same subject (Harleian MS.). Don Diego was an old friend of the Dudley family, and instrumental in obtaining from Mary the liberation of the Duchess of Northumberland from her captivity in the Tower.

[2] *Chronicle of Queen Jane and Queen Mary.* (Camden Society.)

the Devil's Tower to watch the execution. Guildford's body, which was wrapped in a cloth, was thrown into a tumbrel and conveyed to the church within the Tower precincts. By some dreadful accident, Lady Jane Grey, who was lodged in Partridge's house in the corner of the courtyard, was standing at the window, when, to her inexpressible horror, she beheld the cart containing the mangled body of her young husband pass on its way for interment in the Church of St. Peter-ad-Vincula, which was opposite to her windows.

Almost immediately after Guildford's body had been taken into the chapel, the Lord Lieutenant brought forth the Lady Jane and led her to the block, which was placed upon a low platform thickly covered with fresh straw. It stood on the very spot where Anne Boleyn and Katherine Howard perished. The "fair innocent" was assisted by Dr. Feckenham, the last Abbot of Westminster, by her two gentlewomen, Mrs. Elizabeth Tylney and Mrs. Helen, and by her old nurse, all of whom wept bitterly. Lady Jane Grey carried a small book in her hands, from which she said her prayers, without lifting her eyes from its pages.[1] There was a fairly large crowd of officials and others standing round the scaffold, whom Lady Jane addressed in a brief speech, saying that, although she was aware that the conspiracy against the Queen's Highness was unlawful, nevertheless she had no direct hand in it, but had been the tool of others. She made a declaration of Protestant faith, and then, turning to Abbot Feckenham, asked what hymn she should recite, and he suggesting the *Miserere*, she repeated it very fervently after him, but in English. Rising, she gave her gloves and handkerchief to her maid, Mrs. Tylney, and her Prayer-Book to Mr. Brydges, the brother of the Lord Lieutenant of the Tower. Her women now assisted her to divest herself of the upper garment which hid her neck. Mrs. Tylney bound her eyes with a fine pocket-handkerchief, after which the headsman knelt down and asked her to forgive him. This she did "most cheerfully." Then came the supreme moment, when kneeling she groped

[1] This most interesting relic is preserved among the historical treasures of the Library of the British Museum. It contains messages to her father and her sister Lady Katherine, written on the margin in the handwriting of the luckless Princess.

with her hands for the block, and asked, "Where is it? What shall I do?" The executioner guided her to the block, and she laid her head upon it, murmuring as she did so, "Lord Jesus, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." With one stroke the axe severed the slender neck of this learned, innocent, and most charming Princess.

Some curious and little-known details of Lady Jane Grey's execution are revealed by the Spanish State Papers, and in an anonymous narrative published at Antwerp in 1557. From these and one or two other contemporary accounts of the tragedy, we learn that the executioner was an exceptionally tall and burly man, and that Jane, naturally enough, shrank from his touch. Noailles, the French Ambassador, was "amazed at the great effusion of blood, the body being so small." Pierre Derenzis tells us that "the body lay on the scaffold for some hours, half naked, before it was removed for burial."

On February 24, Jane's imprudent father, Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, was fetched from his prison to the scaffold on Tower Hill, where the usual great concourse of people was assembled. He was attended by the Queen's confessor, Dr. Weston, and repeated the psalm *Miserere* after him with great unction. Foxe, however, says he repulsed Weston, and even endeavoured to prevent his ascending the scaffold. Be this as it may, Suffolk seems to have made an edifying end to an unedifying life. Even Reynaud, the Imperial Ambassador, says he died, as his daughter would have wished him to die, a staunch Reformer. His brother, Lord Thomas, perished on the following 8th of March, ending by his death this tremendous tragedy. Will it be believed that Suffolk's sorrowing widow, the Lady Frances, the mother of the slaughtered Lady Jane Grey, instead of wasting her time in tears and lamentations, within a fortnight of her husband and her child's executions, and twenty-four hours after her brother-in-law was decapitated, cast aside her mourning robes, and, gaily attired as a bride, took unto herself a second spouse, in the person of Mr. Adrian Stokes, a smart, red-headed young gentleman of no family, "a mere equerry and servant, and thirteen years her junior," he being in his twenty-second year, whereas his royal bride was in her thirty-sixth. Almost immediately after the wedding the newly-married couple sat to Lucas de Heere to

have their likenesses taken. The well-known portraits of this strangely-assorted couple, now in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, bear the astounding date, "1554"! The Lady Frances' nature was not one to find solace for its woes in the retirement of a country life. Less than a couple of months after her unequal match, she contrived to win Queen Mary's goodwill, and soon occupied so exalted a station at her Court as occasionally to take precedence even of Princess Elizabeth, who, by the way, was greatly annoyed thereat. The two sisters of the luckless Lady Jane, the Ladies Katherine and Mary Grey, presently became maids-of-honour in attendance upon a queen who put to death their father, uncle, sister, and brother-in-law.

The Duchess of Suffolk died early in the reign of Elizabeth, who, although she ridiculed her cousin's marriage, accorded her a royal funeral in Westminster Abbey, at which Jewel preached and Dr. Bill, the Dean, officiated. Her handsome tomb occupies the exact site of St. Edmund's shrine in the chapel of that saint. Dean Stanley, in his erudite and delightful *Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, has fallen into the error of confounding this Princess with her step-mother, Katherine Willoughby, Duchess of Suffolk, who, in her ultra-Protestant zeal, dressed up a cat in a rochet, to mock Gardiner whom she detested. The Lady Frances was never distinguished for piety one way or another. She became a Catholic to please Queen Mary and a Protestant to satisfy Elizabeth, dying in communion with the Church of England in 1559. Her tomb is remarkably fine, and the full-length effigy upon it is probably a good likeness of Henry the Eighth's niece. She is described as a tall, large woman with fair hair and grey eyes. Her husband, Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, *olim* Marquis of Dorset, was also a fine large man. Their three daughters were, none the less, of dwarfish stature. They seem to have harked back for their physical appearance and size to their great-grandmother, the little Margaret Beaufort, mother of Henry VII. It is also curious to record in this connection that Queen Mary was a very small woman, although her father, Henry VIII., was exceedingly tall and her mother somewhat above medium height. Both her Spanish grandparents, Ferdinand and Isabel, were also tall and well proportioned.

The Lady Frances was not, however, alone in making a

speedy marriage immediately after the death of her husband. In this she only followed the example of other great ladies of this strange age. Her step-mother, the witty and amusing Katherine Willoughby, Dowager-Duchess of Suffolk, second wife of Charles Brandon, married her secretary, Mr. Bartie, within a few weeks of the Duke's death. Anne Stanhope, Duchess of Somerset, the proud widow of the Protector, was scarcely outside the grim walls of the Tower ere she gave her hand to her secretary, Mr. Newdigate. It was to this Mr. Newdigate's father that Lord Latimer, Katherine Parr's second husband, used to let his house in Charter House Square, "furnished," whenever he and his family retired to their country seat. The amusing correspondence concerning this transaction, which is still extant, proves that the nobility in Henry the Eighth's time, like their descendants in our own, were not above turning an honest penny by thus letting their houses when they went out of town.

Anne Stanhope, widow of the Protector, also played a very conspicuous part in the reigns of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. She is described by Hayward as a "mannish, or rather, devillish, woman, for any imperfections intolerable, but for pride monstrous, exceeding subtle and violent." For all this, and notwithstanding her being an ardent Protestant, Queen Mary loved her "good Nan," and Elizabeth treated her with great consideration. She died in her ninetieth year, leaving a noble race behind, who, in due time, transformed the chapel wherein she rests into the joint burial-place of the Seymours and Percys, which it still remains. Near this tomb is that of the Duchess' daughter-in-law, Frances Howard, sister of the great Admiral who repulsed the Armada, and wife of the Earl of Hertford, from whom descends that Marquis of Hertford to whom the nation is indirectly indebted for the marvellous Wallace Collection, in part formed, and bequeathed by him to his son, Sir Richard Wallace, who, having greatly increased its beauty and value, willed it, through his beneficent widow, to the people of London.

For fully three months after Wyatt's defeat and imprisonment, London witnessed a series of startling and tragic events, not unlike those which horrified Paris during the Reign of Terror. Martial law was immediately proclaimed, with the result that

fifty members of the trained bands, who had deserted to join Wyatt, were captured and hanged, without trial, before their own shop and house-doors.

A gallows was set up at every gate of the city, one at the foot of the Bridge, two at Leadenhall, and others at Cheapside, Fleet Street, and Charing Cross. The prisons were so packed that some of the churches had to be utilised for the poorer sort of captives. There were over fifty people hanged in London alone and, besides, some thirty in Southwark, with as many more in other suburbs. Five hundred prisoners, having halters of straw tied round their necks, were brought into the courtyard of Whitehall. The Queen came forth to see them from the gallery above. On beholding her, they dropped on their knees, and, uplifting their hands, implored her forgiveness; whereupon Mary pronounced their pardon, the halters were removed and they were set free. Some of them were subsequently recaptured, but the Queen, hearing of their peril, ordered them to be immediately released, saying, "I have pardoned them once, and they shall not be further molested!"

Not a day now passed without some fresh and horrible sensation, and Londoners lived in a state of dreadful tension and suspense. No one could foretell what might happen next. People dared not venture out at night, and every sort of public and private entertainment was suspended. People whose windows overlooked the Thames must have found plenty of occupation in watching the heavy barges conveying notable prisoners to and from the Tower. On the very day that Lady Jane Grey was decapitated (February 22, 1554), that handsome young rascal, Courteney, Earl of Devonshire, was brought by water to the Tower. London took a good deal of interest in his fate, possibly because he was good looking, but also remembering how his mother, the Marchioness of Exeter, an excellent woman, had spent many years as a prisoner there, and that Courteney himself had been long familiar with that gloomy place. Indeed, it is said, he acquired those degrading vices, which damaged his reputation, whilst he was a State prisoner. If the reader wishes to realise for himself how unchanged and unchanging is human nature, he would do well to peruse the pathetic letters from the Marchioness to her son, which are preserved among

the State Papers. They might have been written by some good mother of our day to a scapegrace son; she is so tenderly anxious about his welfare; so pained because he does not answer her letters himself, but sends her mere notes written by a secretary. She overhauls his wardrobe; is fearful that he neglects his health; is nearly out of her mind with terror lest he should commit some fresh rashness; begs his pardon for writing of these things, but feels sure he will pardon her so doing when he remembers how unfathomable is her love for him. It was mainly due to her influence with Queen Mary that he was not sent to the block, but was merely "advised," after his release from Fotheringay, to go abroad. Which advice he accepted, going first to Brussels, then to Venice, and finally to Padua, where he died. A few of his letters from these cities have escaped the mischances of time, and are still readable, being full of entertaining details of the cities and people he knew and visited.

On February 28, another handsome gentleman, Cuthbert Vaughan, might have been seen "going down by water into Kent to be put to death," in company with six or seven others; Sir Anthony Knevet, Sir William Knevet, Sir Harry Isley, two gentlemen named Mantell, Mr. George Moore, and Mr. Brett. They had also joined in Wyatt's abortive insurrection, and had been condemned at Westminster. A few day later, Londoners knew that Harry Isley, together with his brother Tom, and one of the Mantells, had been executed at Maidstone, where Wyatt had first uplifted his banner; whereas the Knevets, Brett, and the other Mantell, were hanged in chains at Rochester. Cuthbert Vaughan, on the other hand, although he went to the place of execution, obtained his pardon at the last moment, thanks to his wife's influence with the Queen. He was sent back to the Tower, where he remained a prisoner until the following January, when he was finally liberated. Vaughan was very popular in London on account of his great beauty, and also for the sake of his gallantry at the siege of Leith in 1547. He was the ancestor of that very handsome prelate, the late Cardinal Vaughan. The day after his return to the Tower, March 23, a heavy black barge full of armed men guarding Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, Ridley, Bishop of London, and Master Latimer, might have been seen rowing swiftly from the Traitors' Gate

at the Tower up river towards Richmond. It is said these doomed prelates stood upon the deck of the vessel for a long time, watching the last they were ever to see of London. They were being borne swiftly to their martyrdom at Oxford. Following them at a little distance, was yet another barge, which slipped out of the Fleet into the Thames, having on board Hooper, Bishop of Worcester, the proto-martyr of the Marian persecution. He perished at Gloucester. Every day now saw some fresh victim taken to the Tower, or fetched out of it to trial or to death. Wyatt, the cause of all this mischief, was himself executed on Tower Hill on April 11. Before he left his prison he was confronted with Courteney, who was lodged in the Tower over the Water Gate. It was hoped that some admission might be obtained from them as to the Princess Elizabeth's complicity in a plot which Wyatt had conceived with the aid of the French and Venetian Ambassadors, and Courteney had betrayed. What transpired at this meeting has never been published, but, thanks to recent historical research, there can be very little doubt that, young as she was, Elizabeth was perfectly well aware of what was plotting against her sister. On the scaffold Wyatt chivalrously declared the Princess to be innocent of all knowledge of his schemes. He met his death with great courage. For some weeks afterwards four of London's principal gates were made hideous by one or other of the poor fellow's quarters being affixed conspicuously above it. His head was stuck upon a pole over the principal gate of St. James's Palace.

Perhaps the most exciting of the many events that occurred in this memorable year (1554), was the imprisonment of the Queen's sister, Elizabeth, who was conveyed from Westminster to the Tower on Palm Sunday, March 18. According to contemporary evidence, when the barge anchored at the Traitors' Gate, they had some little trouble to induce the Princess to land. When, however, she did so, she threw herself on her knees, and protested, in the name of God, that she was innocent, and that the Queen had no truer subject than herself. No doubt her fit of terror was brought on less by the fear of the Tower being the scene of her own end, than by the recollection of Anne Boleyn's dreadful fate, with which that "place of tears" is so tragically associated! There is evidence that while in the Tower Elizabeth

thought a great deal about her mother's death; she even went so far as to suggest, that if she was to be executed, it should be by a Calais headsman with a sword, and not after the English fashion with an axe.

The ill-omened marriage of Philip and Mary was solemnised with extreme magnificence at Winchester on July 14, 1553. The celebration affected London only indirectly, but the preparations for the state entry of the King and Queen into the metropolis were exceptionally elaborate. The ghastly remains of Wyatt's bonnie men, which still dangled in hideous clusters at the street-corners, were cut down and buried out of sight; even the shrivelled heads over the Bridge, at the Tower, and on the City Gates, were put away, and for once London looked like a Christian city and not the capital of some pagan Sultan. Bonfires were lighted, and there were the usual rejoicings among the lower orders.[1] The poor were entertained at an alfresco banquet set out on tables in the streets, outside the houses of the rich. No doubt, there was a good deal of drunkenness, and not a little dancing of a sort, a whirling, hand-in-hand, man and woman alternately in a ring, round and round a May-pole, to the music of lute or rebeck. The Londoners, however, were very sore on the subject of this Spanish marriage, and considerable anxiety was felt at Court as to how the King would be received. A curious item in connection with this wedding concerns the history of vehicular locomotion. A chariot, or waggon, made like a circus van and painted a vivid scarlet, was sent to Winchester to fetch the Queen's Household to the metropolis. The order for the making of it is still in existence—

"One *waggon* of timber work, with wheels, axletrees, and benches: and fine red cloth to cover the said waggon, fringed

[1] Stowe gives us the following summary of May Day amusements:—"In the month of May, the citizens of London of all estates, generally in every parish, and in some instances, two or three parishes generally joining together, had their several mayings, and did fetch them may-poles with divers warlike shows; with good archers, morris dancers, and other devices for pastime all day long; and towards evening they had stage-plays, and bonfires in the streets. These great mayings and May games were made by the governors and masters of the City, together with the triumphant setting up of the great shaft or principal may-pole, in Cornhill, before the parish church of St. Andrew, which was thence called St. Andrew Undershaft."

with red silk, and lined with red buckram, the waggon to be painted outside with red. Also, collar, draughts, and harness of *red leather*: a hammercloth, with our arms and badges of our colours, and all things pertaining to the said waggon which is for the ladies and gentlemen of our privy-chamber."[1]

The Queen and her consort did not come direct to London from Winchester, but spent their honeymoon between Richmond Palace and Hampton Court, sailing down the Thames, from the latter royal residence, on August 27, for their state progress through the city. They landed at Southwark and, as it was late, supped and passed the night at Suffolk Place, which her Majesty had recently granted to Archbishop Heath in exchange for Whitehall, and which he lent her for the occasion. On the following day, at noon, the Sovereigns were met at the head of London Bridge by the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and Aldermen, and in their company crossed into the city.[2] They were escorted by an interminable train of English and Spanish noblemen and women in the richest costumes—such as London had seldom seen equalled, let alone surpassed. The people were greatly amused by the strangely fashioned garments worn by the Spanish grandees, which were surpassingly gorgeous. The first pageant that attracted the royal attention was organised at the drawbridge of the Tower, where two giants, Corineus Britannus, and Gogmagog Albionus, welcomed them to the royal fortress with a long stanza in Latin. Their Majesties did not, however, enter the Tower, but proceeded on their way towards St. Paul's. In Cornhill, the four Philips greeted them—Philip of Macedon, Philip the Fair, Philip the Bold, and Philip the Good. When these bygone monarchs had said their say, a young man and woman arrayed as Philip and Mary came forward, bowed to the real King and Queen, and recited some verses in their honour. It is recorded that these players were made up so exactly like the royal bride and bridegroom that Mary was greatly astonished and amused thereat, but Philip was not quite so well pleased.

[1] Household Expenses (Mary I.) Record Office.

[2] For fuller details of the marriage and the entry into London of Philip and Mary, see John Elder's letter (MSS. Department, British Museum), reprinted by the Camden Society in the volume entitled *Chronicle of Queen Jane and Queen Mary*. Also Planché's Royal Records.

At Gracechurch, "Nine Worthies" greeted them, and in Cheapside they paused to survey a mountain, "full of trees and sweet streams," on the summit of which was perched Orpheus, lute in hand. The Nine Muses and a very miscellaneous gathering consisting of "men and children decked up like wild beasts, such as lions, wolves, foxes and bears," were assembled at the foot of the mountain. The immortal Nine, on beholding their Majesties, began "singing and playing," whilst the lions and bears, and the rest of the zoological collection of "counterfeited beasts," started "leaping and dauncing." Meanwhile, Orpheus sang his hymn of praise at the top of his voice, evidently intending thereby to drown the voices of the Muses and the beasts, "which exhilarated and rejoiced their Majesties very much." In the Cheap, all the kings and queens of England were arranged in a group. King Edward III., "a worthy old man with a long white beard, crown on his head, sceptre in his right hand, and a ball in his left," claimed both Sovereigns as his "direct descendants," whereupon six fair children sang a hymn of praise. The Cross had been re-gilded and a crucifix set on the top; the King, noticing it, "lifted his cap most humbly." At last the royal cortège reached St. Paul's; here "a fellow slipped on a cord from the top of the steeple," with a bow and arrow in his hand, and "alighted on a sort of great feather bed." The Queen and her husband now entered the Cathedral, where a solemn *Te Deum* was sung. The crowd between St. Paul's and Whitehall was dense and good-humoured, and there were many pageants on the way, but they do not seem to have been particularly elaborate or original. Very tired, their Majesties sat down, "with a willing countenance," to "a spread" in the Banqueting Hall. Underhill, the "Hot Gospeller," was one of the servers at this banquet. "It was my chance," says he, "to carry a great pastie of a red deer in a great charger, very delicately baked, which for the weight of it many refused to carry." Nobody, however, seems to have fancied this particular pasty, which thus became the property of its bearer, who gleefully informs us that he sent it to his wife "and her brother, who cheered therewith many of their friends."

The Court remained at Whitehall several days, during which the King was taken over Westminster Abbey and shown the

tombs of the kings and queens. Meanwhile, London swarmed with Spaniards of all sorts and conditions, to whom the citizens gave but a chilly welcome. The *Chronicle of Queen Jane and Queen Mary* says—

"At this time ther was so many Spanyerdes in London that a man shoulde have mett in the streetes for one Inglishman above iiij. Spanyerdes, to the greet discomfort of the Inglishe nation. The halles taken up for Spanyerdes."[1]

The number of disastrous encounters between quarrelsome natives and foreigners at last became so frequent, that Philip thought it the wisest policy to send the majority of his compatriots home. Whilst they remained, they added, by their brilliant costumes, many a keynote of vivid colour to the street-life of the city, and many a romantic story is told of their love adventures, and the perils they underwent in consequence. A young Spanish gallant, for instance, was caught under the table of a well-known candlemaker's shop, and nearly boiled alive in the washing copper for his attempt to carry off the worthy tradesman's daughter. The maiden, however, successfully interceded for him, just as he was on the boil, and thereby saved his life! Through the intercession of Jane Dormer, Duchess of Feria, a lady-in-waiting and great friend of Queen Mary, the young couple were forgiven, and Mary Talbois married Diego Valdez, and retired with him to Malaga, where, doubtless, like the lovers in the fairy-tale, they lived happy ever afterwards![2]

The somewhat sudden death of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, put an abrupt end to the wedding festivities, and the Court, after his obsequies, withdrew to Hampton.

After the marriage of Philip and Mary, the fierce persecution of the Protestants, the general dissatisfaction and even permanent rebellion throughout the country, added to the precarious health of the Queen, terminated all but the most fitful attempts at

[1] That is to say, they were lodged in the Halls of the various City Companies.

[2] The writer copied this and several other similar stories from a curious book entitled, *Aventuras de Diego Valdez e campanieros en Inglaterra.* Madrid, 1560.

Court gaiety, during the remainder of her reign. From time to time, however, their Majesties appeared in public together, amid the usual pompous surroundings of the period.

One of the few magnificent pageants of this reign took place at Westminster Abbey on November 12, 1555, the feast of St. Andrew, when a Mass of the Holy Ghost was celebrated at the High Altar, in the presence of the King and Queen. The ceremony inaugurated the new Parliament called together to repeal the attainder of Cardinal Pole, who had been elevated to the See of Canterbury on the day following the burning of Cranmer. It was also intended as a returning of thanks to God for the reconciliation of England with Rome. At nine o'clock a marvellous procession issued from the Holbein Gate of Whitehall. It was opened by six hundred Spanish courtiers dressed in the Spanish fashion, in white velvet striped with red, a mode which had not been seen in England before. The King was also dressed in white velvet, and wore the Collar of the Golden Fleece. He was preceded by a long train of English noblemen wearing the Robes of the Order of the Garter. The Queen, who was expecting the arrival of the Heir-Apparent, was not present; nor was Pole himself, who was ill at Lambeth. The last Abbot of Westminster, the excellent Feckenham, officiated. He is described as "a short, clean-shaven, round-faced, fresh-coloured man." Alas! for the stately presentment of him introduced by Paul Delaroche in his fine picture of the execution of Lady Jane Grey, who was assisted by Feckenham in her last hours. Delaroche, like most of the painters and engravers of this subject, portrays the last Abbot of Westminster as a tall and dignified old man with long beard.

Again, on St. Edward's Day, 1555, Mary and Philip came to London to attend the ceremony of the Translation of the relics of St. Edward the Confessor from the place where they had been hidden during the spoliation of the Abbey under Henry VIII., to the shrine where they still rest under a gorgeous pall presented in commemoration of the coronation of his present Majesty, King Edward VII. This procession was witnessed by the first Russian Ambassador ever sent to England. The Queen, with a view to extending our commerce in the Near East, had sent Chancellor, the famous Northern explorer, on an embassy to

the Tzar Ivan Vasiljevitch, to conclude a commercial treaty between ourselves and the Government of that potentate. The Ambassador, whose name was Oesep Nepea Gregorivitch, was attended by a numerous suite. The party was lodged at Denmark House, Fenchurch Street, and astounded London by the singularity of their costumes.

Chancellor himself had set out with the ambassadors, who came to England viâ Scotland. In his famous voyage, he had doubled the North Cape, a limit never passed by British keel before, and still proceeding eastward had found entrance into an unknown gulf which proved to be the White Sea, dropping anchor at last in the port of Archangel. The natives, amazed at the sight of Chancellor's vessel, and, indeed, by that of himself and his men, determined to send a deputation to Moscow to inform the Tzar of the arrival on their shores of such singular visitors. On their return to Archangel, they brought Chancellor and his followers a pressing invitation from the barbaric Ivan, who on their arrival was most cordial, and, as they were the bearers of a letter from King Edward VI., the Tzar determined to form a commercial treaty with England. Loaded with splendid presents, the explorer returned home, to find young Edward dead and Mary upon the throne. The Queen willingly consented to the foundation of a Russian Company, and its first Governor was no less distinguished a man than the aged Sebastian Cabot. Elated by his success, Chancellor once more returned to Moscow to ratify the treaty, and receive further instruction from the Tzar. On his home voyage, he was accompanied by the Embassy above mentioned. Unhappily his vessel was wrecked off the Scottish coast and the great British navigator was drowned. The Ambassador and his train escaped, but the vessel being plundered by the neighbouring peasants, his Excellency reached Edinburgh with his jewels safe, but without the greater part of his wardrobe. The Queen Regent gave the Mission an hospitable reception, and sent them safely over the frontier into England, under an escort. Queen Mary, unluckily, never received the splendid furs which the Tzar had intended for her; no doubt, they were worn instead for many a generation by the Scotch peasants who had pillaged Chancellor's ship.

This interesting Russian party assisted not only at the Corpus Christi ceremonies but at that of the incorporation, by charter, of the Company of Merchant Adventurers to Muscovy, held by the Queen in person at Whitehall on March 30.

Nearly every historian, including Froude, has fallen into the curious error of describing Philip and Mary as keeping Christmastide, 1556, with extraordinary pomp at Hampton Court, and also of dating the reconciliation of Mary and Elizabeth at this season of the year, whereas the State Papers and other contemporary documents clearly prove the contrary. The King and Queen spent Christmas at Whitehall, whilst Elizabeth was still under restraint at Woodstock. The famous meeting between the royal sisters, after an estrangement of over twelve months, took place at Hampton Court late in May. Their Majesties retired thither on April 3, to spend a quiet Easter, as the Queen was expecting her confinement. Meanwhile, in anticipation of this event, London was thrown into a state of wild excitement. Masses, special prayers and processions were organised in the parish churches for the safe delivery of the Queen. The Bishops, the Lord Mayor, and all the Aldermen, Clerks, and Sheriffs, paupers from the almshouses, devout men and women, schoolboys, and even soldiers, candles and beads in hand, were set in motion to parade the streets, keeping up their pious exercises until past midnight. Prayers were offered in the churches that "God might grant the Queen's child to be a male child, well-favoured and witty." Meanwhile, strange rumours were circulated concerning the Queen and the expected Heir-Apparent. Some said her Majesty had given birth to a still-born infant: others that both mother and child were dead. To refute these reports, the Queen, although very ill, appeared at a window overlooking what was then the cloister and is now the Fountain Court of the palace, whilst a procession in honour of St. George's Day wended its way through the courtyards and gardens, headed by the King, followed by Bishop Gardiner in his cope and mitre, and a crowd of noblemen, clerks, acolytes, thurifers swinging censers, choir boys singing litanies, and priests innumerable, in copes of cloth of gold and silver. Soon after this function, preparations for the advent of the much desired Prince of Wales and Infant of Spain were carried out with the utmost expedition; ay, even "a veri

sumptuouslie and gorgeouslie trimmed" cradle was prepared. It bore the following quaint inscription—

> "The child which thou to Marie,
> O Lord of might hast send
> To England's joie in health
> Preserve, keepe, and defend."

Midwives, nurses, rockers, and other special attendants, were hurriedly engaged. The passports for the Queen's messengers, who were to be the bearers of the glad tidings to the English Ambassadors abroad, and of letters to Continental sovereigns, were actually prepared, with blanks left for the sex of the child when it should arrive.[1] The climax of excitement was reached when special messengers were despatched to London to announce that the happy event had actually taken place; whereupon the bells were rung, *Te Deum* was sung, and thanksgiving sermons preached, one good priest going so far as to describe the personal appearance and great beauty of the royal babe! The news crossed the Channel, the great bell of Antwerp pealed a chime, and the English mariners in the harbour were supplied with a hundred crowns to drink the health of a prince who was never born! When the truth was known, many laughed and mocked the would-be mother, whose disappointment at having mistaken dropsy for the approach of child-birth was the "bitterest grief that ever was!" Towards the end of May, the Queen was evidently sufficiently recovered from her imaginary confinement to be up and doing. Meanwhile, Princess Elizabeth had been sent for from Woodstock to Hampton Court, and had been kept a close prisoner in an apartment overlooking the Thames for nearly three weeks. One night, at about ten o'clock, she suddenly received a summons to appear before the Queen. In the greatest trepidation, the Princess descended the staircase, where she took leave of her two ladies, who were not allowed to follow her farther. She was now met by Lady Bedingfield and Mrs. Clarencieux, ladies-in-waiting to the Queen, who conducted her across the gardens, her gentlemen-ushers and grooms preced-

[1] A number of documents connected with the matter of the much expected infant will be found in the State Papers, vol. v., May 1555. They are made out with blanks to be filled in, and are undated.

ing her, carrying torches. At last, with beating heart, she was ushered into the Queen's presence, whom she found alone, seated in her chair of state, looking more like a stern judge than a sister. Elizabeth stoutly maintained her innocence; the Queen received her protestations with sarcastic coldness. At last, to put an end to what seemed likely to become an interview as protracted as disagreeable, Mary, rising from her throne, muttered in Spanish, "*Sabe Dios!*" (God knows!) adding, "Whether innocent or guilty, I forgive you." Then, after looking earnestly at her weird young sister, for a few minutes, she swept out of the hall, leaving the Princess, no doubt, considerably relieved. The writer cannot help thinking that this scene must have taken place at a time when it had been ascertained, beyond all doubt, that the Queen was never likely to become a mother. He is convinced that had a child been born, Elizabeth would have remained in seclusion, probably at Woodstock, until after her sister's death. Was the child born dead? As likely as not: in which case the matter may have been hushed up and the whole affair allowed to lapse in mystery. Mary might, indeed, have been deceived, but surely Dr. Owen and Dr. Wendy, the two leading physicians who attended her, must have known the truth from the beginning. At anyrate, never before or since has there been in our annals so singular an incident as this. How London must have wondered, and gossiped, whilst the poor, wretched, would-be mother mourned and moaned her cruel deception!

The growing unpopularity of the Queen, which was frequently expressed by an extremely active distribution of disgusting pamphlets attacking her private character, and even by dangerous conspiracies against her life, eventually led to her retiring as much as possible from public gaze. So great was the hatred expressed for her by the Reformers that, according to Lord Bacon, at least one student of science sought to destroy her by means of a burning glass fixed on the leads of a neighbouring house, from whence the fiery rays were to fall and kill her whilst she was walking in the gardens of St. James's.

In February, 1557, the last year of her unhappy life, Mary rallied sufficiently to accept the hospitality of her sister, Elizabeth, and made a progress to Hatfield. Elizabeth received her with affectionate and splendid hospitality. After Mass on the day

after the Queen's arrival, the two Princesses attended a bear-baiting—an entertainment which, it seems, delighted both august sisters as much as it would disgust respectable women of our time. In the evening they played cards—Mary losing and winning considerable sums. Elizabeth, well aware that her sister was as fond of music as she was herself, engaged a "wonderful boy with a voice like an angel" to sing before the Court, and actually played his accompaniments herself upon the virginals.[1]

A little later, Mary, wishing to make some acknowledgment for this hospitality, caused her barge, decorated with an awning of light green silk, embroidered with a design of eglantine and golden roses, to proceed down the Thames to Somerset House, thence to convey the Princess to Richmond Palace. Elizabeth, then a young and pretty woman, sat under the fairy canopy, attended by her ladies and the Comptroller of her Household, Sir Thomas Pole. A number of gaily decorated boats followed, bearing the gentlemen of the Princess's retinue dressed in russet damask and blue satin, with green plumed caps of silver cloth. The Queen received her sister at the landing stairs of the riverside palace, and led her to a castle-shaped pavilion of cloth-of-gold and violet velvet, embroidered with a pattern of fleur-de-lys, and Queen Katherine of Aragon's device, a golden pomegranate. The chief attraction of this alfresco entertainment was a concert of music, which was succeeded by a banquet. It was long after sunset when Elizabeth took leave of her sister, returned to her flower-bedecked and illumined barge, and, followed by her Court in their graceful vessels, glided back from Richmond to Somerset House.

[1] Hatfield, which for centuries had been the country seat of the Bishops of Ely, came into the possession of the Crown early in the reign of Henry VIII., whose sister, the Queen-Duchess of Suffolk, gave birth within its walls to the Lady Frances, afterwards Marchioness of Dorset and the mother of Lady Jane Grey. It has been erroneously stated that Anne Boleyn stood godmother by proxy for Queen Katherine. The Lady Anne Boleyn mentioned in connection with this christening was Anne, wife of Sir William Boleyn, and daughter of the Earl of Pembroke. James I. exchanged Hatfield for Theobalds, the more ancient seat of the Cecils, and thus it came into the hands of its present owners, the Marquises of Salisbury. The only parts of the mansion which date back to Elizabeth's time are the stables, which originally formed part of the palace.

From the day of her marriage to the end of her miserable existence, Mary Tudor becomes one of the most pathetic and tragic figures in our history. She was a woman who, until called to the throne, had lived an unblemished and benevolent life, greatly respected even by her political adversaries. It often happens that when an ageing woman marries a man many years her junior, her whole being becomes absorbed, even perverted, by her unreasoning passion for her youthful spouse. So it was with Queen Mary. To her, Philip of Spain, who was eleven years younger than herself, was something more than a husband —a demi-god. M. de Noailles, the French Ambassador, wrote to his Government, six months after the marriage, "This Queen sees, hears, and speaks, by and through Philip alone. *Elle en est folle.*" Philip ruled; and Mary, in whose eyes he could do no wrong, suffered his misdeeds in silence. The Spaniard was determined to stamp out heresy in England, and, assisted by Bonner and Gardiner, employed the same hideous methods here that he afterwards used in the Netherlands, whereby he utterly defeated his purpose, and cast odium on the Church he wished to restore. Meanwhile, he soon made his elderly consort understand that, although he was willing to be worshipped, he cared little for his worshipper, especially after her failure to give him an heir. He afforded the Court plenty of food for scandalous gossip, and gave his Queen good cause for jealousy. The young and beautiful Lady Dacre was by no means the only fair on whom he forced his attentions. She, however, whacked him soundly with a stick for attempting to kiss her whilst she was at her toilette-table.

To add to the sick Queen's distress, the news arrived, late in August, 1556, that the Emperor Charles v., wearied of the great task of governing his vast empire, had abdicated in favour of his son, retiring to the monastery of Yust. The withdrawal of his omnipotent father from the world afforded Philip a sufficient reason for leaving England, which he did on the 4th of September, Mary accompanying him as far on the road to Dover as Greenwich, where she took a passionate leave of him. When she returned in her litter through the city the people, who had not seen her for some months, and who began to credit the rumour that she was dead, were especially glad to behold her

again unaccompanied by her grim and detested young husband. They gave her a hearty reception, which seems to have cheered her drooping spirits. Dido, however, did not mourn the departure of her Sichaeus more wildly than this poor hysterical Queen did that of her recalcitrant Philip. The arrival of the Queen's pretty cousin, Christina of Denmark, Duchess of Lorraine, who was sent by Philip on a mission to our Court to arrange a marriage between Elizabeth and Philibert, Prince of Savoy, fed Mary's jealousy afresh. The Duchess was the daughter of the tyrant, Christiern II., King of Denmark, and of Isabel, sister of Charles V. Mary had good reasons to suspect that an undue intimacy existed between her husband and his ambassadress, and she therefore gave Christina a cold reception, and warned Elizabeth to keep away from Court unless, indeed, she wished to marry Savoy, which she certainly did not. The Duchess was mortally offended at the slights she received, and at the failure of her mission, and, a few days before she left England, a violent scene took place between her and the Queen. A little while after this, Philip sent his consort a full-length portrait of himself clad in armour, with the helmet, however, placed on a side table, as he deemed it not etiquette for him to appear, even in a portrait, with his head covered, before the Queen! It was, doubtless, this portrait which Mary is reported to have cut to pieces in a jealous frenzy—an incident of which Tennyson makes excellent use in his tragedy of *Queen Mary*.

Philip, now become the greatest potentate in Europe, returned on March 20, 1557. He landed at five in the afternoon at Greenwich Palace, where Mary, who, at the mere sight of him, seemed galvanised into fresh life, gave him heartiest greeting. The King, however, did not remain long in this country, for in June he was called away to the Netherlands to take up arms against France, the war being proclaimed in London by the Queen's Heralds at the City Crosses. The proclamations set forth that Henry II., King of France, had supported and furthered the insurrection of the Duke of Northumberland, the conspiracy of Wyatt, and other rebels, whom the said King entertained in his realm, "which be as yet ontaken." On June 13, some of the traitors as "yet ontaken" were brought

through the Traitors' Gate, muffled and blindfolded after the Spanish fashion: an aggravation which was most unfavourably commented on all over London. Meanwhile, the city and country generally were filled with all sorts of strange rumours. The very weather added to the general alarm—the seasons seem to have got strangely mixed; there had been no winter, and now there was no summer, but a continual damp accompanied by cold winds and by curious phosphoric exhalations, which frightened many into the belief that the Day of Judgment was at hand. A splendid aurora borealis gave additional terror to the all-pervading depression, which was further increased by the unwelcome news from the Continent that the King had been defeated at St. Quentin. Later came the knowledge that Calais was lost to England for ever. These, and a hundred other troubles, domestic and political, weighed upon the spirits of the afflicted Queen, who lay in a comatose condition for so many days that it was once more reported she was dead. By way of a diversion, an old woman named Alice Driver, who was a heretic, and who had publicly called the Queen "a Jezebel," had her ears cut off and was burnt at the stake in Smithfield.

When, at length, her courtiers realised that Mary's sun was setting, they deserted her Court for Hatfield, a fact which Elizabeth remembered with horror at the time of her own death, and which was the principal reason why she would never name a successor. On November 17, between three and four in the morning, after devoutly receiving the Sacraments of her Church, and whilst Mass was being celebrated in her chamber, this bad Queen, who was a good woman, passed away, in her forty-third year, at St. James's Palace. Her body was embalmed, and the corpse brought down into the Chapel Royal, where it lay in state, surrounded by the usual "watch" of ladies. In less than two days after, Cardinal Pole expired at Lambeth.

Elizabeth received the news of her accession seated under an oak tree in the gardens of Hatfield House. She immediately hastened, with a splendid train of nobles and ladies, to London, going direct to Charter House, thereby adding another note of historical interest to the records of that brave old place.

Mary's funeral took place on the 13th of December, and followed the order of the obsequies of her grandfather, Henry VII.

As there was no rule of precedent for the funereal ceremonies of a Queen Regnant, Mary I. was buried as a king; her helmet, sword, and body-armour being carried before her corpse. The procession passed through what is now Pall Mall to Charing Cross, and thence to Westminster Abbey. One of the heralds who was present thus describes the pageant—

"So up the highway went the foremost standard, the falcon and the hart: then came a great company of mourners. Then another goodly standard of the lion and falcon, followed by King Philip's servants, riding two and two. Then the third standard, with the greyhound and falcon. The marquess of Winchester bore the banner of England on horseback: Chester herald, the helm, the crest and the mantle: Norrey, the target, with the crown of England and the order of the Garter: Clarencieux, the sword, and Mr. Garter king-at-arms her coat-armour, — all on horseback. The Somerset, Lancaster, Windsor, and York heralds carried four white banners of saints embossed in fine gold. Then came the corpse in a chariot, with an exact image representing Queen Mary dressed in crimson velvet, with many gemmed rings on the hands. The pall over the coffin was of black cloth of gold, intersected by a cross of cloth of silver. The body was followed by the chief mourners: the queen's ladies came after on horseback, but their long trains were long enough to sweep after them on the ground."

Forty-three old bedeswomen, muffled in long black cloaks and hoods, walked, two and two, behind the hearse; they represented the years of the Queen's life.

The funeral of Mary gave rise to a curious incident, which no doubt was commented upon by the people of London with great interest. Bishop White of Winchester preached the funeral sermon in Latin, a language which Elizabeth understood as well as she did English. His lordship was dreadfully overcome when he described the late Queen's virtues, and fell into such a fit of weeping that he choked himself. After his biographical sketch of the dead Queen, he started the praises of her successor, but in such moderate, not to say sarcastic, terms, that Elizabeth's wrath began to rise. He concluded his panegyric of Mary with these ominous words: "Our late sovereign hath left a sister, a lady of great worth, behind her, whom we are bound to obey, for a living dog is better than a dead lion." This impolitic

comparison so nettled Elizabeth that she straightway ordered Bishop White's arrest, even as he left the pulpit. A painful scene ensued, for the prelate, in a loud voice, threatened to excommunicate the Queen, and clamorously protested his desire to be there and then led out to martyrdom, if she so willed. Elizabeth was, however, much too astute to grant him the celestial crown he coveted, and good-humouredly allowed the matter to lapse by the instant release of the angry prelate.

Mary's interment was the last royal funeral ever celebrated in accordance with the rites of the Church of Rome in Westminster Abbey, or indeed in any other abbey or church in England. Requiem Masses were said for the repose of the soul of Cardinal Pole at Lambeth, St. Paul's, and Canterbury, at which latter place he was buried. Elizabeth, with an eye to economy, ordered that the Requiem for the Emperor Charles V., on December 24, should take place at Westminster and not at St. Paul's, so that the hangings and catafalque that had served at the obsequies of her sister might be used, instead of new ones made on purpose. She does not seem, however, to have attended this memorial service in person. Funerals were not in her line, for, throughout the whole of her long reign, she made a point of avoiding them as much as possible.

The first royal funeral that took place in this country according to the Reformed ritual had been that of Queen Katherine Parr at Sudely Castle in 1548. The Lady Jane Grey was the chief mourner, "her train being carried by a young gentlewoman." Then came the obsequies of Edward VI. Anne of Cleves, Henry's fourth wife, who became a Catholic in Mary's reign, was buried, according to the rites of that Church, in Westminster Abbey, on August 3, 1557. Her tomb was not completed until the reign of James I. Queen Mary's was not only the last of the royal but the last of all the funerals celebrated according to the Latin rite in Westminster Abbey, though she was not the last royal Roman Catholic buried there. That distinction belongs to Anthony, Duc de Montpensier, the younger brother of Louis Phillipe, who died in England in exile in 1807, and is buried in Henry the Seventh's chapel. His obsequies were, however, solemnised in the little French Chapel in Portman Street on June 6, according to the Roman ritual, and his body was not brought

to Westminster Abbey for interment till four in the afternoon. The monument to this Prince is an exceedingly fine specimen of neo-Gothic, at once elegant and simple. The admirable Latin inscription was, by curious coincidence, written expressly for it by the old Revolutionary General, Dumourier, then an exile in London. A quaint correspondence about this interment is in the possession of the Duc d'Orleans (formerly in that of the Duc d'Aumale). From it we glean the amazing fact, that in 1807 so little was known about the burials in the Abbey, that the then Dean actually thought that the Duke and Duchess of Buckingham (George Villiers and his wife) were the only non-royal persons buried in the royal vaults, which in reality contain no less than seventy-five coffins of people of inferior birth. Louise of Savoy, Queen of the exiled Louis XVIII., who died in England, was taken to Westminster Abbey after death, and her body remained there a few months previous to the translation to Savoy.

CHAPTER V

IN THE SPACIOUS DAYS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

THE Elizabethan Era, like the Victorian, was so stuffed with glories that a book would ill suffice to do it justice. An epoch of transition, it linked the Middle Ages, the last vestiges of which were buried with Mary, to the astonishing period of evolution in theological and philosophical thought that gradually prepared the way for the present age of scientific research and progress, toleration and liberty. We must, therefore, in this chapter confine ourselves to generalisation, else it would soon swell to the proportions of a bulky volume.

London, under Elizabeth, made great strides in commercial prosperity; so great, indeed, that in her later years she became alarmed lest the population should become too numerous for her to manage. Rows of houses now filled up spaces which had been green meadows at the beginning of the sixteenth century. The villages of Charing Cross, St. Martin's, and St. Giles-in-the-Fields, were already beginning to form part of the city itself, although so recently as in Mary's time hares were coursed in the fields hereabouts, and games and pastimes took place on Sundays and holiday afternoons. When Henry VIII. was King, Clerkenwell was fast becoming a Court suburb, such as Kensington was in the Hanoverian period. At the Dissolution the immense Commandery of St. John of Jerusalem, Clerkenwell, was suppressed, and a suite of apartments in the building was granted to Princess Mary as her town residence. These rooms she occupied during the last years of the reign of her father, and in part of her brother Edward's. Katherine Parr, when Lady Latimer, had a house in Charter House Square, in which, during the period between the death of her second husband, Lord

Latimer, and her marriage with Henry VIII., she held a sort of *salon*, much frequented by such learned women as Lady Hertford, Lady Denny, Katherine, Duchess of Suffolk, the Lady Fitzwilliam, Lady Butt, and other great personages who favoured the doctrines of the Reformers, and gathered in Lady Latimer's hall to listen to the Gospel as interpreted by Coverdale, Latimer, and Parkhurst, and, it may be, by such of the foreign Reformers settled in England as could speak English or Latin with sufficient fluency to be understood by the future queen and her erudite circle.

Such distant villages as Islington, Holloway, Hackney, and Hornsey were growing more and more wealthy and populous, and noblemen and merchants were already building country-houses in these high and healthy localities. Amongst the earliest residents of distinction at Islington in Elizabeth's time was the Queen's cousin, the Lady Margaret Lennox, the mother, as we have already noted, of Darnley, Mary Stuart's second husband, and also of Charles, the father of the unfortunate Arabella Stuart. In the East End, Whitechapel and Spitalfields were already thickly populated neighbourhoods, and on the other side of London Bridge, many new houses and wharves had been constructed. The town houses virtually ended at Stepney, in those days a fashionable suburban village.

The Queen, who in the first decade of her reign had allowed a certain number of Jews to return and settle in the city, was later on seized with a fear lest increased foreign competition might prove detrimental to the industries of her English-born subjects. A census made of the aliens residing in London in 1567 gave the following return: "Scots 40, French 428, Spaniards and Portuguese 45, Italians 140, Dutch 2030, Burgundians 44, Danes 2, Liègeois 1." As no Jews are specified in this document, we may conclude that among the Spaniards, Portuguese, Italians, and Dutch, there may have been a fair number of Israelites. Twelve years later, another census was taken, when on the report being published it appeared that there were nearly 6462 foreigners,—that is to say, about three times as many as in 1567,—namely, Dutch 2302, French 8838, Italians 116, English, born of foreign parents, 1542, other nationalities, 447, and, besides, 217 negroes and Indians. These surprising figures brought forth an edict

from the Lord Mayor, approved by the Queen, forbidding the building of any "new houses within three miles of the City, and that no more than one family should reside in any one house." We also learn that a number of aliens from Holland, who were about to land on our shores, were turned back, which was "a cause of great distress and grumbling amongst them"!

The better to preserve sufficient timber for ship-building and fuel for the inhabitants of London, Parliament passed an Act in 1581 to the effect that no new ironworks or other factories should be erected within twenty-two miles of London, or within fourteen miles of the river Thames, and that no wood within these limits be converted into fuel for use in factories. In the last half of the sixteenth century the smoke nuisance began to be keenly felt, and Elizabeth, who loathed dirt, used her influence to abolish London's chiefest horror, the smoke fiend. The burning of sea-coal, even for domestic purposes, was now made a punishable offence; but the offenders do not seem to have been very rigorously pursued, as the nuisance, we are assured, was not greatly abated.

In the autumn of 1560, Queen Elizabeth's most beneficial measure, for restoring the English currency to sterling value, was carried into effect—a matter which neither Edward VI. nor Mary had dared to attempt. Elizabeth's policy was effected without inconvenience to individuals, much less to the nation. The old coin was called in, and everybody received the nominal value of the base coin in the new sterling money, the Government bearing the loss. The people were well satisfied by this beneficent evidence of the Queen's good faith, and Elizabeth's popularity, already great, became more firmly established than ever. Her Majesty next forbade minting, or trafficking with, the coin of the Realm, and thus it came about that the currency in England in her reign was purer than that of any other part of Europe. This great reformation in the pecuniary affairs of the nation was extended to Ireland. A contemporary ballad contains these lines in celebration of so useful a reform—

"Let bonfires shine in every place,
Sing, and ring the bells apace,
And pray that long may live Her Grace,
To be the good queen of Ireland.

The silver and gold, which was so base
That no man could endure it scarce,
Is now new coined with her own face,
And made to go current in Ireland."

The coinage in Elizabeth's reign was divided as follows:—sovereigns (value, thirty shillings), rials, a corruption of "royals" (value, fifteen shillings), nobles, double-nobles, angels (value, ten shillings), half-angels, and pieces of an angel and a half, three angels, crowns, and half-crowns. The sovereign bore the profile of Elizabeth in armour and ruff, her hair flowing loose, and crowned with a similar diadem to that worn by her successors, including the present King. Round this bust are the words "Elizabetha D. G. Ang, Fra. Et Hib. Regina." On the reverse are the arms of England and France, flanked by the initials E.R. and the inscription, "Scutum Fidei Proteget Eam," having reference to the Queen's position as "Defender of the Faith." The double-rose noble, considered the handsomest Elizabethan coin, portrays the Queen in her robes, with crown, sceptre, and ball, seated on a throne, with a portcullis at her feet, in allusion to her descent through her great-grandmother from the Beauforts, and bears the same motto as the sovereign. On the reverse, the royal arms again appear, but enclosed in a large rose, and the words, "A Dno. Factum Est Istud, Et Mirab. Ocul. Nbis: "This is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes"—the words chosen by Elizabeth for her motto when her accession was announced to her. At that time there was no copper money,—this was only introduced by James I.—and therefore the silver coinage was rather more extensive than at present. It consisted of: crowns, half-crowns, shillings, sixpences, groats, threepences, twopences, pennies, half-pennies, and farthings, some of which, needless to say, were so small and so thin that they were not only amazingly numerous, but easily lost and soon worn away.

Queen Elizabeth, no doubt, owed the chief share of her popularity to the marvellous manner in which she contrived, in spite of exceptional difficulties, to afford her people the blessing of internal peace. It is true that there were, throughout her long reign, constant outbreaks of religious persecution, riots, and Border strife, but these elements of discord were of small account as compared with the unbroken ferment in which the population

had lived from the fifteenth year of Henry VIII. until the accession of his youngest daughter. Nevertheless, until the Great Fire, and even down to the beginning of the last century, London continued to be full of the melancholy but picturesque ruins of monastic churches, cloisters, dormitories, and halls, some of them converted to secular uses, others falling to decay. Hence the monumental aspect of the city under Elizabeth remained much inferior to what it had been at the dawn of the Reformation.

Early in her reign, the Queen, in order to curb the influence, not to say the insolence, of her nobility, issued a decree restricting the number of livery-men in the retinue of each noble "to one hundred persons and no more." It will be remembered that, in her father's time, Katherine Parr's brother-in-law, the Earl of Pembroke, had in his suite nearly a thousand serving-men, all wearing his rich liveries. The disappearance of so many of these gaily-attired folk deprived the streets of much of their erstwhile brilliance; but worse was to follow, for their noble owners, towards the middle of the Queen's reign, began to abandon the ancient family mansions and to build themselves others more commodious in the suburbs, and even in the country. At Elizabeth's accession in 1557, nearly all of them had possessed a town residence within the walls; when she died in 1603, only two or three still lived in what we now call the city. The prodigious increase in London's commercial prosperity had so raised the value of land in business quarters, that few could resist the tempting offers of wealthy merchants and speculators to dispose of their time-honoured, but very inconvenient, mansions and large gardens; and to erect, with the proceeds of these profitable sales, more comfortable dwellings in the suburbs; or even, going farther afield, and abandoning London altogether, to cover the length and breadth of the kingdom with those beautiful Elizabethan mansions that still lend charm to our rural scenery. The Earl of Bridgwater's immense town-house, which stood near the Barbican, was pulled down in the last quarter of Elizabeth's reign, and in its place rose the square of middle-class dwellings still known as Bridgwater Square and Street. The Barbican itself, which consisted of a *burg kenin*, or watch-tower, surrounded by a spacious stronghold and dwelling-place which had

been in existence from the reign of Edward I., was now demolished to make way for new streets. Among the last inhabitants of the Barbican as a watch-tower was its hereditary Warden, Katherine Willoughby D'Eresby, Dowager-Duchess of Suffolk. In the second year of Queen Mary, a milkman going his matutinal rounds beheld two female forms, muffled in grey cloaks and closely veiled, stealing out of the Barbican and making off hurriedly through the hushed streets, toward the Thames. One of them was the Duchess, the other was her waiting-maid. They were escaping from a threatened persecution of Queen Mary, and were fortunate enough to embark at Gravesend, whence they reached Holland without difficulty. After many adventures, the Duchess eventually gained Warsaw, where she found her husband, Mr. Bartie, of whom we have already spoken, who had very ungallantly effected his escape some months before, without even taking the trouble to inform his consort of his intention of so doing. It was not the mere fact that the Duchess, under the influence of Katherine Parr, had become a Protestant, which had so gravely offended her royal kinswoman, but her having married soon after the death of her first husband, the Duke, the aforenamed Mr. Bartie, who was a heretic and of mean family.[1] When, early in the seventeenth century, the Barbican was replaced by a row of middle-class dwellings, Milton and his family took up their abode there, and had by way of neighbour Sir John Spellman, the antiquary, who died in 1649.

Devonshire House, Bishopsgate Street, which Strype describes as an "airy and creditable place," was also partly pulled down at this time and converted into a residential square, inhabited by "gentry and other merchants," though part of the old mansion, incorporated in a new one, continued to be the town residence of the Earls of Devonshire until 1689, when the old Countess of Devonshire died there. The first Duke of Devonshire, who was

[1] Katherine Willoughby, Duchess-Dowager of Suffolk, was the daughter of Katherine of Aragon's great friend, Doña Maria de Salines, Baroness Willoughby D'Eresby, who closed that unhappy Queen's eyes in death. The Duchess, accompanied by her husband, returned from exile in Elizabeth's reign. Soon after their home-coming, she elected Cecil as her *souffre douleur*, and hence arose a remarkable correspondence of considerable wit and humour and rich in curious side-light thrown thereby on the manners and customs of those times.

probably born in Bishopsgate Street, migrated thence to Salisbury House in the Strand, whence he went to Newport Street, where also dwelt Lord Gerrard. His Grace next resided in Montagu House, Bloomsbury, and then went to Arlington House, St. James's Park, and finally to Berkeley House, Piccadilly, where now stands Devonshire House. The peregrinations of the first Duke of Devonshire in quest of a residence are significant as illustrating how our aristocracy gradually migrated westward. Devonshire House, Bishopsgate Street, had, ages before it fell into the hands of the Cavendishes, been the town residence of the Veres, Earls of Oxford, who subsequently went to live near London Stone. There is still a Devonshire Square, E.C. The Duke of Norfolk, who had built himself a large mansion out of the ruins of the suppressed Priory of the Holy Trinity, sold it in Elizabeth's reign to a newly arrived colony of Jews, and a number of mean streets were built over the site. Winchester House and Crosby Place now passed into the hands of merchants; and the vast mansion of the Earls of Derby was presently converted into the College of Heralds. A considerable portion of the beautiful old Elizabethan house built by Sir Paul Pindar, in Bishopsgate Street, remained fairly well preserved until recently, when it was removed to make way for the enlargement of the neighbouring railway station. Its quaint, carved wood façade may be seen any day in the South Kensington Museum, looking dismally out of place, being rather clumsily rebuilt at no great distance from the model of Trajan's column! Sir Paul Pindar was a very rich and benevolent man, who lived and died in the reign of Charles I., and was buried in St. Botolph's Church. There you may still see the monument of the witty knight, who used, annually, to bestow upon his fellow-parishioners a meat-pie that cost 19s. 7d. —a magnificent sum, for a pie, in that period. He likewise spent 11s. in 1578 on frankincense and "posies" wherewith to welcome the Lord Chancellor when he visited him.

The Elizabethan Era also witnessed the demolition of nearly all those splendid riverside palaces which had so enchanted Saronzo, the Venetian Envoy to Edward VI., when he first beheld them, reminding him of his beloved Grand Canal. Elizabeth, as a young girl, had seen them standing intact, amid their stately gardens, that sloped gently down to the river's edge. When she made

her last water progress to the city, Bridewell, Baynard's Castle, the Savoy, Somerset, Cecil, and Northumberland, Houses were all that remained of the wonderful procession of Thames-side castles, monasteries, and mansions; and, even then, the first three of the above-mentioned, which had been royal palaces, were already degraded into asylums, hospitals, and tenements.

London, in the days of "Gloriana the Great," notwithstanding all the havoc made under the Reformation, was a bustling and a blithe city, whose streets were thronged, as they had never been before, by the merchants and sailors of every nation under the sun. For now, thanks to the able Queen and the galaxy of illustrious men who helped her in her Empire-making mission, the commercial centres of Europe had been moved from Antwerp, Venice, and Lisbon to our metropolis. A list of the names of the various trading Companies which came into being in the reign of Elizabeth, or shortly after her death, would fill a couple of pages. Among the more important, was the Merchant Adventurers, incorporated under Edward I., but almost completely reorganised in Elizabeth's time. It branched off into a great number of other Companies; such, for instance, as the Baltic, or Russian Company, which sprang out of the Merchant Adventurers, "for the discovery of lands, not before known or frequented by the English." It was this Company that sent Sir Hugh Willoughby to find a north-east passage to China, an adventure which cost him his life; having put into a port in Russian Lapland, he and all his company were there frozen to death. The Turkey Company was incorporated in 1581, its first Governor being Sir Edward Osborn, an Alderman of London. The Envoy sent by Elizabeth "to negociate a friendly reception in Turkey" sailed on board the good ship *Susan* of London, which mounted thirty-four guns, and was, therefore, for the times, a vessel of considerable importance. When he reached Constantinople the Envoy experienced difficulty in landing, but, after protracted negotiations with the Ottoman authorities, he was escorted to the Old Seraglio, on either side of the principal entrance to which he was shown pyramids of freshly-severed human heads, and thereby was made to fully realise the summary methods of the Sultan in punishing traitors. To still further impress upon Elizabeth's representative the awful power of the Kaliph, he was enter-

tained by a wholesale execution of refractory eunuchs, after which he was granted an audience with the Commander of the Faithful, whom he found seated on a gorgeous throne enriched with countless diamonds, erected in the centre of a sort of golden cage. Our Envoy was only allowed to catch a passing glimpse, not of the Imperial autocrat, but only of his cage-like throne, lest the vision of such divine sublimity might blind him! With the aid of an interpreter he was, however, allowed to converse with the Grand Vizier, and through him to make his mission known to the Commander of the Faithful, who was sufficiently well impressed thereby to countenance the Queen's proposal. This Turkey Company, which was incorporated in 1586 and lasted until 1825, is sometimes known as the Levant Company. Then there was the Royal African Company, which lasted from 1530 to 1821; the merchant Companies of Spain, Flanders, and Virginia; the Hudson Bay Company—the only one still in existence; and last, but not least, the East India Company, the most powerful trading association that has ever existed, since it ruled without rival the Indian seas for close on three centuries, having been incorporated in 1600, and only suppressed after the Indian Mutiny, in 1858.

In consequence of our amazing commercial extension and enterprise, at this period, luxuries previously unknown, even to princes, were becoming necessaries of life. Under Edward VI., the first factory for the making of common glass-ware and of glass for windows was established in Crutched Friars; with, it appears, the assistance of some Venetian artisans.[1] A little

[1] It is not generally known that it was an offence punishable by death for any Venetian either to teach a foreigner in Venice itself, or to go abroad and teach, the secrets of the art of glass-blowing or glass colouring. The Republic guarded this industry, which then, as now, formed one of the chief revenues of the city, so jealously, that it is on record that several Venetians, who came to France and England to teach the art, were followed and mysteriously murdered by an emissary of the Council of Ten. In the archives of the city of Rouen, there is a record of the assassination of a whole family of Venetians named Paoli, who had ventured to set up a glass factory on the Venetian principle in the Norman capital. The father, mother, two grown-up sons, a daughter and her husband, with two small children, were all found one morning stabbed to the heart. On each body was affixed a paper bearing the inscription "*Traditore*" (traitor). The secret of Venetian glass-blowing was

later, a "fine flint glass, only slightly inferior to that of Venice," was made at Savoy House, Strand. In Henry the Eighth's days, two-thirds of the windows in London had been glazed with horn or greased paper, whereas, at the accession of James I., there was hardly a house, however humble, that had not its windows filled with glass. When Elizabeth was a girl, Eastern rugs were only used as table-covers in noblemen's palaces, and the floors, like those of the people, were strewn with rushes; but long before the end of the great Queen's life, carpets had become quite common, even in the houses of tradesmen, and rushes were going out of use. Elizabethan urchins nibbled at oranges, and had possibly even tasted the mysterious milk of cocoanuts. The seeds of many sub-tropical trees and plants were springing up, to flourish in many town and country gardens. Parrots screamed in the back parlours of tradesmen's shops,—a little before, the old Duchess of Northumberland considered her's so great a rarity that she bequeathed it by will to her friend the Duchess of Alva. In the reign of "Gloriana" even that most unpleasant immigrant, the *cimicis lectularius*, otherwise—your pardon, reader!—bed-bug, first began to disturb the slumbers of peaceful British citizens. This hateful little fellow had come over, so it seems, with the first mahogany imported from the New World. But more important yet, and certainly more agreeable, was the introduction of "the divine weed," which Benzoni tells us, in his *Travels in America*, published in 1564, was called by the ancient Mexicans *tabacco*. Philip the Second's physician, Francisco Fernandez, appears to have been the first to bring it to Europe. Nicot, the French Ambassador to Portugal, from whose name we derive the word "nicotine," sent some of the leaves to Catherine de Medicis, with instructions how to use them—but whether she ever smoked the pipe of peace is not recorded! Ralph Lane, the first British Governor of Virginia, and Sir Francis Drake, between them introduced "the sacred implements and materials of tobacco" to Sir Walter Raleigh, who seems to have set up as a sort of professor in the art of tobacco-smoking among Elizabeth's courtiers. He consoled himself "with a pipe of

lost in the troubles that closed the eighteenth century, and only rediscovered in 1845 by the late Commandatore Salviati.

tobacco a little before he went to the scaffold"! Soon, no dinner-party was considered complete unless, at its close, pipes and a pouch of tobacco were handed round, together with the best wines and strong liquors. Even ladies smoked, and, although we have no evidence that Elizabeth ever sacrificed to the all-popular goddess Nicotine, we learn that some of her ladies made themselves conspicuous by smoking in public places. The fashion of smoking even reached the clergy, and that "comely and courtly prelate," Dr. Fletcher, Bishop of London, who had offended the Queen by marrying "a gay, fair Court lady of good quality," is the first Englishman on record who is said to have "courted death by over-indulging in the new habit of smoking tobacco."

In 1586, Hawkins presented Raleigh with yet another precious gift in the shape of the tubers of the first potato plant ever cultivated in Ireland. They soon multiplied, and became popular with the peasants, on whom they were plentifully bestowed. Raleigh's earliest crop, however, was of "sweet potatoes," and it was not until 1596 that the *solanum tuberosum esculentum*—the common, or unsweet, potato—was introduced in England and Ireland, where, in less than fifty years, it became an indispensable necessary of life, especially in the Emerald Isle. And, indeed, one often wonders how the world contrived to exist at all without tobacco, tea, and potatoes!

The long and glorious voyages undertaken by such bold and typical English adventurers as James Lancaster, George Raymond, Frobisher, Raleigh, Hawkins, Chancellor, Thomas Cavendish, Richard Grenville, and others of lesser fame; men who first doubled the Capes of Good Hope and Comorin; planted our flag in Peru and along the coast-line of South America; slipped through the Straits of Magellan, touched at the distant isles of Nicobar, investigated the peninsula of Malacca, and established our factories in Masulipatam, Siam, and even in Japan, that land of mystery; awakened among the younger scions of our aristocracy and country gentry such a spirit of emulation, that hundreds of youths, eager to emancipate themselves from the galling slights imposed in those days upon younger sons, hastened to join in the many hazardous expeditions which eventually crowned Britannia undisputed mistress of

ELIZABETHAN HALL IN THE CHARTERHOUSE

the main. The quays of London must have seen, in Elizabethan days, many an agonising parting between parents and sons, and also many a glad welcome back offered by those who, to quote Shakespeare,

> "Put forth their sons, to seek preferment out,
> Some to the wars to try their fortunes there,
> Some to discover islands far away,"

to the home-returned, bronzed adventurers, who brought with them strange evidences that they had set foot in lands hitherto unknown and unseen of civilised men. To possess these "strange evidences" became a very craze among Londoners, whose houses now began to be decorated with queer trophies picked up by youthful adventurers in the unknown lands that lay beyond the Pillars of Hercules. Does not Trinculo say of the monster Caliban—

"Were I but in England now, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday-fool but would give a piece of silver. There would this monster make a man. Any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian."

In the early part of last year, 1904, they were paying the late lamented "Consul," the monkey, £200 a week for giving a very poor imitation of the simplest acts any starving man could perform for a penny! 'Tis but yesterday since the public swallowed De Rougemont's fables as readily as did their Elizabethan ancestors those of Sir John de Mandeville, who, on one of his journeys, found lambs growing upon trees; or those of that traveller, who, a little later on, declared he had met a green dragon careering gaily along a high-road among the Swiss Alps!

Francis Drake, who returned from his celebrated circumnavigation of the globe in November, 1580, could narrate genuine marvels and to spare, without any necessity for drawing upon his imagination to invent them. But although he was welcomed by London, and, indeed, by all England, with enthusiasm, the Queen halted in her acknowledgment of his

services. She was afraid of annoying the King of Spain by too openly endorsing a man who had captured his Catholic Majesty's ships and plundered Spanish settlements in South America. In the spring of 1581, she condescended to accept Drake's invitation to a banquet on board his ship, off Deptford, where, after dinner, she knighted him and received him into favour.

London "in the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth" was very picturesque; and this notwithstanding that the costume of the period became absolutely frightful, especially in the last years of her long reign. It was almost impossible for two women to pass each other in the same narrow, lane-like street on account of the prodigious extent of their hoops and the amazing altitude of their ruffs. In 1580 the attention of the Queen was drawn to the extravagance of her subjects in the matter of attire, and her displeasure was roused by their attempts to emulate her in the extent of their ruffs. The gentlemen, too, offended by the length of their rapiers. Accordingly, in order to put down such abuses, her Majesty proclaimed an amazing sumptuary law, duly passed by Parliament, defining the heights of the ruffs and the lengths of the swords. Certain officials armed with shears were empowered to station themselves in the streets and stop anybody whom they thought transgressed the law, and cut off the superfluous "frills" and "wings" of the ruffs worn by the fair sex, and reduce the swords of the lords of creation to their proper dimensions. One day, as the French Ambassador, M. Mauvissière, was strolling along Smithfield, he was stopped at the Bars by the officers who sat there to cut swords, who, not knowing him, insisted upon shortening his rapier, in accordance with the recent statute. Fortunately, Lord Henry Seymour, who chanced to be passing at that moment, came to the rescue and delivered the irate diplomat from the clutches of the over-zealous clippers. Mauvissière complained of his treatment to Elizabeth, who was compelled to apologise for the mistake made by her officials. In this same year, Elizabeth procured, through her agents in Flanders, six Hungarian horses to drag her coach. They were fine beasts, with coats of a light grey, but their untrimmed tails were dyed a vivid orange colour! Soon after their appearance in the streets of London, a nobleman exhibited

a team of horses with blue tails! That fashion does not seem, however, to have lasted long. Carriages of a sort, rough, unwieldy things, were now becoming numerous, and we even hear of one or two very large waggons running on hire between London and the suburbs. These ponderous vehicles added considerably, no doubt, to the pictorial interest of the streets, even if they could not offer much comfort to their passengers.

Towards the middle of this reign, women of rank and fashion, and even the wives of rich merchants and city men, were in the habit of wearing a quantity of gold thread interwoven with their natural hair, which was itself, almost invariably, dyed red with the henna largely imported from Turkey for the purpose. Even the fishwives used rouge, so that, to quote a Venetian Envoy, "it was almost impossible to tell what an English woman was really like." In hot weather, a page-boy walked backwards in front of his mistress, carrying her fan and fanning her. "My fan, Peter," cries the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*. "Good Peter, to hide her face, for her fan's the fairer face of the two," quoth Mercutio! As to the common people, their costumes had varied little since the fifteenth century; indeed they did not alter materially until the beginning of the nineteenth.

As we have seen, Elizabeth was at Hatfield, seated under an oak tree, when the news of Mary's death was brought to her. Her movements at this time were very unsettled, and the exact date of her removal to town is still unknown. Hayward says she came to the Charter House on November 18, but Holinshed, on the 23rd. Be this as it may, for some days after the demise of Queen Mary the high-road between London and Hatfield was black with men on horseback, hastening to and fro to congratulate and pay homage to the new Sovereign. Eight bishops met her at Highgate and knelt as she passed. She raised them, and gave her hand to be kissed by each of them except Bonner, Bishop of London, whom she detested. Followed by an enormous retinue of noblemen and women, and the aforesaid bishops, her Majesty rode to the Charter House, then the residence of Lord North, where the Lord Mayor and all the civic authorities greeted her. She passed the night at the Charter House, and entered London on the following morning in great state, through the Barbican.

The Lord Mayor preceded her, carrying her sceptre. She passed by Cripplegate and the Wall, to Bishopsgate, where there was "loud music," and a scholar from Paul's School made her a short speech in Latin. Once within the Tower walls she turned to her escort and spoke a few very appropriate words, saying, "Some have fallen from being princes of this land, to being prisoners in this place. I am raised from being prisoner in this place to being prince in this land. That dejection was a work of God's Justice: this advancement is a work of His Mercy." The first night of her reign, Elizabeth was very probably lodged in those very state rooms in which her mother spent the last days of her life.

The Queen's progress through the city was a triumphal march. She had previously consulted her palmist and conjurer, Dr. Dee, to fix a lucky day.[1] This quack was a man in whom our great Eliza had implicit faith; without whose advice, for many years, she never walked a step. She had made his acquaintance in the Queen, her sister's, lifetime, at a period when he was prosecuted for foretelling Mary's short reign and her own long

[1] The first we hear of Dr. Dee in the State Papers is in Mary's reign, June 8, 1555, when we learn that Dee, Butler, and Carey, had been recently arrested and prosecuted, on the accusation of a man named Ferys, for calculating the nativities of the Queen, the King, and Princess Elizabeth. Ferys, it seems, was dreadfully punished for his share in the matter, for on the very day he charged Dee, one of his children was struck dead and the other blind. Probably it was alarm lest a like fate might befall those who interfered with him, that abbreviated Dee's punishment to a few weeks' imprisonment. On being liberated he went to Antwerp, where he swindled a number of people by persuading them that he had an infallible method of finding out the whereabouts of hidden treasures. At last, at the solicitation of Burleigh, Dee was permitted by Elizabeth to return to England, where he was soon on intimate terms with the Queen and her favourite, the Earl of Leicester. Elizabeth often visited him in his house at Mortlake. In 1586, Elizabeth sent him abroad on a secret mission, which led to his being entangled in a number of strange adventures and hair-breadth escapes. He returned to England in 1589, and predicted that the Queen would die in her bed, which is the real reason why she persisted in remaining out of it during her last illness. The Queen made him Warden of Manchester College, but he was so detested by the people, who looked upon him as a wizard, that, in the second year of James the First's reign, he was expelled, not only from the College, but from Manchester itself. The fellow now fell upon hard times and died in London, almost of starvation, in his ninetieth year.

one. Elizabeth had also a prophetess in her employ, in the person of her confidential maid, Blanche Parry, who was a pupil of Dr. Dee, and apparently a very skilful palmist and clairvoyante. It seems a strange thing that one so self-reliant and acute, should have trusted herself and her affairs to these two persons, neither of them, as the sequel proved, particularly scrupulous.

On January 13, she went by water to her palace at Westminster, accompanied by the Lord Mayor's barge and those of the City Companies decked with flags and streamers, and attended by a "foist" from which "artillery kept shooting off lustily as they went, with great and pleasant melody of instruments, which played in a sweet and heavenly manner." Her progress through the city, on the following day, was one of the most extraordinary ever witnessed by Londoners. Never was greater enthusiasm seen. At times it was almost impossible for the *cortège* to advance, for the people were constantly breaking through the barriers in their wild endeavours to catch a glimpse of their Queen.[1] "Gloriana," a consummate actress from the beginning to the end of her long course, played her part to perfection, accepting, for instance, a branch of rosemary from a poor woman as graciously as the verses recited by a young lady, seated in the midst of a huge white rose, and dressed as the Queen's grandmother, Elizabeth of York. Even Anne Boleyn, whose name she herself never breathed throughout the course of her long life, was pressed into the service of these elaborate pageants. Strange though it may seem, she appeared side by side with the husband who had beheaded her, and welcomed her daughter in the most tender fashion, congratulating her upon her accession to the throne. Elizabeth must have beheld this apparition with very mixed feelings, but, like a dutiful daughter, she made a low obeisance before the representatives of her departed parents.

[1] The best authorities for the details of the ceremonies observed at the coronation of Elizabeth are the very interesting notes by George Ferrers, the dramatist, introduced into Holinshed's Chronicle; Hayward's *History of the First Four Years of Queen Elizabeth*; and the Hatfield Papers: whilst particulars of the expenditure, etc., will be found in the State Papers. From these it would appear that considerable economy was observed in the expenses at the Abbey, where, although conducted strictly in accordance with precedent, the ceremonies were considerably less elaborate than at the coronations of either Edward VI. or Mary.

At the little conduit in Cheapside, there was a very significant pageant. Time and Truth appeared before the Queen. "Who is yonder old man with the beard?" quoth her Majesty to Sir John Parot, who rode near her. "Time," said he. "Time," answered the Queen; "how is that possible, seeing it is Time that hath brought me here!" Truth now presented to her a Bible, which she held up in both hands, kissed, and clasped to her bosom, heartily thanking the city for this, "the most precious gift of all." A purse containing £1000 in gold, the gift of the Recorder of the City, was received by the Queen with the utmost grace. She was bound to accept it, she said, "not so much on account of the gold as for their goodwill." Being told that an ancient citizen in the crowd was weeping, "I warrant," said she, "it is for gladness." Those mighty men of buckram, Gog and Magog, otherwise Gogmagog the Albion, and Corineus the Briton, were bidden to the great show, and, abandoning their accustomed station in the Guildhall, where they still remain the titular genii of the city, came to the Temple and towered on either side of the Bar. It was their duty to expound to the Queen the true significance of the pageant London had offered her Majesty, and this they did by means of a huge Latin inscription, which Elizabeth read out loud and replied to in her heartiest tones.

A great deal of difficulty was experienced in finding a bishop who was willing to crown the Queen, for her arrest of Bishop White at her sister's funeral had given great offence to the Catholic prelates. Heath, Archbishop of York, absolutely refused to have anything to do with the ceremony; and all the other bishops, except Oglethorpe of Carlisle, followed suit. He was, therefore, the only bishop present; Abbot Feckenham was in the church, but took no part in the function. The ceremony followed the Sarum Use, and was Roman Catholic, except that, at a certain point, Elizabeth gave Dr. Oglethorpe a little book from which he read the Gospel and Epistle in English. There was, apparently, something wrong with the oil used for anointing the Queen's shoulder, for she afterwards told her ladies "it was nasty grease, and stank." The banquet in Westminster Hall was sumptuous. The handsome hereditary Champion, Sir John Dymoke, looking magnificent in a new suit of armour, rode a black horse bedecked with much gold cloth and rich embroideries. No one disputed

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, FROM WESTMINSTER SCHOOL

the Queen's right to the throne, and Dymoke, after repeating his challenge thrice, triumphantly backed out of the Hall, amid deafening cheers.

Throughout Elizabeth's reign, pageantry followed the old lines, and that with great splendour; but, though the "virgin Queen" lived in an age which produced England's greatest poets, she had little or no artistic taste of her own, either as to her dress or the fashion of her entertainments. A very able woman she was, highly educated, and of elegant appearance, but a vein of almost barbaric coarseness constantly appeared both in her dress and manners. So fantastic and ugly was the costume she invented for herself in the last half of her reign, that the attendants about her made a mock both at her and it. For all that, she owed[1] Spinola of Genoa, in a single year, £17,000—equal to £170,000 of our money—for damasks, cloth of gold and silver for her wardrobe. He had a great deal of trouble in getting payment, but he got it at last. There was, however, a certain policy even in Elizabeth's strange choice of costume. Her exaggerated farthingale and her voluminous wig, her fan-like ruffs and wings of gauze, certainly imposed upon the popular imagination; all the more so, as she had a habit of wearing so many jewels that she could hardly walk under the weight of them. "Gloriana" hoisted up, on the shoulders of twelve gorgeous noblemen, in a sort of Sedia Gestatoria, a glittering work of gold and jewels, must have looked something like a Hindoo idol in a palanquin. As she passed along everyone fell on their knees, just as, in our time, they do before his Holiness of Rome. A goddess she imagined herself; as a goddess she lived, and as a goddess her subjects had to treat her. When her people laid the cloth for her dinner, they had to kneel each time they put a dish or a spoon upon the table, even though her Majesty herself was not in the room.[2] Her maids had to make several genuflections before they dared speak to her, and she used to keep her ministers

[1] Genoese archives, Spinola Papers.

[2] This servile etiquette began in Henry the Eighth's reign, and was unknown until Henry assumed the Supremacy of the Church. "I have seen," says Saronzo, the Venetian, "the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth kneel as many as five times before they ventured to address the King, their brother," *i.e.* Edward VI.

upon their knees as long as she possibly could. Even on her deathbed she kept the aged Archbishop of Canterbury kneeling so long that he fell ill soon afterwards from the effects of fatigue.

Like Henry VIII., Elizabeth delighted in the tilt-yard, in bull- and bear-baiting, cock-fighting, dog-fighting, and other like humane sports and pastimes. She was at Whitehall in 1581, when the Ambassador deputed to arrange matters concerning her marriage with the Duc d'Anjou arrived in England, and she invited her guests to a sumptuous tournament. Seated in the gallery of the tilt-yard, surrounded by a galaxy of her ladies, "Gloriana" so blazed with jewels that "you could barely look upon her." The Castle of Beauty was the prize to be tilted for, and among the champions was that worthy Knight of the Garter, Sir Harry Lee, who had made a vow to appear yearly in the tilt-yard till he was too old to hold a lance. The Challengers, who personated "the four foster children of Desire," were the Earl of Arundel, Lord Windsor, Sir Philip Sydney, and Sir Fulke Greville. Pennant calls this brilliant display "an amorous foolery." The Challengers appeared before the Castle, in which, needless to say, the vainest of queens was the Mistress Beauty, singing the following verses—

"Yield, yield, O yield, you that this fort do hold,
Which seated is in spotless Honour's field;
Desire's great force, no forces can withhold,
Then to Desire's desire, O yield, O yield!

Yield, yield, O yield: trust not to beauty's pride;
Fairness, though fair, is but a feeble shield;
When strong Desire, which Virtue's love doth guide,
Claims but to gain his due; yield, yield, O yield."

The "Fortress," however, was obdurate even to such choice poetry. Two cannons were now fired, one loaded with scented powder and the other with "sweet smelling water." Then knights with gilded ladders attempted to scale the walls, but "Gloriana," still unmoved, and assisted by her ladies, repelled the suitors with such a shower of roses that they were fain to beat a retreat. At length the tournay began in earnest, and Sir Harry Lee was first victor, whereupon "Gloriana" commanded him to her presence in her castle, and amid tremendous cheering crowned

him with laurels. The Queen now made a pretty speech, in which she condescended to express the opinion that "Violence should never attempt to win beauty, but rather strive to win her favours by perseverance and good fellowship." Strange queen and stranger woman!

Although extremely fond of pomp and display, Queen Elizabeth cannot be accused of being extravagant in her entertainment of others. She lived very simply, was a small eater, and "drank less than most people," attributing her robust health to her temperate habits. Even her entertainment of Ambassadors and other great personages was the reverse of magnificent, except in the display of gold and silver plate. One Ambassador informs us that he always rose with a good appetite after dining at the Palace; and another complains that, although Elizabeth gave audiences, she rarely gave food or wine. On the other hand, she loved to be splendidly entertained by her subjects, and did not care to what expense she put her host, nay, even though she ruined him! Her Progresses were each more magnificent than the other, but the after effects were rather disastrous. Even Leicester had to retrench after his famous entertainment of the Queen at Kenilworth; but then the records of his expenditure on that occasion baffle belief. The Queen's litter was often to be seen, surrounded by torch-bearers and halberdiers, proceeding through the narrow streets to some supper-party; and occasionally she even bestowed the honour of her august presence upon the house of a citizen like Gresham, who was not of noble birth.

On occasion, however, Elizabeth could, for the sake of policy, exhibit a degree of magnificence which dazzled her foreign guests. The entertainment, for instance, which she afforded to the Duc de Montmorencie, the French Ambassador, who came to ratify the terms of peace between England and France in 1572, was so sumptuous that his Excellency declared it impossible to surpass it in splendour either in France or in Italy. It would appear that at this period a foreign Ambassador was usually lodged in the house of some member of the nobility—nominally, at the Sovereign's expense, but, in reality, at that of a probably very reluctant host. M. de Montmorencie resided, during his stay, at the Palace of the Bishop of London, in St. Paul's Churchyard.

His costumes were so rich that the town could talk of nothing else; one suit in particular, of white satin, embroidered with gold and studded with countless large pearls, was sufficiently sumptuous to be admired and praised even by the Queen. The Envoy and his suite were entertained at dinner by Elizabeth on the day following their arrival. After dinner, the Queen stood with him in a gallery of Whitehall Palace, to watch some pastime, till six o'clock, after which the Ambassador and his company returned by water to the Bishop's house. The next day the whole Court, together with M. de Montmorencie, went to "Paris," a favourite pleasure resort, on the Southwark side of the Thames, to behold bull- and bear-baiting. At this agreeable entertainment, Elizabeth wore a gown of light green silk, embroidered with lilies and roses, in various shades, of gold and silver. She afterwards presented the Envoy with a dozen mastiffs, "to hunt the wolves in his parts," on his return home. His Excellency and his following, two or three days later, went by boat to Gravesend, whence they took horse to Dover, and so returned to France.

Equally magnificent was the entertainment given by her Majesty in this same year (1559) to the Duke of Finland, brother of Eric, King of Sweden. This Prince came to claim our Eliza's hand; but he found on his arrival that his neighbour of Denmark had forestalled him, and sent his nephew, the handsome young Duke of Holstein, on the same errand. The Duke of Finland was received with great honour at Colchester, and conducted to London by the Lords Robert Dudley and Oxford. At Gracechurch Street, he was greeted by the Marquis of Northampton, attended by a great gathering of noblemen, and, remarkable to relate, of Court ladies also, followed by a troop of Yeomen of the Guard in their liveries and chains. Finland was lodged with the Bishop of Winchester, whereas Holstein, who was quite as honourably entertained, was "put up" by the Lord Hunsdon, the Queen's cousin, at Somerset House. With that keen sense of humour which never forsook her, Elizabeth, who had not the remotest intention of marrying either gentleman, treated both of her suitors with equal consideration, and actually danced with them alternately in the same *coranto*, to the great offence of the Duke of Finland.

Of her many princely and noble suitors, the one Elizabeth undoubtedly favoured most, Leicester excepted, was the French Prince, the Duc d'Alençon, afterwards Duc d'Anjou, "an ugly gentleman, of pleasant manners, but a Papist." The Protestant world was indignant at the mere thought of such an alliance, and the pulpits thundered against it—for was not this Prince the son of "that wicked Jezebel of France, Catherine de Medici, who had slain so many men and women of our common faith"? A furious pamphlet was issued, denouncing the alliance, and entitled, *The Discovery of a Gaping Gulf wherein England is Like to be swallowed by Another French Marriage, if the Lord Forbid not the Banns.* The author was a gentleman named Stubbs, of Lincoln's Inn. A copy falling into the hands of Elizabeth, a singular proclamation was issued against both the author and his publisher, who were forthwith arrested, and condemned to have their left hands amputated. The sentence was carried out in St. Paul's Churchyard. Stubbs was afterwards sent to the Tower, and became, later in the century, famous under the pseudonym of Scævola as a vigorous writer of letters and pamphlets against "Popery."

Meanwhile, the French Court sent M. Simier as its special agent. He was "a pleasant, witty, cunning fellow," and contrived both to interest and amuse the Queen, who soon fell so much under his influence that Burleigh and Leicester were afraid of him. It was Simier who had the courage, and, under the circumstances, also the tact, to disclose to the Queen that her dearly beloved "Robin," Earl of Leicester, who had recently lost his first wife, Amy Robsart, under mysterious circumstances, had clandestinely married Lettice, the daughter of the Queen's kinsman, Sir Francis Knollys. The French archives contain a very curious description of the manner in which "Gloriana" received the news of this treachery, which, more than anything else, confirmed her in her determination to marry the French Prince. "She fumed, she cried, she raved. She paced up and down her room, and was so violent" that M. Simier became alarmed for her reason. He had good cause to be alarmed, also, for his own safety; for a few days later, whilst rowing on the Thames with the Queen in her barge, a shot was fired at him, though fortunately without taking effect; it, however, struck the boatman.

The Queen, seeing the man was bleeding, threw him her scarf, saying, "Bind up thy wound, man. The bullet was meant for us and not for thee." At last the much expected Prince arrived, and "Gloriana," in her delight at beholding him, forgot all her grievances, and as every obstacle on the part of the Privy Council had been removed, she was in a most amiable frame of mind. This was his second visit to England; and there had been changes in both the Queen and her suitor since his previous appearance some months earlier. Henri, who was only Duc d'Alençon when his suit began, had now, through force of circumstances, become Duc d'Anjou and Heir Apparent of France. Elizabeth, on the other hand, had undergone, since their last meeting three months previous, an illness which might have proved fatal to her charms, for she had been attacked by smallpox, but fortunately it had left few traces. Anjou, at the time of his second visit, was twenty-three and as "ugly as a frog," whilst the Queen was in her thirty-sixth year; but Elizabeth was one of those women of uncertain age, so buoyant were her spirits and so juvenile her feelings. The reception accorded to Monsieur as the Heir Apparent of the French crown was magnificent as far as the Court was concerned, but the people received him in glacial silence. Elizabeth was quite childishly pleased with her suitor, who, to do him justice, acted his part to admiration, flattering her even to her satisfaction. She, on the other hand, went so far as to slip her coronation ring on to his finger, and this act, on the night of his arrival, and in the presence of the whole Court, was naturally enough interpreted as a kind of betrothal. No sooner had the Prince retired, than Hatton, Leicester, and Walsingham claimed an audience of the Queen, and dashed her spirits by representing to her in undisguised language the danger to the Church, and to the welfare of England in general, if the marriage ever took place. It is said that poor "Gloriana" did not go to bed that night, but sat all forlorn in tears, in the midst of her maids, bewailing her fate. The next day she sent for the Prince, and an odd scene took place, in which Anjou twice took off the ring she had given him and threw it away, but only to pick it up again. After this, he stayed two months at our Court, during which time Elizabeth had eyes and ears for him and him only. Of this period Bohun tells us, "the Queen danced often then,

and omitted no sort of recreation, pleasing conversation, or variety of subjects for his satisfaction. At the same time, the plenty of good dishes, pleasant wines, fragrant ointments and perfumes, dances, masques, and variety of rich attire, were all taken up and used to show him how much he was honoured. There were then acted comedies and tragedies with much cost and splendour. When these things had once been entertained, the courtiers were never more to be reclaimed from them, and they could not be satiated or wearied with them. But when Alençon was once dismissed and gone, the Queen herself left off these diversions, and betook herself as before to the care of her kingdom; and both by example and severe corrections endeavoured to reduce her nobility to their old severe way of life."

Anjou, it need scarcely be added, never married the Queen; but she ever kept among her treasures a weird little golden trinket made in the shape of a frog, in the centre of which was a miniature of Monsieur. Of course, Londoners were much rejoiced that their beloved "Gloriana" had not married her "Frenchie mann." And it was as well she did not, for Anjou disgraced himself shortly after his return.

It is believed that the beautiful and oft quoted lines in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* refer to the Queen's final rejection of Anjou—

> "That very time I saw (but thou couldst not),
> Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
> Cupid all armed. A certain aim he took
> At a fair vestal, thronèd by the west,
> And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
> As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
> But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
> Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
> And the imperial votress passed on,
> In maiden meditation, fancy-free."

That she was really in love with the French Prince there can be little doubt; and the news of his disgrace and assassination, soon after his return to France, filled her with genuine grief. Lady Leighton, one of her women, wrote to Hattori, that she was pained to see "the sorrow, grief, and solitariness, her Majesty

gives herself up to of late," but which, she hopes, "time and the Queen's wisdom will soon overcome."

It was very soon after Anjou's departure that Elizabeth cast her eyes on young Raleigh. In the autumn of the year 1583, occurred the famous incident of the cloak that brought the future Sir Walter to the fore. It had been raining heavily the day before the Queen, attended by her ladies and officers of State, went out to take her walks abroad. Suddenly "Gloriana," ever dainty in her habits, hesitated as she stood before an extra large puddle, doubting whether to wade it or no. Quick as thought, young Raleigh doffed his new plush cloak and laid it in the mud for his sovereign lady to step upon—"whereon the Queen trod gently over, rewarding him afterwards with many suits for his so free and seasonable tender of so fair a footcloth." A week or so later, Raleigh, being in a window recess at Whitehall, scrawled with a diamond on the pane—

"*Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall.*"

The Queen, passing that way an hour later, read the lines and added in halting rhyme—

"*If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all.*"

Raleigh took the hint, as all the world knows. His heart failed him not, and eventually he climbed so high that, at last, only a scaffold was left for him to ascend.

Elizabeth had grand opportunity, in the autumn of 1568, to display her magnificence, when our Court was visited by the second Russian Embassy that set foot on our shores. The Queen received the Muscovites with effusion, as she did also one Jenkinson, an Englishman who accompanied them, and who was the first of our compatriots to explore the southern and eastern limits of the Russian Empire, to sail upon the Caspian Sea, and visit the wild region beyond. Tzar Ivan the Terrible had entrusted Jenkinson with a secret mission to the Queen, which reads strangely in the light of recent events in Russia (1905). His subjects, disgusted by his violence and cruelty, were in a threatening mood, and Ivan was evidently fearful that he might be obliged to abdicate, and together with his family, seek hospitality abroad. He begged Elizabeth to enter into a league,

offensive and defensive, with him, and, in the event of his being driven from his throne, to grant him and his wife and family an honourable reception within her dominions. Elizabeth, with her usual caution, promised nothing that she could not back out of; but, on the other hand, she was extremely cordial to the Ambassador and his suite, who, on account of their extraordinary costumes and the magnificence of their furs and jewels, were the delight of London. Their manners were very uncouth, and although they were lodged with the Bishop of Winchester, that prelate was unable to get them either to wash themselves or go to bed "like ordinary Christians." They rubbed themselves with grease, which they scraped off with a sort of comb, and went to sleep on straw freshly put down for their accommodation. They brought their own cooks with them, and ate "dreadful dishes" with their fingers. The Muscovites presented Elizabeth with a superb assortment of furs, especially ermine and sable, with which she adorned herself. In return she sent Ivan some fine silks and velvets, and a quantity of the products of British carpentry, with other useful articles which she felt sure his dread Majesty did not possess. Jenkinson must have told the Queen some very strange stories concerning this extraordinary Tzar, his debaucheries, his cruelty, and his Oriental and barbaric splendour.

The water pageants of Elizabeth's reign were both numerous and beautiful. The Queen loved old Father Thames, and of a summer's day, or even late of an evening, her gorgeous barge, followed by a fleet of other and scarcely less brilliant vessels, was to be seen enlivening with the radiance of red and gold the silvery waters of our most historic river. One soft August afternoon, in 1576, she sailed down the Thames, having the Venetian Ambassador with her, her musicians drawing soothing melodies from harps and other stringed instruments as the barge moved slowly on. Elizabeth spoke to the Italian in his own soft idiom, and enchanted him by her gracious conversation and her excellent knowledge of his native language. She even went so far as to repeat, with a perfect accent, some Italian rhymes she had learnt by heart in her girlhood. On another occasion, when she "supped with the Earl of Pembroke at Baynard's Castle, the night being very fine, she took boat and was rowed up and down the river in the moonlight, escorted by hundreds of

illuminated boats and barges, rowing about her, and thousands of people thronging to the water's edge to look upon her Majesty, rejoicing to see her partaking of the music and gaiety upon the Thames." Lord Pembroke was the brother-in-law of her old friend and stepmother Katherine Parr, and reputed the richest peer of his time.

The Masques at Court during this reign were nothing like so splendid or original as those which enlivened Whitehall and Hampton Court in Henry the Eighth's time. Brantome, who visited England on his return from Edinburgh, where he had been in the train of Mary Stuart when she took possession of her throne, tells us that whilst he was in London, the Queen of England entertained him and the Scottish Queen's uncle, the Duc d'Aumale, with a Masque, the subject of which was, to say the least, rather profane. It dealt with the parable of the wise and foolish Virgins, who were represented by the Queen's ladies. The wise maidens carried gold and silver lamps, trimmed and lighted. Both categories of vestals, the wise and the foolish, danced with the French nobles, and the Queen herself joined in the measure with "wondrous majesty and grace."

The strangest of all her Progresses through London was that in which she went in state to attend a preaching at the Cross of the dissolved Priory of St. Mary Spittle Bishopsgate Street. Her Majesty headed the procession in a chariot drawn by eight white horses. She was attended by her ladies, who rode two and two in "whirlicotes," or small chariots, drawn by two horses. Then came an escort of a thousand mounted men in harness and coats of mail, with their trumpets blowing. Two distinct troops of morris dancers, in their parti-coloured garments, with bells and batons ringing and beating, came next; and, finally, two white bears in a cart. Camden does not inform us whether the bears attended Divine Service or not, but afterwards, when "Gloriana" and her Court returned to Whitehall, her Majesty appeared at the window to behold them go through their antics and was "mighty well pleased." These animals were probably polar bears, considered a great rarity, and hence the Queen's condescension in allowing them to figure in the royal procession, in which, no doubt, they formed an attraction second only to her gracious self. All the same, their presence must have

appeared somewhat singular even in the days of "Gloriana." Imagine our King kindly permitting the introduction of the latest importation at the Zoo to figure in his escort to some Thanksgiving Service or other procession!

Though the art of archery was fast declining into a mere pastime, it still received royal patronage, and had been a favourite amusement of Henry VIII. On the occasion of a match organised at Windsor, one Barlow, a native of Shoreditch, so delighted the "Bluff King" by his prowess that that monarch playfully raised him to the peerage as Duke of Shoreditch. The title stuck, and the chief of the London archers always assumed it for many years afterwards. By Elizabeth's time, the archers had formed a whole "peerage" to themselves, and at a match which took place in Smithfield in 1583, the "Marquises" of Clerkenwell, Islington, Hoxton, and Shadwell, and the "Earl" of St. Pancras, appeared. Headed by their pseudo-patrician leaders, the archers mustered at the Merchant Taylors' Hall, to the number of three hundred, and after marching through the city streets, finished with an archery display in Smithfield.

Among the very numerous eminent men who shed lustre over the reign of "Good Queen Bess," Thomas Gresham stands out prominently. Of Norfolk family, this distinguished man, like Dick Whittington, came at an early age to London, where his extraordinary aptitude for business soon ripened and brought him both wealth and fame. By the time he was twenty-four he had become a member of the Mercers' Company. The mismanagement of our commercial affairs by the "King's Merchant," Sir William Dansell, in the Low Countries, led to Gresham's being sent to Antwerp, where he soon made a towering position for himself. Here he found the celebrated Burse, or Exchange, and studied its methods, with a view to ultimately establishing a like institution in London. Fortune favoured the scheme, and he built at his own expense a very fine quadrangular building, with an internal courtyard, on the site of the present edifice, the city providing the ground. Sir Thomas reserved for himself the rents of a number of shops surrounding the building, which brought him in an average income of £700. There were, at first, endless difficulties in the way of his enterprise—the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury made

themselves conspicuously unpleasant as to terms of purchase, the ground rental being the property of the Primatial See. However, liberally endowed by Gresham, and enriched by public subscription, the useful institution in due time became an accomplished fact. About the time of its erection, Gresham had been occupied in the sale of "alabaster" in the Low Lands—most probably derived from the deserted altars and tombs of suppressed abbeys and other churches. This commerce may have led to his obtaining cheap material abroad for his new enterprise, for nearly all the stone used in the erection of his Exchange came from Flanders; even the pavement of the actual building, consisting of little blocks of Turkish hone-stones, is said to have been imported in Gresham's own day. The name of the architect of the first Exchange has not been preserved, but we know that the master of the works was a Flamand named Henryk, and that most of the workmen were foreigners.

On January 22, 1571, all was in readiness, and Elizabeth accepted an invitation to dine with Sir Thomas and Lady Gresham—to whom she was under considerable private obligation in money matters—and afterwards to declare the Burse open. Among the private matters we allude to, was the custody, some seven years earlier, of the refractory heiress to the throne, Lady Mary Grey, sister of Lady Jane, who had misbehaved herself by marrying Mr. Thomas Keyes, the gigantic Porter of the Water Gate at Westminster Palace. As we have noted before, the bride was a dwarf, and the bridegroom stood seven feet without his boots. After the discovery of this clandestine marriage, the Queen sent Mr. Keyes to the Fleet, where in due course he died, and confided Lady Mary to the tender mercies of Lady Gresham, who literally—it is her own expression to Cecil—could not "abide her."

"Gloriana" came, with her Court, to Sir Thomas' house in Austin Friars from her palace in the Strand. She was never in a better humour. At dinner she sat next to Sir Thomas, and had the French Ambassador, La Motte Fénélon, on her left. Those who wish to form a true appreciation of this extraordinary woman should read Fénélon's *Despatches*. He had a genius for drawing her out and tickling her vanity, and she for mystifying him. On the whole, they were a perfect match, and

"Gloriana" was charmed with the witty Frenchman. Her Majesty, who had not been seen in the city for two years, was received as no other sovereign, save Queen Victoria, has ever been before or since. She was delighted, almost childish in her buoyancy. At this time she was seriously inclined to favour the proposed match with the Duc d'Anjou, although she frankly told La Motte she knew all about the Prince's evil reputation.

Throughout dinner, "Gloriana" talked love and marriage with La Motte, and business with Gresham. She informed the Ambassador that she would do her best to be a loving wife, "and that in time she would find herself the mother of a fine boy, and thus being in the possession of an heir, she would be able to prevent any more evil plots against her." She asked several times how he thought she was looking, and he replied, naturally enough, "Divinely beautiful." In his despatches he says she was, for her age—she was nearly forty—quite surprising! It was noticed that, as she passed out of the saloon to prepare herself to go to the Exchange, she did not speak with Coligny's brother, the Cardinal de Chastillon, who was present.

It was nearly seven when, accompanied by a great escort of torch-bearers, "Gloriana" proceeded to the Exchange, which was a blaze of illumination in the Italian style—little coloured glass-pots full of burning grease, and huge wax torches in sconces standing out from the walls. Her Majesty, the Ambassadors, the Greshams, and the French Admiral rested in "the Pawn," which was gorgeously decorated with Oriental carpets and silk hangings. Quite spontaneously, and of her own accord, Elizabeth delivered a neat little speech, and granted the enchanted and munificent merchant the right to call his Exchange "Royal."

Her Majesty, followed by most of the company who had assembled at dinner, returned to Somerset House through the illuminated streets. The whole population was abroad, holding torches and shouting wildly, "God save the Queen!" "It did her heart good," she said, "to see her subjects so loyal and herself so well beloved." She brushed the tears from her eyes, and added in a whisper to La Motte, "that she knew her people had but one regret. They knew her to be mortal, and that she had no successor, born of her, to reign over them after her death." La

Motte, for once, was touched by the apparent sincerity of this astonishing royal virago, who so evidently wished to have been a mother.

The "Pawn,"[1] in which Elizabeth was entertained by Gresham, was a sort of bazaar or spacious gallery, with a wide alley in the middle, and shops on either side, installed in the upper storey of the building. It soon became a fashionable lounge, especially of an evening, for it was lighted up until ten o'clock. All sorts of rich and costly goods, such as jewellery, silver and gold plate, millinery, lace, carpets, curios, glassware, pins and needles,[2] and bric-à-brac were displayed here to great advantage. It was the Bond Street of Old London, and even pictures were sold here, as appears from the following entry, dated 1660, culled by the writer from an old account-book in the library at Raynham Hall, Norfolk: "A picture of a lady by Sir Anthony Van Dyke, purchased in the Pawn for £60, 10s. 6d. with 1s. to the man for bringing of it home. Also a picture of a lady with a child holding an apple, by an Italian, £10, and 1s. to the man for fetching it away." Where "home" was is not stated. In the daytime, especially of an afternoon, in Queen Bess's reign, "Paul's Walk" was the rendezvous of the smart and frivolous world of the period; but, in the evening, the "Paul's Walkers" resorted to the "Pawn," where you might meet peers and peeresses, demi-reps, courtiers, foreigners, adventurers, actors and actresses: in a word, the entire *dramatis*

[1] This word, "Pawn," is said to have been derived from the German *bahn*, or Dutch *baan*, a path or walk.

[2] It is curious that that invaluable article, the pin, should have appeared so "late in the day" as the reign of Queen Mary, but it was during her period that it was first made in England, though pins would seem to have been manufactured previously on the Continent, whence, it is said, sixty thousand pounds of them were annually imported. They were, however, very expensive, and with the lower orders wooden skewers or thorns took their place. In Mary's reign there was but one pin-maker in London, who lived in Cheapside, and was, strange to relate, a negro, who must have been as great a curiosity, to the people of his time, as the articles he made. The thorns and skewers were sold about the streets, in packets worth about a farthing of our money. Brass and copper pins cost more, and were blunt and difficult to manage. The needles used even as late as the middle of Elizabeth's reign were made of bone and wood. Steel needles came in about 1570, and were costly articles, mostly "made in Germany."

personæ of the fast world. Good old Samuel Rolle says of the "Pawn," just before its destruction by the Great Fire, "What artificial thing was there that could entertain the senses, or the fantasies of men, that was not there to be had? Such was the delight that many gallants took in that magazine of all curious varieties, that they could almost have dwelt there, going from shop to shop like bees from flower to flower, if they had but had a fountain of money that could not have been drawn dry." There were more coaches to be seen before the door of the "Pawn" than before the churches; and Daniel Lupton, a witty man, in his *London and the Country Carbonadoed* (1632), advises merchants to "keep their wives from visiting the upper rooms too often, lest they tire their purses by attiring themselves." After the Great Fire,—in which, by the way, perished all the statues of the Kings of England, from the Conquest, "they all fell down upon their faces," leaving the founder, Gresham's effigy alone upon its feet,—the "Pawn" was rebuilt, on a grander scale than ever, and continued to be a resort of fashion until the end of the first quarter of the eighteenth century, when the fashionable world began to move westward and Bond Street sprang into existence. Addison mentions a curious fact in connection with the Royal Exchange. He says that he often heard disputes "adjusted there between an inhabitant of Japan (!) and an Alderman of London; or a subject of the Great Mogul entering into a league with one of the Czar of Muscovy." (!) Maitland tells us that, by 1739, the "Pawn," which was once the greatest emporium in Europe for all that was rich and rare, was already forsaken and desolate. It was the custom with the frequenters of the "Pawn," when its gates were closed, to repair to the neighbouring coffee-houses and taverns for supper. Of these, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Jonathan's in 'Change Alley was the most fashionable. In Elizabeth's time there were some famous Italian confectioners in this part of the town, where ices and biscuits were sold.

Not very far from the Exchange was another resort of the idle world, Bucklersbury, where the "Indian shops" attracted the belles and emptied the pockets of the beaux. In Elizabeth's day, however, drugs and perfumes were the chief objects for purchase; but as our trade with India increased, the "Indian

shops" were filled with China and Japan tea, curios, rare shawls, embroideries, and porcelains. In the reign of William and Mary, the Queen was induced to visit the "Indian shops," which were kept by women of more or less repute, and made some purchases. The Queen, the Earl of Nottingham tells us, "dined at Mrs. Garden's, the famous woman in the Hall that sells fine ribands and head-dresses. Thence she went to the Jew's that sells Indian things; to Mrs. Ferguson's; De Vet's; Mrs. Harrison's, and other Indian houses." Unfortunately her Majesty omitted to pay a call on Mrs. Potter, who had made all the arrangements for the royal visit, a piece of negligence which made a most disloyal subject of that good dame. The matter reached the King's ears, who reprimanded the Queen, both in public and in private, and thus Mrs. Potter was avenged; but, unfortunately, the King, in his wrath, called the "Indian houses" by a very ugly name, and rebuked his consort for going there at all. Says Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in her "Town Eclogue of the Toilette"—

> "Straight then I'll dress, and take my wonted range,
> Through Indian shops, to Motteux' or the 'Change;
> Where the tall jar erects its stately pride,
> With antic shapes in China's azure dyed;
> There careless lies a rich brocade unrolled;
> Here shines a cabinet with burnished gold.
> But then, alas! I must be forced to pay,
> And bring no penn'worths, not a fan away."

In 1578, Elizabeth was recovering slowly from the effects of the universal resentment roused throughout the Continent by the execution of Mary Stuart, which was the main cause of the threatened Spanish invasion.

In London, however, her action had proved extremely popular, and the people lighted bonfires to celebrate the joyful news that the Queen's famous rival was dead. Although Elizabeth pretended that she was ignorant of these popular rejoicings, it was only too evident that she was perfectly cognisant of them. Elizabeth, for all her well-acted grief for the "unhappy accident" that had sent the Queen of Scots to the block, was full of perplexity and dread as to the consequences of her act, and her heart was, moreover, charged with

remorse and fear. Cecil tells us that the Queen, after the execution of Mary Stuart, had become very apathetic and extremely difficult to rouse into action. She was naturally parsimonious, and in a fit of indifference or economy had nearly starved her disorganised forces encamped at Tilbury. The men were so reduced for the want of food that they were selling their armour for small cash. It is difficult to account for this extraordinary niggardliness on the part of the able Queen at a time of such exceeding danger. Possibly she feared that all the money in the Exchequer would not avail her if her Continental policy of intrigue and chicanery proved fruitless. The fact remains that she was listless, almost careless, until Cecil roused her to a full sense of her danger and her duty.

The city, fully alive to the national peril, had, in April, equipped sixteen of the best merchant-vessels that floated on the Thames, and, moreover, without being asked to do so, had liberally victualled them. In the meantime, thanks to the energetic protests of her ministers, Elizabeth became her royal self again, and set to work to devote her fascinating personality and her eloquence to inspire her troops and her people with the highest sense of patriotism. Her courage, tact, and ability, on this occasion were beyond all praise; and, what is more, it was successful.

On July 19, the Armada was sighted off the Lizard, and was seen to consist of a fleet of 136 sail, of which 90 were large vessels. Our fleet was formed of only 67 ships, all told, so badly supplied with ammunition that at the last gasp, Lord Howard of Effingham had to beg the Government—"For God's sake"—to send him "some powder and shot!"

Before the momentous events which followed upon the sea, Elizabeth had visited in state the camps of Tilbury, and taken up the honorary position of General-in-Chief of her forces; dining with her officers, and sleeping under canvas. Making full use of her rare histrionic talent, "Gloriana" undoubtedly played her part at Tilbury to perfection. Her assumption of mingled heartiness and affability won all hearts. Her speech was gracious and inspiring, and she was lavish with promises, some of which, needless to say, she never fulfilled,—notably that made to gallant Ratcliffe.

Queen Elizabeth was at Tilbury when Drake sent the first important Spanish captive, Don Pedro Valdez, to be presented to her as a pledge of future successes. According to that good old Chaplain to the Forces, Lionel Sharpe, "One night, whilst the Queen was lying in camp, guarded by her army, Leicester examined Don Pedro, and asked him, in case of a Spanish victory, what he intended to do with the Catholics. 'Why,' replied the prisoner, 'send the good men to Heaven.' 'And with the Protestants?' demanded Leicester. 'Why, send them to Hell!'"

On August 8, the news of the dispersal of the Armada was brought to the Queen by the young Earl of Cumberland, and her kinsman, Robert Cary, both of whom had volunteered and had greatly distinguished themselves. Elizabeth received the news with honest thankfulness to Heaven and to her men.

The tension in London during these weeks of expectant anxiety had been tremendous. The knowledge of the horrors committed by the Spaniards in the Netherlands had filled everyone with dread, and had even depopulated many towns and villages along the coast, the frightened inhabitants flocking inland for protection. Even the least well-informed were fully aware that our fleet, as compared with that of Spain, was but a mere agglomeration of "cockle-shells." When at last England realised the truth that we were safe, that the "mighty and invincible" Armada had been defeated, and that what remained of it was scurrying northwards as far as the Hebrides, in bedraggled plight, seeking to get free from the "cockle-shells" and their doughty commanders, Drake, Hawkins, Grenville, Howard, Frobisher, Gilbert, and a score of others almost equally illustrious, then the pent-up feeling of weeks was let loose, and the people gave themselves up to unrestrained rejoicing.

In the midst of the universal festivity—between the date of the dispersal of the Armada and the Thanksgiving Service—poor "Gloriana" received a staggering blow. She had, in her exuberance, committed the extraordinary error, for one so habitually cautious, of creating a new office, that of Lord-Lieutenant of England and Ireland, for the benefit of her favourite, Leicester. The document only waited her signature, but, at the last moment, Burleigh and Hatton stayed her pen. Leicester, mortally offended and hurt, retired to his seat,

Cornbury in Oxfordshire, where he shortly afterwards died of a fever caught in Tilbury camp at the time of the disarmament of the troops. The news of his death reached the Queen on the following day, September 5. She made a prodigious show of grief, sobbed like a child, and refused food for twenty-four hours, which "great sorrow" did not, however, prevent her from confiscating Leicester's property in full payment of money advanced to him at various times during his life.

On November 24, the Queen, who was rapidly forgetting Leicester for Essex, had sufficiently recovered from her grief to attend in state at the Thanksgiving Service in St. Paul's for "the Deliverance of the Country from the Spanish Invasion." She arrived in a beautiful golden car, made like a throne, with a canopy over it, supported by four columns, the canopy representing an Imperial crown. In front were two low pillars, with a lion in gold on one and a dragon on the other. The car was drawn by two milk-white ponies, and attended by pensioners and footmen. Close to her, and leading her horse of state, rode her new favourite, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, now lately appointed Master of the Horse. Elizabeth wore the wonderful costume in which she appears in Crispin de Passé's unique engraving of her on this occasion, which was purchased some years ago by the Nation for £1800, and is now in the print-room of the British Museum. Her gown was of white silk, covered with a net-work of silver gauze drawn into the shape of diamonds, in each section of which was a big pear-shaped pearl. This skirt, which was stretched out on wooden hoops, was of prodigious width, and cut somewhat short to show her small feet, which were encased in high-heeled shoes with square toes. A mantle of sky-blue velvet, embroidered with fleur-de-lys, hung from her shoulders. Her pale face peered through a mist of gauze wings and ruffs, and round her neck were countless and invaluable pearl necklaces, some of which reached almost to her waist. Behind her rode all the beauty, rank, and fame of England. The service over, her Majesty next appeared in a small, box-like pulpit, built expressly on the north wall overlooking Paul's Cross, where she listened to a sermon preached by the Bishop of Salisbury, after which she dined at the Palace of the Bishop of London, and returned, in the afternoon,

to Somerset House. This was really the last great pageant of her reign. She had many years yet to live, many a glory to achieve, but no other opportunity ever again presented itself for so unprecedented and triumphant a display of patriotic enthusiasm.

The people did not resent the favour Elizabeth bestowed upon Essex, who, on account of his gracious manners, was for a time very popular. On the other hand, they disliked Leicester, who was haughty and cruel. They remembered—and never forgot—the day long gone by, when Elizabeth visited Greenwich Fair riding pillion behind Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, then in the zenith of his favour. The mob had pressed up close to the Majesty of England, and such was their ardour that they had nearly unhorsed her in the endeavour to obtain a passing glance or smile of recognition. Leicester had used his whip to keep them off. "Strike them not, my lord," cried the Queen, in a loud tone, "strike not my people." Then she added in a whisper, "Hit at 'em, my lord,"—and Leicester had obeyed her muttered order only too faithfully. After Essex's execution, whenever Elizabeth appeared in the streets of London, instead of the tumultuous cheering of bygone days, there was an ominous silence, which cut the proud old Queen to the quick. On October 7, 1601, she opened her last Parliament, but was so weak that she could no longer support the weight of her robes, and had to be helped to her throne. She rallied later on, and her address to the House against monopolies—"the harpies and horse leeches"—was worthy of Shakespeare himself. "I had rather," she said, "that my heart and hand should perish, than either heart or hand should allow such privileges to monopolists as may be prejudicial to my people. The splendour of royal majesty hath not so blinded mine eyes that licentious power should prevail with me more than justice." How fine is this next sentence! "The glory of the name of king may deceive those princes that know not how to rule, as gilded pills may deceive a sick patient, but I am none of those princes, for I know that the commonwealth is to be governed for the good and advantage of them that are committed to me, who will have to give an account one day to a Higher Power of my stewardship."

We get a quite photographic impression of the personal appearance of the virgin Queen towards the end of her life, in

a description written by Hentzner, the German traveller, who, one Sunday in the summer of 1598, was privileged to witness her proceeding to the Royal Chapel. He thus describes the pageant from its beginning in the Presence Chamber—

"In the same Hall were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, a great number of Counsellors of State, Officers of the Crown and gentlemen, who waited the Queen's coming out: which she did from her own apartment, when it was time to go to prayers, attended in the following manner: first went Gentlemen, Barons, Earls, Knights of the Garter, all richly dressed and bare-headed: next came the Chancellor, bearing the seals in a red-silk purse, between two: one of which carried the Royal scepter, the other the sword of state, in a red scabbard, studded with golden fleur-de-lis, the point upwards: next came the Queen, in the sixty-fifth year of her age, as we were told, very majestic: her face oblong, fair, but wrinkled: her eyes small, yet black and pleasant: her nose a little hooked: her lips narrow, and her teeth black (a defect the English seem subject to, from their too great use of sugar): she had in her ears two pearls, with very rich drops: she wore false hair, and that red: upon her head she had a small crown, reported to be made of gold of the celebrated Lunebourg Table. Her bosom was uncovered, as all the English Ladies have it till they marry: and she had on a necklace of exceeding fine jewels: her hands were small, her fingers long, and her stature neither tall nor low: her air was stately, her manner of speaking mild and obliging. That day she was dressed in white silk, bordered with pearls of the size of beans, and over it a mantle of black silk, shot with silver threads: her train was very long, the end of it borne by a Marchioness: instead of a chain, she had an oblong collar of gold and jewels. As she went along in all this state and magnificence, she spoke very graciously, first to one, then to another, whether foreign ministers, or those who attended for different reasons, in English, French, and Italian: for, besides being well skilled in Greek, Latin, and the languages I have mentioned, she is mistress of Spanish, Scotch, and Dutch: whoever speaks to her, it is kneeling: now and then she raises some with her hand. . . ."

At the conclusion of the service in the Chapel, which lasted about half an hour, the Queen supped alone, but, says Hentzner—

"while she was still at prayers, we saw her table set out with the following solemnity: a gentleman entered the room bearing

a rod, and along with another who had a table cloth, which, after they had both kneeled three times with the utmost veneration, he spread upon the table, and after kneeling again, they bothe retired. Then came two others, one with the rod again, the other with a salt-cellar, a plate and bread: when they had kneeled, as the others had done, and placed what was brought upon the table, they too retired with the same ceremonies performed by the first. At last came an unmarried Lady (we were told she was a Countess) and along with her a married one, bearing a tasting-knife: the former was dressed in white silk, who, when she had prostrated herself three times in the most graceful manner, approached the table, and rubbed the plates with bread and salt, with as much awe as if the Queen had been present: when they had waited there a little while, the Yeomen of the Guard entered, bare-headed, clothed in scarlet, with a golden rose upon their backs, bringing in at each turn a course of twenty-four dishes, served in plate, most of it gilt: these dishes were received by a gentleman in the same order they were brought, and placed upon the table, while the lady-taster gave to each of the guards a mouthful to eat, of the particular dish he had brought, for fear of any poison. During the time that this guard, which consists of the tallest and stoutest men that can be found in all England, being carefully selected for the service, were bringing dinner, twelve trumpets and two kettle-drums made the hall ring for half-an-hour together. At the end of this ceremonial, a number of unmarried ladies appeared, who, with particular solemnity, lifted the meat off the table, and conveyed it into the Queen's inner and more private chamber, where, after she had chosen for herself, the rest goes to the Ladies of the Court. The Queen dines and sups alone, with very few attendants: and it is very seldom that anybody, foreigner or native, is admitted at that time, and then only at the intercession of somebody in power."

There was yet to be a little flicker of the old gaiety before the end. Irish tunes and jigs had become all the fashion, and Elizabeth, a month or so before her death, danced a jig to an Irish tune, probably "Patrick's Day in the Morning." My Lord of Worcester, who saw her going through its steps, thought Bird's exquisite old song, "Lullaby," which had been sung several times before the Queen by her madrigal boys, a more appropriate measure for one who was evidently soon to pass into the Shadow Land. But this astounding creature was "game" to the last. She resented a sermon preached before her by Bishop Anthony Rudd,

in which he pointedly alluded to her age, and spoke of the time "when the grinders be few in number, and they wax dark who look out of windows." The Queen, when the preaching was over, opened her window, as was her wont, to air the chapel, then turning to the Bishop, who evidently expected to be complimented, told him he might keep his disobliging observations to himself, "For I see that some wise men are as big fools as the rest." She knew her end was approaching, and so did her good people of London.

The winter of 1602 witnessed a rapid decline in the health of the Queen. The execution of Essex[1] had broken the stout old heart, and, at her advanced age, even her buoyant nature collapsed under the weight of passionate grief and remorse. On January 10, 1603, she sickened, and all her marvellous energy passed from her. Still, true to her old self, even in these sad weeks, she went on writing gay epistles to her latest conquest, Lord Mountjoy, a handsome Irishman of thirty-five, and kissed

[1] Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, who was one of the most interesting of Elizabeth's numerous favourites, entered the Tower as a prisoner on February 9, 1601, and was executed within the walls of the grimmest of our fortresses on the 25th of the same month, on a charge of high treason. He had been at one time exceedingly popular, and had won deserved renown on many a battlefield both in France and Spain. But his failures in Ireland aroused the fear and anger of the Queen, and the rancour of his many enemies. Elizabeth was, no doubt, desperately attached to him, and, being "an old-young woman," exceedingly jealous of his attentions to other and more juvenile beauties. Essex, who was as vain as the Queen, presumed too much on his influence over her enamoured and unvenerable Majesty. By appearing in her presence unannounced, with muddy boots and unbuttoned doublet, he offended her, and in a fit of resentment she consented to commit him to the Tower to await his trial. According to a well-founded tradition, Elizabeth impatiently awaited the return of a ring which she had bestowed upon the Earl, with the assurance that if ever he were in danger and sent it to her, she would receive it as a token of distress and a pleading for pardon, which would assuredly be heard. The ring fell into the hands of the revengeful Countess of Nottingham, and the Queen, wounded in her tenderest feelings, allowed the executioner to fulfil his task. Essex met death with great dignity, the axe falling in the midst of a prayer for Divine mercy. The deathbed repentance of Lady Nottingham, and the fearful scene which took place between the Queen and the dying woman, who confessed that she had maliciously kept back the ring, are striking incidents in an interesting and dramatic story, which, however, lacks historical confirmation, although no doubt it contains a good deal more than the proverbial "grain of truth."

Mr. William Sydney, before her ladies, because he danced a "coranto," "Oh! so nimbly," at Richmond Palace.

A little before the end, she said to her cousin Lord Howard, "I'm tied with a chain of iron round my neck, my lord—I am tied, I am tied, and all is altered with me." Then on another occasion, turning to Robert Cecil, then much out of her good graces, she said sharply, "I am not mad,—you must not, Cecil, try to make Queen Jane of me,"—alluding to the crazy Queen of Spain, sister of Katherine of Aragon. This was in February. Early in March, M. de Beaumont, the French Ambassador, wrote to his Government, "The Queen is dying. She said in my hearing, 'I wist not to live any longer, but rather to die.'" It was an awful death-scene,—often described by many writers, admirably painted by Paul Delaroche,—yet the end came peacefully enough, on March 24, 1603. Religion aided that mighty and guilty spirit to enter Eternity, and, after a fierce struggle for life, Elizabeth passed into the Shadow Land, with a peaceful majesty which had a grandeur of its own, and a deep pathos too.

She was a great ruler of others—a poor ruler of herself. The great statesman and the frail woman did not draw well in harness together. The Monarch was mourned; the vain, painted old woman was laughed at—ay, even as her coffin, with its gaudy wax effigy on top, was borne, on April 28, to its final resting-place in the great Abbey. Her secretary, Harrington, says of her: "Even her errors did seem marks of surprising endowment. When she smiled it was pure sunshine, that everyone did seek to bask in, and when she frowned it was a very storm, that fell like thunder, in wondrous manner, on all sides."

Her body was brought to Whitehall from Richmond on March 24, 1603, and there lay in State till April 28. The corpse was carefully sealed up, and a wax effigy, "an excellent presentement," placed upon the coffin. But this was not the battered and ghastly figure still shown in Abbot Islip's Chapel. That "horror" is a reproduction, made in 1703, on the occasion of the centenary of the great Queen's death. The old figure was half melted, and only the neck and ruff remained intact.

All London, no doubt, attended the lying-in-state in the Chapel Royal, and reverently passed before the illustrious Sovereign's coffin. It rested on a high catafalque, under a canopy,

with the effigy on the lid and with hundreds of wax-lights gleaming around it. On the morning of April 28, 1603, the mortal remains of the mighty Queen were borne through thronged streets to the Abbey. Stowe, who was an eye-witness, describes the narrow ways crowded to excess by a mourning multitude "that swarmed on the roofs, and so, amid a general sighing, groaning, and weeping as the like hath never been before," they carried "Gloriana" to her last resting-place; which, strange to say, is on the top of the coffin of her less fortunate sister Mary. Elizabeth's monument is not only a fine work of art, but the face of the recumbent figure of the Queen, taken from a mask made after her death, is an exact portrait. It was executed in 1606 by Jean de Crily and Maximilian Poutrain, otherwise Coult. According to a letter among the Hatfield Papers, Hillyard, the famous miniature painter, had a hand in the details of the elaborate dress.

Little did Elizabeth imagine that the chief heroine of the sixteenth century, and her "hated rival," Mary Stuart, would be buried nearly opposite to her own grave. Yet such is the irony of fate. Mary's remains were brought to the Abbey from Peterborough on the 11th of October 1612, and privately interred in the vault facing that in which Elizabeth lies, and close to the coffin of her mother-in-law, Margaret Lennox. The Queen of Scots' fine monument, designed by Cornelius Cure, which cost £1000, was not erected till ten years later. The visitor to the Abbey may rest assured that the beautiful face with its noble outline is a true portrait.

Some of the popular verses written and circulated among the people at the time of the death of the great Queen, bear testimony to the almost idolatrous affection with which the majority of her subjects regarded her. Soon after the funeral service, at which, by the way, Dean Andrews preached and Raleigh made his last public appearance, the following quaint lines were set up near an effigy of the late Queen in St. Saviour's, Southwark—

"St Peter's Church at Westminster,
Her sacred body doth inter;
Her glorious soul with angels sings,
Her deeds have patterns been for kings,
Her love in every heart hath room:
This only shadows forth her tomb."

Quainter still are these lines, from a poem in Camden's *Remains*—

> "The Queen did come by water to Whitehall,
> The oars at every stroke did tears let fall."

Almost prophetic in its simplicity is the inscription on the coffin: "*Regno consortes et urnâ, hìc obdorminus Elizabetha et Maria sorores, in spe resurrectionis.*" Dean Stanley beautifully expresses the significance of this simple epitaph: "The long war of the English Reformation is closed in those words. The sisters are at one; the daughter of Katherine of Aragon and the daughter of Anne Boleyn rest in peace at last." The enmity, and, let us hope, the prejudice, too, of Catholic and Protestant is also rapidly fading into the tolerance symbolised by the juxtaposition of those two coffins and the mingling of those ashes.

Fortunately for her and for posterity, Elizabeth was surrounded by statesmen of great ability and even genius, to whom the study of her astonishing character was a subject of perennial interest. Such men as Leicester, Burleigh, Walsingham, Hatton, Amyas Paulet, Harrington, and a score of others equally remarkable, who have left us material enough to form a clear idea of what sort of woman was this British Cleopatra, whose nature was so full of the strangest contrasts of good and evil, wisdom and folly, barbaric magnificence and extreme simplicity. This mighty queen and weak woman, who, when she wished to dazzle a foreign ambassador, or went abroad to captivate her subjects, looked like a moving mine of Golconda, a scintillating mass of gold and jewellery, in private life, dressed as plainly as any ordinary gentlewoman. She could assume one moment the most polished and graceful manners, and the next, being provoked by some trifle or other, she might exchange her fine breeding for an exhibition of absolute vulgarity, and, breaking out into tantrums that would have disgraced a serving-wench, tear up and down her chamber, stamping her feet, even biting and scratching her hands, boxing the ears of her courtiers, and slapping the faces of her ladies! A good deal of this "raree show" was, however, purely dramatic, for if, in the midst of her worst outbreaks, she saw someone whom she wished to conciliate, she could in an instant drop her

storm signals and appear as serene and smiling as the sun on a pleasant day. At times she would curse and swear like a trooper, and at others use language as kingly as any ever uttered by monarch. Harrington, who knew her well, tells us that on one occasion, being offended by the cut of a certain Sir Matthew's coat of fringed cloth, she spat in the middle of it, crying out as she did so, "the man was a fool to wear such a rag"! Her powers of dissimulation were unrivalled, and stultified even the closest watchers of her least movements. She could swallow any amount of flattery, and her personal vanity was so egregious that, having long made up her mind that Venus was but a pale-visaged slut as compared with her beauteous self, she was firmly convinced no mortal man could behold her charms undazzled. M. de Maisse, the French Envoy who came over in 1597, was treated to so liberal an exhibition of the time-worn relics of her better days, that the poor man scarcely knew which way to look. Her behaviour on this occasion, Mr. Martin Hume tells us, in his delightful *Courtships of Elizabeth*, baffled belief. No doubt poor Maisse was glad enough to beat a precipitate retreat, lest so rare a display should produce a sort of sea-sick effect, totally at variance with that contemplated by the withered Serpent of Old Thames.

A fine classical scholar, Elizabeth also spoke Italian, French, Spanish, and Dutch extremely well, and has bequeathed us several Italian letters which, in point of elegance, are worthy of Annibale Caro himself. Her handwriting can be read by an average schoolboy of our time, so bold and legible is her writing. As to her signature, it is indeed a marvel of intricate caligraphy, which sometimes took her half an hour to execute. She was a skilled musician, and in youth sang with very high art in a sweet and well cultivated voice.

Elizabeth's reputation as a woman has suffered as a result of modern historical research, but it must be admitted that she was, generally, true to her more intimate friendships; for she clung to Leicester through thick and thin, and in signing the death-warrant of Essex she signed her own, since the grief she felt at the loss of this handsome, but none too estimable, favourite, brought on her fatal illness. But the man she loved best was the mature suitor of her girlhood, the unprincipled Admiral,

Thomas Seymour. Often in her later years, when seated with a circle of her confidential ladies round her, she would refer to Seymour with unaffected tenderness—she, who otherwise never called up the ghosts of her tragedy-laden youth.

Her friendships were usually bestowed on worthy objects: on Hatton, on Burleigh, on Cecil, on Raleigh, on Drake, Frobisher, Hawkins, Harrington, and Philip Sydney. There was one man, however, Sir Francis Bacon, who, after Shakespeare, was the greatest that appeared in her time, whom she could never appreciate. His mother had been one of her intimate friends, and his father, Sir Nicholas Bacon, had enjoyed her favour. The bias of Francis Bacon's mind was evidently directed towards schemes too vast and too profound to be understood of Elizabeth and her statesmen. Even when matured and given to the world, in the days of her successor, that sagacious monarch declared "the philosophy of Bacon was like the peace of God, which passeth all understanding"! Religion did not burden Queen Elizabeth over-much; so little, indeed, that in her last days it was generally reported she was an atheist, and that in her last moments she had refused to have the clergy brought to her bedside—which was not true. Among her last words was the following very significant and wise answer to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who began to flatter her by recalling her "great piety," assuring her "that she had much to hope in the mercy of God." "My lord! my lord!" the dying Queen rebuked him, "the Crown which I have borne so long has given enough vanity in my time. I beseech you not to augment it in this hour when I am so near my death." Throughout her life she held to the traditions of her youth, and although she had abolished the crucifix from all the churches in her realm, and had even—when on a visitation to Norwich—assisted at the burning of an image of the Virgin and Child belonging to a Catholic gentleman, which had been discovered in a hay-rack, she retained to the last in her own closet a superb crucifix and a large statue of the Madonna, which in Catholic times had been reputed a worker of miracles.

Although throughout her long life she was a great collector of rare pictures and costly bric-à-brac, Elizabeth did not encourage the development of the fine arts of which she was but a poor

patroness. Her Court painters were infinitely inferior to those of Henry VIII., Edward, or Mary. This, however, was not so much her fault as a result of the general deterioration of the art of painting throughout Europe. The great Dutch and Spanish schools were as yet unborn, and the Italian was already, at this period, in its decline. Elizabeth had, therefore, to content herself with what she could get: artists who cannot be mentioned in the same breath with Holbein, Penni, Guillem Streete, and Antonio Moro. Lucas de Heere, who had been lately employed by her sister, was Elizabeth's earliest Court painter. His likeness of her, recently discovered at Hampton Court, is by far the most dignified and elegant of her numerous presentments. Frederico Zuchero, who was only a third-rate master, followed de Heere at a distance. To him we owe the well-known portraits of the Queen at Hampton Court, Windsor, Charlcot, and Hatfield. Then came Marc Ghereedt; and lastly the elder Jansen, and a host of other fifth-rate artists, mostly Dutchmen, who, by some sort of freak of atavism, reverted to pre-Holbein methods, a fact easily realised by anyone who takes the trouble to compare the flat Chinese-looking portraits of the later Tudor period, in the National Portrait Gallery, with, say, Holbein's superb "Duke of Norfolk," at Windsor, or Antonio Moro's equally fine "Queen Mary," at Madrid.

Possibly as a result of the iconoclastic form of Christianity prevalent in the last half of the sixteenth century, the intellectual trend of Elizabethan genius concentrated its energies almost exclusively on literary effort. The result was splendid. Saronzo, in 1551, wrote to his Government that the English took little or no interest in literature, "for the simple reason that they had none." What would have been his dictum if fate had brought him again to England some twenty-five years later, when the glorious literary roll-call of our country included such names as those of Shakespeare, Bacon, Sidney, Foxe, Spenser, Chapman, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Donne, Drayton, Drummond, Ford, Raleigh, Webster, Marlowe, Greene, Peel, and a host of others far too numerous to mention, but only less illustrious—names that had in a few brief years lifted English literature to the level of that of Florence,

nay, even of Athens? In this exceptional age we had some twenty poets of the first rank, and at least two hundred of the second. Nearly every gentleman with any pretension to education could throw off a respectable sonnet or an harmonious lyric, and nearly every man and woman, educated or otherwise, could play an instrument and sing a good song. The result of this somewhat sudden development of intellectual pursuits affected even the ignorant masses, and unconsciously tinged their thought and speech with a poetic mode of expression. To realise this singular fact the reader need but study the innumerable contemporary letters, royal or otherwise, the evidence in the State trials that have come down to us, and the scraps of dialogue quoted by the numerous Chroniclers. They are one and all marked by a quaintly picturesque and often absolutely poetical phraseology, which forms an agreeable contrast to the concise, bald, and snappish utterances of our own time. When, for instance, Elizabeth was a girl, she wrote a playful letter of congratulation to Queen Katherine Parr on the expected birth of an heir to her fourth husband, the Lord Admiral. "Your Highness," she says, "would like to be cumbered should I not depart till I were weary of being with you, but although it were the worst soil in the world your presence would make it pleasant. I cannot reprove my Lord for doing your commendation since he did it, and although he had not, I will not complain unto him, for he shall be diligent to give me knowledge how his busy child doth. If I were at his birth I would beat him for the trouble he hath put you to." The quaint conceit of beating the infant for the trouble it had given its mother at its birth, has the true Shakespearian ring, and recalls a certain scene in *Coriolanus* in which Valeria, describing Coriolanus' boy, tells Volumnia how he "mammocked" the butterfly he had caught in his lusty little fist. Again, how queenly is the answer of Elizabeth to the Envoy of the offending King of Denmark: "I would have the King of Denmark and all other Princes, Christian and heathen, to know that England hath no need to crave for peace, nor myself to be induced by one hour's fear, since I attained the crown thereof, being guarded by such valiant, such faithful subjects as those I rule over." Let us now take an example from the other extreme of the social scale. In the year 1551

there happened, at Feversham, a terrible murder, which at the time created a vast sensation. The wife of one Arden, a well-to-do man of irreproachable character, tempted by a wicked paramour, connived at the assassination of her husband. Holinshed devotes several pages to the narrative of this sordid crime. His is, so to speak, an Elizabethan police report, but far different is the language of the actors in this domestic tragedy from any we can ever hear in our own courts under like circumstances. Alice Arden seeks out a painter dwelling in Feversham who had a "skill of poisons as was reported." "I would have," said she, "such a poison made as shall have most vehement and speedy operation to despatch the eater thereof." There is a character brought upon the stage in this trial, a "terrible cruel ruffian" named Black Will, a Bill Sykes of that period, who never opens his mouth except to let fall some horrible oath. But his "swear-words" are like those of the Neapolitan brigands, full of wild poetry. He blasphemes by Christ's Passion, His Wounds, His Blood, and His Crown of Thorns. The poet who dealt with these pages of Holinshed's Chronicle had not much difficulty in lifting events in ordinary life to the tragic level of his poetic purpose and fancy. And once we realise that the Elizabethan citizen, even of the lowest rank, was a creature of higher expression, if not actually of higher intelligence, than his descendant of the same class in our time, we can readily understand how it came to pass that the groundlings of Shakespeare's days so keenly enjoyed and appreciated the terror and pathos of his tragedies and the wit and brilliance of his comedies. We can also more readily understand why that Elizabethan translation of the Bible, which is said to surpass even its stupendous Hebrew original, became so omnipopular with the masses in early post-Reformation times. The roll of its sonorous English and its vivid imagery, made direct appeal to the imagination of a people newly emancipated from the trammels of mediævalism, and eager to bask in the sunshine of a new and more enterprising era.

January 18, 1561, was a day memorable in the history of the British stage, since it witnessed the first performance at Whitehall of Sackville and Norton's *Ferrex and Porrex, otherwise Gorbudoc*, the earliest tragedy in our language written on

classical lines, divided into five acts, each closed by a lyric chorus. The plot was derived from our national history, and the dialogue, although a trifle stilted, was lofty and appropriate. A year later, the *Phœissæ* of Euripides, adapted by Gascoine and Kinwelmershe, under the title of *Jocasta*, was produced before a delighted audience at Gray's Inn. We were still, however, far from Shakespeare and *the* dramatists, but the days of the Mysteries and Miracle Plays were numbered, as the secular drama was rapidly encroaching on their popularity all over the country. A little later yet, *Gammer Gunter's Needle* took the town by storm—it would empty a modern theatre in less than half an hour, but that is a detail! Between 1590 and 1651, some twenty-five dramatists were well known in London, the titles of whose miscellaneous work recalls the speech in which Polonius enumerates the various sorts of plays in vogue when Shakespeare lived: "tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastorical-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scenes indivisible and poems unlimited."

In 1570 our first regular theatre was already opened; twenty years later there were five others giving daily performances. The companies of players who acted in these primitive theatres were generally financed by noblemen and gentlemen of quality, who got a very fair interest for the money they had invested. The principal Elizabethan companies were the Earl of Leicester's, Sir Robert Lane's, the Lord Clinton's, the Earl of Warwick's, the Lord Chamberlain's, the Earl of Sussex's, the Lord Howard's, the Earl of Essex's, the Lord Strange's, the Earl of Derby's, the Lord Admiral's, the Earl of Hertford's, and the Earl of Pembroke's. These gentlemen let out their players to the regular theatres, but retained the right to summon the actors, whenever they pleased, to perform before them at their own entertainments. Independently of these numerous troupes of players, the Queen had the children of the various Chapels Royal expressly trained to act before her, in plays whose bold dialogue must, indeed, have sounded weird from childish lips,—other times, other ways of thinking! In 1601, there were seven theatres in London: the Globe at Bankside, the Red Bull at St. Johns, the Curtain in Shoreditch, and the Fortune in Whitecross Street;

the other three, Blackfriars, Whitefriars, and the Cockpit or Phœnix, were private houses much frequented by the aristocracy, but only occasionally by the general public. These theatres differed in almost every particular from ours. The Globe, for instance, was circular in shape, and contained three wooden galleries superposed one above the other; in the lower, called "The Room," the seats cost the then high price of one shilling. The solidly constructed stage, on either side of which the musicians were concealed, projected far into the pit. At the back of this first stage was yet another containing a balcony on which Juliet might appear, or the play scene in *Hamlet* be arranged without much trouble. There was no scenery to speak of; only a blue curtain indicated when it was daylight, and a black one when the audience was to understand that it was night. The scenery was merely suggested, but that was all sufficient. The public cared little or nothing for splendid scenery or elegant costumes, only for the well-delivered verse and the brilliant descriptions it contained. And in sooth, what painted cloth can do justice to the sylvan beauties of *As You Like It*, or to the entrancing glades of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*?

Elizabeth, a giantess herself in an age of giants, considered her great men as they considered her, and took them as matters of course. It is doubtful if she ever came in contact with the greatest man of her age, although tradition, which is unwritten history, asserts that *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was written at her command. After all, two suns can surely shine in one firmament, and if Gloriana of England was a goddess at Whitehall, Shakespeare of the Universe was god at the Globe. 'Tis very likely "Gloriana" preferred bull- and bear-baiting to stage plays, for she ordained that none should be performed on Thursdays, lest they should interfere with her favourite sports. Sunday was the chief theatre-going day in those pre-Puritan times. Every hale man and woman and child was obliged by law, under heavy penalties, to attend church in the morning, but in the afternoon the people were free to do as they liked, and could trip round the Maypole on the green, assist at a cock-fight or a bull-baiting, or attend a performance of *Julius Cæsar*, *Sejanus*, or *Every Man*. The Elizabethans were addicted to matinees, and rarely if ever

went to the theatre after dark. As to the Queen, it seems certain that little or no State patronage was accorded by Elizabeth to literature, dramatic or otherwise. It flourished in her days, but spontaneously like a gorgeous flower. Spenser appreciated the divine Gloriana as a patroness at her true value, since he addressed to that "Imperial Votress, fancy free" these fierce lines—

"Full little knowest thou, that has not tried,
What hell it is in suing long to bide,
To lose good days that might be better spent,
To waste long nights in pensive discontent,
To spend to-day, to put back to-morrow,
To feed on hopes, to pine with fear and sorrow,
To have thy Princes' grace, yet want her purse,
To have thy asking, yet wait many years,
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares,
To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs,
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone."

CHAPTER VI

THE DAYS OF JAMES I.

JAMES I. of England and VI. of Scotland—of whom a delightful old Scotch Chronicler has quaintly said, "he was become a brave prince in the bodie and stature, so weel exercised in reading that he could perfitlie record all things he had either heard or read"[1]—had none of his astute predecessor's ability, whilst he belied his fair and famous mother by his looks, and his race by his sordid nature. On receiving the official intimation that, by will of Elizabeth, he was become King of England, he left Edinburgh with a numerous retinue, on April 5, 1603, arriving at Theobalds—now the seat of Lady Meux, but in those days the residence of Sir William Cecil—in the last week of the month. James stayed here four days, and was so well pleased with the place that he shortly afterwards induced Cecil to accept the royal residence of Hatfield, in exchange for "the pleasantest spot in England." From Theobalds he and his suite came to Waltham, where his

[1] This and several other quaint sayings of King James introduced elsewhere in this chapter are culled from an anonymous sixteenth-century MS., which was first used by one Daniel Crawfurd of Drumsoy, "historiographer to Queen Anne," who not only drew upon it largely but endeavoured to palm off as his own composition the original MS. About 1800 it was discovered in the possession of Lord Belhaven. In 1804, it was published in its entirety under the title of *The Historie and Life of King James the Sext*. The author has left no trace of his identity, but the MS., which is in the broadest Scotch, was evidently written about the end of the sixteenth century, by one who was a supporter of Queen Mary and possibly a Roman Catholic. The 1804 edition is in the original language, and is, therefore, extraordinarily quaint. There is a copy of it in the London Library, St. James's Square.

Majesty was met by one of the Sheriffs attended by sixty servants; and thence to Stamford Hill, where the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, "in velvet and gold chains," and five hundred citizens "richly apparelled," welcomed him and escorted him into London, where he was lodged at Whitehall.[1]

On the previous March 24, 1603, the Proclamation of King James's accession had been read to the Londoners, first at Whitehall, and then at Cheapside Cross; but, owing to a violent outbreak of the plague, he did not make the usual Progress from the Tower to Westminster on the eve of his coronation, an event celebrated on St. James's Day, Monday, July 25, 1603. Its splendour was reduced to a minimum, only the Lord Mayor and twelve Aldermen being present in the Abbey besides the Court, and the usual street pageants were suppressed, Londoners being forbidden to enter Westminster for fear of spreading the infection. Ben Jonson drew up a scheme, still in existence, for the customary pageants, but they never took place. This coronation was also to have been distinguished by an exceedingly beautiful triumphal arch, which was to have been erected in honour of the new King and Queen after a design by Inigo Jones, a superb drawing of which will be found in the British Museum, in the Gardner Collection. Its decoration would have been as highly finished as a piece of Genoese filigree, but, possibly, a trifle over elaborate.

The King and Queen (Anne of Denmark), walked from Westminster Hall to the Abbey, her Majesty's hair "down hanging to her waist." As this was the first coronation that ever took place in these Realms according to the ritual of the Anglican Church, all the Episcopate were present, headed by Dr. Whitgift, Archbishop of Canterbury, who officiated, and Dr. Andrews of York, who preached the sermon. When James seated himself on the sacred Stone of Scone to be anointed as the first King of Great Britain, the Scotch welcomed the fact as the best of omens, and as the fulfilment of an ancient prophecy respecting the union of the Crowns of England and

[1] James was the first King of Scotland to enter London since David II. came over the Border as the prisoner of Edward III. after the battle of Nevill's Cross in 1346. That unlucky monarch arrived under an escort of 20,000 armed men and was lodged in the Tower.

Scotland. When we recollect that he was "none too well formed," it was a fortunate occurrence that James and his consort were spared the infliction of having to sit nude to the waist to receive the consecrating oil, as had been the case with Richard III. and Anne of Warwick, the last king and queen to be crowned together in the Abbey until James and Anne of Denmark.[1] The Queen, who had changed her religion, from the Lutheran to Presbyterianism, shortly after her arrival in Scotland, refused to take the Sacrament according to the Anglican rite, and thereby created a scandal!

The matrimonial adventures of James I. and Anne of Denmark are among the very quaintest events in British history, and although they occurred long before the oddest of our sovereigns came to London, it must have formed the topic of gossip all over the metropolis when the new queen first arrived. The "Wonder of the World"—as King James is styled in the Preface to the Authorised Version of the Bible—had just come of age when the first proposals for a marriage were made to him. In 1585, a Danish mission arrived at Dunfermline to negotiate a match between the Scotch King and one of the two daughters of King Frederick II. of Denmark and of his Queen, Sophia of Mecklenburg. The proposed alliance was essentially one of policy, and concerned the restoration to Denmark of the Orkney Islands, which had been pawned to the Scotch Crown by a Danish King in the previous century. Frederick II., therefore, through the medium of his Envoys, informed James of Scotland that he "was willing (gif it suld please the King)" to give him the hand of one or the other of his "dohters," by preference "the maist comelie, and the best for his princelie contentment," on condition that James relinquished the coveted islands. The proposal, however, met with distinct opposition in various quarters; Mary Stuart wished her son and heir to marry with one of the daughters of Philip II. of Spain; while Queen Elizabeth, who wanted him to have a Protestant consort, preferred the Princess of Sweden,

[1] There exists in the British Museum an illuminated miniature of this extraordinary ceremony, in which Richard III. and his queen, Anne of Warwick, are exhibited seated on the sacred Stone in their coronation robes, but naked down to the waist.

the grand-daughter of Gustavus Vasa. The Scotch Government was inclined to favour the Danish alliance. Elizabeth disliked this thoroughly Protestant proposal for a singular reason. Bothwell, who had fled to Denmark, after the fall of Mary Stuart and the murder of Darnley, was kept there in a sort of honourable captivity by Frederick II., because he bore the title of the disputed islands, that of Duke of Orkney. On his deathbed, in 1576, Bothwell had made a confession, acquitting Mary of any share in Darnley's murder, and marriage with himself. He declared he had bewitched her by magic arts to do his bidding, and that she could not resist his will,—which statement, being substantiated, was sent by Frederick II. to Queen Elizabeth, at a time when she was very anxious to smirch Mary's good name in every possible way, and who therefore had it promptly suppressed. She did not, however, forgive the Danish King his share in the matter, and set to work to place obstacles in the way of James's marriage with either of his daughters. The matter, then, remained in abeyance until 1587, when Frederick II. announced his intention of declaring war upon Scotland if the Orkneys were not forthwith restored to Denmark; which was an oblique way of getting the Scotch King to hurry on the marriage negotiations. James, who had neither ships nor money with which to support a war, immediately despatched his kinsman, "crownel" (colonel) Stuart, to Denmark to interview the Princesses, as an earnest of his intentions; and on his return with the news that he was "weel contentit" with both the young ladies, the Bishop of St. Andrews was sent out to conclude negotiations for the hand of the eldest, Princess Elizabeth. Whilst he was gone, the King of Navarre offered James the hand of his sister, a lady of thirty-six years of age; and Queen Elizabeth played her off against the Danish Princess, which so angered Frederick, that he married his eldest daughter to the Duke of Brunswick, and informed James that if he did not marry her young sister, Anne, before the 1st of May, 1589, the treaty would be at an end, and Scotland would, perforce, and by force, have to restore the Orkney Islands. Thus placed "between the devil and the deep sea," James had no alternative left, but to accept. The better to give the forced marriage some appearance of decency, he started praying for celestial

guidance in his matrimonial troubles, the result of which outburst of piety was, that he soon informed his Council that "he was resolvit to marry the Danish Princess" (Anne). Even then, the negotiations were delayed, thanks to the intrigues of "good Queen Bess," to whom the marriage seems to have been singularly distasteful; for by contriving, through her agents, to bribe the Scotch Privy Council, she succeeded in turning that august body against their monarch's matrimonial scheme. James, however, hit on a novel plan to intimidate the refractory Ministry into submission, and he, in his turn, bribed the artisans and work-people of Edinburgh to hold mock "indignation meetings," whereat proposals were freely discussed for murdering the Chancellor and "maltreating" the other members of the Council, if they did not accede to the Danish marriage. This piece of *opera-bouffe* policy had the desired effect, the Chancellor solemnly believed the people were really angry, and the Council, therefore, fearing trouble, gave in to the King. Accordingly, after another squabble, this time over the "siller" for the expenses, the Earl Marshal of Scotland, the Constable of Dundee, and Lord Andrew Keith were despatched to the Danish Court to marry the Princess Anne to King James by proxy, before the date named by Frederick II. The preliminary wedding took place on August 20, 1589; it was the first of the three nuptials of Anne, for "Jamie" is probably the only sovereign that was ever married thrice to the same wife. The bride, the Scotch Envoys, and a numerous train, set sail in September of the same year on board the fleet of Peter Munch, the Danish Admiral, to bear the Queen to her consort.

Twice did the fleet that carried the young Queen—she was only sixteen years of age—sight the coast of Scotland, and twice was it driven back, almost to the coast of Norway, by violent winds. Munch was much annoyed and puzzled, until he fancied he had discovered the cause of all the trouble. It appears that, shortly before leaving Denmark, the Admiral had slapped the face of a magistrate of Copenhagen, who happened to be married to a witch! That was enough; the sage offender now knew the cause of his failure to make Scotland. Was it not plainly the work of the witch-wife of the Danish bailie, who wanted to avenge herself on the Admiral for insulting her

husband, and who had raised the storm in consequence? Munch was so fully persuaded that this was so, that, after a third storm, in which the whole fleet very nearly sunk, he was compelled to put into a little port called Upslo in Norway, which, though it stood near the site now occupied by Christiana, was then a very miserable, exposed place.[1] Here the young Queen amused herself by inditing love-letters to her "Jamie," which were conveyed to him safely by one Steven Beale, and were read by the King in Edinburgh with "heavy, deep-drawn sighs" of sympathy for his bride's mishaps, whereupon he made up his mind to go in person to Norway, and arrived at Upslo on November 19. He went at once, on his arrival, to visit the Princess, "passing in quietly, buites and all, to her Highness," as the Chronicler hath it. On the Sunday following his arrival, this singular royal couple were married by the King's chaplain. On the next day, James presented his Queen-Consort with the palaces and domains of Dunfermline and Falkland in Scotland, and the mean King succeeded in getting Anne—who only knew French—to believe they were an extremely munificent free gift of his for which she ought to be specially grateful, whereas, in reality, they were the ordinary legal dowry of a Scottish Queen-Consort, and had been so regarded for generations! From Upslo, the royal party proceeded to the ancient castle of Cronenburg in Denmark, where the Danish Court was then assembled, and where the third and last wedding ceremony took place, as the bride's father was anxious to have it solemnised according to Lutheran rites. Now that they were once more in civilisation, James and his suite seem to have had an uproarious time of it. The "Wonder of the World" dated his letters at this period "From the castle of Cronenburg, quhairé we are *drinking* and diverting ourselves in the auld manner."(!) On April 21, 1590, the King and Queen sailed for Scotland in Peter Munch's fleet, arriving safely on May Day at Leith, the "godliness" of the King saving him from "the evil designs of the witches." James was now greatly distressed to get sufficient money to pay for the expenses of the Queen's

[1] Sad to relate, the unfortunate bailie's wife, who was supposed to be the cause of all the mischief, together with other women accused of witchcraft, was "found guilty" and burnt.

coronation, and, as there was an insufficient quantity of silver plate and regal clothing, he was compelled to borrow of his courtiers, amongst other things "the loan of some silver spoons for the feast." And again, he writes a pathetic appeal to the Earl of Marr, whom he addresses as "his dear Jonnie Slaites,' begging him to lend him a pair of silk stockings to wear at a reception of the Spanish Ambassador: "For," says he, "ye wad na that your king suld appear a scrub, on sic an occasion." From another friend he had the loan of a thousand marks.

But the question of the "bawbees" was not the only difficulty to poor "Jamie"; there was another arising out of the religious chaos in which Scotland seems to have been at this period. All the Scotch Bishops were away from Edinburgh at the time of the coronation, and the King was obliged to beseech a minister, named Mr. Bruce, to perform the ceremony according to the ancient rites. The use of anointing oil upset the Synod, who considered it "Jewish." After all his borrowings, James was not going to forego the ceremony for anybody, so, to settle the matter, he threatened to wait till the Bishops came back. The Calvinists demurred a little, and then decided that mere oil was better than live prelates, and finally submitted with resignation.[1] Accordingly, on May 17, 1590, the Queen was anointed with "a bonny quantity of oil" by the said Mr. Bruce, and crowned by James himself. The ceremony concluded, the girl-Queen had to undergo the ordeal of listening to an oration of "twa hunder Latin verses" delivered by the Principal of the College of Theologians! Fortunately, after this, there was "princely revelry"; and thus ended perhaps the most extraordinary royal courtship and coronation on record. For surely never, before or since, has any monarch

[1] There seems to have been some hesitation as to whether James should be crowned at Westminster at all. If he had contented himself with the Scotch coronation, he would have been the second of our long line of kings not to receive his Crown in the Sacrarium, the former exception being Edward V., whose connection with Westminster Abbey begins and ends with his birth, which took place in the Sanctuary on April 9, 1471, during the first flight of Elizabeth Woodville, who took refuge there in 1470. Everything was prepared for Edward's coronation, even the "wild fowl" for the banquet, but his murder put an end to his life, and, of course, to the preparations, which were already well advanced.

been married three times to the same consort, and certainly never has an entire navy been bewitched by a magistrate's wife!

In England, rumours of discontent were rife soon after the coronation, and James, like Elizabeth, dreaded any increase in the population of the metropolis,—a riotous but thoughtful proletariat might prove too much for an ill-disciplined soldiery to quell. In July, 1607, therefore, he repeated Elizabeth's Act of 1580, adding a clause to the effect that contagious diseases were caused by the overcrowding of "idle, indigent, dissolute persons," in "small and strait rooms." In October of the same year, a fresh proclamation prohibited the building of new houses in, or near, London. No particular attention being paid to this decree, another was issued in July, 1608, in which James complained of the "neglect of officers and justices and the covetous desire of gain," as interfering with the performance of his wishes. In 1615 and 1617, similar proclamations were issued, but to no effect—house-building went on as before.

In 1630, Charles I., and later, again, Cromwell, launched orders to the same intent as those that had preceded them—but for all this new dwellings sprang up in all directions; even upon Finsbury Fields, although they were a great resort for citizens who wished to enjoy the fine air, and liked, as Stephen Crabb sings in his "Warning to Fair Dames," to

> "Sit and view, the beautifull hewe,
> Of flowers that there be seene."

So long as London was confined within its primitive limits, and clustered on the banks of the Thames, the lack of an efficient system of water supply was probably not noticeable; but as the city extended further inland the want began to be felt. Several Acts empowering individuals to make canals into London from Hertfordshire and north Middlesex, for the supply of pure water, passed through Parliament during the time of Elizabeth, but no definite action was taken until the beginning of James the First's reign, when Sir Hugh Middleton, a goldsmith, undertook, partly at his private expense and partly with the assistance of the King and the Corporation,[1] to dig the canal

[1] The arrangement with regard to the royal financial help was this, that King James should bear half the expense of construction, in return for

still known as the New River from Amwell and Chadwell near Ware, in Hertfordshire, to Islington, and thus to give the Londoners a perfect supply of pure water. The work was commenced in 1608 and was finished in 1613, having cost nearly half a million of money. From end to end it measures about sixty miles, and follows at places a very serpentine course, being crossed by eight hundred bridges; and it is a strong proof of the great utility of "Sir Hugh Myddleton's Glory," as it was called at the time, that, even now, it supplies a great part of the vast population of North London with some of the purest water to be obtained anywhere. The opening ceremony, in September, 1613, was made a great occasion for rejoicing by the civic authorities. Sir Hugh's brother, Sir John Middleton, was then Lord Mayor elect, and, together with the actual Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, the Recorder, and all the principal city officials, he proceeded in state to the opening of the sluices at Islington. Amid the plaudits of the people, salvoes of artillery and blast of trumpets, the gates were opened and the waters rushed through, and, for the first time in its history, London had a regular supply of pure water. Notwithstanding all this enthusiasm, poor Sir Hugh Myddleton, who executed this useful scheme, died in comparative poverty, unable to pay a loan he had raised from the city to carry on the work.

London, in James the First's reign, did not present that brilliant aspect which characterised its streets and public places in the days of "good Queen Bess." Scotch "Jamie" was not the man for out-door display. Slovenly in his person, it mattered little how richly he was dressed, for he was sure to look untidy; and as, on principle, he never washed his face and hands, they were usually unco' dirty. Sir A. Weldon, the satirist, has left the following account of this weird monarch's appearance: "He was of middle stature, more corpulent through his clothes than in his body, yet fat enough, his clothes ever being made large and easy, the doublets quilted for stiletto proof; his breeches in great pleats and full stuffed. He was naturally of a timorous

a half share in the property, which was effected by the assignment of thirty-six "King's shares." These were sold later on by Charles I. for £500. Recently, a single undivided share in the New River Company was disposed of for £94,900!

disposition, which was the reason of his quilted doublets; his eyes large, ever rolling after any stranger that came in his presence, insomuch, as many for shame have left the room, as being out of countenance. His beard was very thin; his tongue too large for his mouth, which ever made him speak full in the mouth, and made him drink very uncomely, as if eating his drink, which came out into the cup of each side of his mouth. His skin was soft as taffeta sarsenet, which felt so because he never washed his hands, only rubbed his finger ends slightly with the wet end of a napkin." Such was the "Wonder of the World," as his panegyrists were pleased to call him!

The costume of the period, with its bagged breeches tied in at the knees, was stiff and inelegant, although the details of the embroidery and colouring were often extremely elaborate and beautiful. Every man, who could grow them, wore a pointed beard and sweeping moustaches,—the King despised beardless men almost as much as Rosalind! James was not without literary talent; he was fond of music and painting, and inordinately so of hunting—an exercise which contrasts vividly with his otherwise effeminate nature and tastes. He built a number of shooting-boxes round London, at Fulwell Park, Twickenham (lately the residence of the Dowager Lady Freake, and still the property of her son, Sir Thomas Freake), at Enfield Chase, and at Kilbees, Winkfield, in Berkshire (now owned by Arthur Ellis, Esq.),—so called from the King's once having mistaken a beehive for a roebuck, and killed the bees instead,—not to mention the liberal use he made of the Bushey and Home Parks at Hampton Court, and Epping Forest. But for all this "Jamie's" hunting, and sport generally, seems to have been rather a tame affair. From a curious work entitled, *The Travels of John Ernest, Duke of Saxe-Weimar*, who visited England in 1613, when he was "entertained with a great hunt," we glean that his Highness did not derive particular enjoyment from this sport; and no wonder, for, according to him, James's way of "hunting" was to select one single deer from the herd. The hounds were then taught to follow this unhappy animal only, and take no notice of the rest of the deer. The poor beast was then set off within some enclosed park or wood,

and when killed the "assay," or first cut from the breast, was presented to the royal sportsman. Another, and still tamer, variation of the same sport, was for the gallant "Jamie" to hide behind a tree in the Home Park and take pot-shots at the unfortunate deer as they browsed in the open.

Next to "drinking in the auld manner," hunting, and Masques, James's most cherished diversion was a theological wrangle with one of the Puritan Doctors. After "Popery" there was nothing he disliked so much as Presbyterianism. "'The living library and a walking study,'" as James was styled by one of his toadies, was a staunch believer in the Episcopal form of Church Government—"no Bishop, no King," was the substance of his ecclesiastical views. So long as James defended their prerogatives and interests against the Puritans the Bishops exalted him like a demi-god—albeit, his Majesty's language was more often than not the reverse of kingly. Sir John Harrington, who witnessed the scene, has described in the following amusing terms, one of James's wordy battles with a certain Doctor Reynolds, at the time of the Hampton Court Conference in 1604—

"The King talked much Latin and disputed with Doctor Reynolds; but he rather used upbraidings than arguments: and told them they wanted to strip Christ again, and bid them away with their *snivelling*! Moreover he wished those who would take away the surplice, might want *linen for their own breech*! The Bishops seemed *much pleased*, and said his Majesty spoke by the power of inspiration. I (Sir John Harrington) wist not what they mean; *but the spirit was rather foul-mouthed.*"

Under James I., Whitehall continued to be the chief official residence of the Sovereign, who cared little for Greenwich, Richmond, St. James's, or Windsor. Both King and Queen, indeed, were devoted to Hampton Court, but Whitehall was the favourite home of this very peculiar monarch and his equally eccentric and sport-loving consort—the "royal huntress," Anne of Denmark.

St. James's Palace was not much inhabited by James I., during whose reign it became, after the death of Prince Henry, the town residence of Prince Charles; and here, in an upper room, the Princess, Henrietta Maria, gave birth to the two

Princes, Charles and James, and, also to the unfortunate Princess Elizabeth, whose pathetic and lonely death took place at Carisbrook Castle, in the eighth year of her weary captivity, and the fifteenth of her young life (September 8, 1650).[1] It was over her that Charles I. shed his last tears, and she pined away for the loss of her beloved father and mother. The following little-known but charming lines were written by a Welsh poet, named Henry Vaughan, at the time of the poor young Princess's death—

> "Thou seemst a rose-bud born in snow,
> A flowre of purpose sprung to bow
> To heedless tempests, and the rage
> Of an incensèd stormie age.
> . . . . . .
> And yet, as Balm-trees gently spend
> Their tears for those that doe them rend,
> Thou didst not murmure nor revile
> But drank'st thy wormwood with a smile."

But it was at Hampton Court that, in July, 1603, King James created a "marvellous" batch of knights. Several hundred wealthy citizens and countrymen assembled there to receive their honours, for which they had to pay £200 apiece. This act contrasted ill with the wise procedure of Elizabeth, whose knighthoods were not to be bought—and no wonder, seeing the roll-call included such names as Raleigh, Hatton, Gresham, Frobisham, Gilbert, Drake, and Philip Sidney. James's wholesale function took place in the garden of the palace. Needing money again, he founded, a little later, the hereditary order of Baronets—each to pay a fee of £1000 for the dignity

[1] The young Princess was buried, without funeral rites, in St. Thomas's Church, Newport, Isle of Wight. When, during the reign of Queen Victoria, this church was rebuilt, her Majesty had the body re-interred and a monument, designed by Baron Marochetti, erected at her own expense. This consists of a statue of the Princess (the likeness was copied from a portrait in the Royal Collection), reclining with her head on a Bible, open at those words, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." According to tradition she was found dead in this position, but it is more probable that she died in her bed after a long illness. The skeleton of this Princess when disinterred proved that she was slightly deformed and lame.

conferred. In the course of a reign of only twenty-two years he created—for a handsome "consideration"—one hundred and eleven peers; exactly twice as many as Elizabeth in a reign of twice the length.

Sir Anthony Weldon tells us, in his *Memorials*, that James and his consort were in the habit of coming "after supper to see pastimes and fooleries," in which Sir Edward Zouch, Sir George Goring, and Sir John Finett took part as "masters of the revels and master fools."

Anne of Denmark had no particular liking for the vulgar tomfooleries which so enchanted her husband. She did not care to see Sir John Milisent, for instance, "tumble about"; she preferred the stately Masques of Jonson or Milton. But even at these she was not safe from the objectionable behaviour of her consort's rowdy courtiers. Thus, when Ben Jonson's *Masque of Blackness* was performed at Whitehall, "the Queen's ladies having their faces blacked to look like Ethiopians," the performers got "dreadfull drunk," and noble lords and ladies of high degree, in the richest costumes, "fell down in the most unseemly manner." The cost of this temperance meeting was £3000!

On October 14, 1604, the marriage of Philip Herbert, Earl of Montgomery, with Lady Susan Vere, daughter of Edward, seventeenth Earl of Oxford, took place at Whitehall. The beauty of the bride was so astounding that when the Prince of Wales gave her away, James, who was none too lavish of his compliments to ladies, said that, had he known how fair she was, "he'd ha' ta'en her for his ain self." James gave the bride £500 worth of land, and the Court officials presented her with £2500 worth of jewellery and plate. The bride and bridegroom were lodged in the Council Chamber, where the King gave them a *reveil matin* in his shirt and night-gown, and "made much joking"! "No ceremony," says Winwood in his *Memorials*, "was lacking of bride cakes, points, garters and gloves, which have been ever since the livery of the Court: and at night there was sewing into the sheets, casting of the bride's hose, and many other pretty sorceries"!

The Court Masques during James the First's reign, both at Whitehall and Hampton Court, must have been really

marvellous. Inigo Jones, who had lately returned from a visit to the Queen's brother, Christian IV., at Copenhagen, designed the scenery, costumes, and mechanical appliances. He was even scene-shifter and mechanician, attending each performance with the utmost punctuality.[1] In the resplendent *Masque of Goddesses*, by Ben Jonson, given at Hampton Court in January, 1604, the divinities were impersonated as follows:—

PALLAS . . .	The QUEEN'S MAJESTY.
JUNO . . .	The Lady SUFFOLK.
VENUS . . .	The Lady RICH.
DIANA . . .	The Lady HERTFORD.
VESTA . . .	The Lady BEDFORD.
PROSERPINE . .	The Lady DERBY.
MACARIA . . .	The Lady HUTTON.
CONCORDIA . .	The Lady NOTTINGHAM.
ASTRÆA . . .	The Lady WALSINGHAM.
FLORA . . .	The Lady SUSAN VERE.
CERES . . .	The Lady DOROTHY HASTINGS.
TETHYS . . .	The Lady ELIZABETH HOWARD.

The Graces, Iris, Cybele, and Night, since they had both to sing and speak, were played by "professional vagabonds." The scenery was magnificent, with "a Heaven full of stars, a wild wood-path, a mountain, rocks, and a real waterfall." The Court ladies who did not speak or sing, made up for their deficiencies by dancing "corantoes and galliards." Happily these goddesses and their attendant fauns, satyrs, nymphs, and dryads, did not follow the bad example of the Ethiopians and get "dreadfull drunk." This Masque, given at Hampton Court, was the first in which a Queen of England ever appeared on the stage of an amateur theatre. The newly-arrived Spanish Ambassador, Don Juan Antonio Frederico, was much surprised at this exhibition of royalty on the platform of a theatre, although Louis XIII. had already set the fashion in Paris.

Dudley Carleton has left us an extremely vivid general account of the Masque in question. He says—

"The Hall was much lessened by the works that were in it, so as none could be admitted but men of appearance; the one end was made into a rock, and in several places the waits placed, in attire like savages. Through the midst from the

[1] Dudley Carleton.

top came a winding stair of breadth for three to march; and so descended the masquers by three and three; which being all seen on the stairs at once was the best presentation I have at any time seen. Their attire was alike, loose mantles and petticoats, but of different colours; the stuffs embroidered satins and cloth of gold and silver, for which they were beholding to Queen Elizabeth's wardrobe.

"Their heads by their dressing did only distinguish the difference of the Goddesses they did represent. Only Pallas had a trick by herself, for her clothes were not so much below the knees but that we might see a woman had both feet and legs, which I never knew before. She had a pair of buskins set with rich stones, a helmet full of jewels, and her whole attire embossed with jewels of several fashions. Their torch-bearers were pages in white satin loose gowns, set with stars of gold; and their torches of white virgin wax gilded. Their demarch was slow and orderly; and first they made their offerings at an altar in a Temple which was built on the left side of the Hall towards the upper end. The songs and speeches that were there used I send you here enclosed. Then after the walking of two rounds fell into their measures, which for variety was nothing inferior, but had not the life, as the former. For the common measures they took out the Earl of Pembroke, the Duke, the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Henry Howard, Southampton, Devonshire, Sidney, Nottingham, Monteagle, Northumberland, Knollys, and Worcester. For galliards and corantoes they went by discretion, and the young Prince was tossed from hand to hand like a tennis-ball. The Lady Bedford and Lady Susan took out the two ambassadors; and they bestirred themselves very lively; especially the Spaniard, who in his Spanish galliard showed himself a lusty old reveller. The Goddesses they danced with did their parts, and the rest were nothing behindhand when it came to their turns, but of all for good grace and good footmanship Pallas bare the bell away.[1] They retired themselves towards midnight in order as they came, and quickly returned unmasked, but in their masquing attire.

"From thence they went with the King and the ambassadors to a banquet provided in the Presence, which was despatched with the accustomed confusion: and so ended that night's sport with the end of our Christmas gambols."

[1] As bells were always given as prizes to the winners of horse races and other sports, "to bare (bear) the bell away" was equivalent to the modern slang phrase "to take the cake"—*i.e.* to be the best.

Carleton's allusion to "the accustomed confusion" at the banquet was no figure of speech, for that very year, at the Masque given at Whitehall on St. John's Day in celebration of the marriage of Lady Susan Vere, mention of which has already been made, and acted by the Queen and her ladies, there was such a rush at the supper-tables that "down went tables and trestles before one bit was touched." Of this disorderly function a contemporary news-letter says, "There was no small loss that night of chains and jewels, and many great ladies were made shorter by their skirts, and were well served that they could cut no better."

Later in the year, the Queen and her ladies took part in other Masques both at Whitehall and Hampton Court.

At Christmas and Shrove-tide, 1604, Shakespeare's company performed not less than thirteen times before the King and Queen at Whitehall. When the King of Denmark came to London on a visit to his sister, in 1606, three of Shakespeare's plays were given at Whitehall, amongst them being *Hamlet*, probably with the Bard of Avon himself in the cast. Twenty-two of Shakespeare's plays were acted in the King's presence in 1606–1607. So, too, in 1611–1612, at Christmas time, Shakespeare's players acted six times before his Majesty, and sixteen times before Prince Henry at St. James's. In the Book of Revels for 1611 (*tempo* James I.) we find the following entries—

"By the Kings Players: Hallomas nyght was presented at Whithall before ye Kings Matie a play called the Tempest.

"The Kings Players: The 5th of November; A play called ye winters nighte Tayle."

These are but a few proofs of the popularity of Shakespeare's plays during the reign of James I. The magnificence with which Inigo Jones assisted Ben Jonson to "mount" his *Masque of Princes*—with "rocks and fountains"—leads one to think that Shakespeare's enchanting plays, *The Tempest* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, received similar attention, in the matter of scenery and costumes.

Two years afterwards, in 1606, Guy Fawkes, bound hand and foot, was dragged into the King's bed-chamber at Whitehall,

after his apprehension by Sir Thomas Knyvett at the door of the vault beneath the House of Lords. Fawkes, though weakened by fearful tortures, and with the fear of the gibbet as the ultimate end to his sufferings, behaved with uncommon dignity at his trial. He met the coarse questions of the Lords of the Council with scorn and haughty defiance. Asked by one of James's minions, —a Scottish youth—what he had intended to have done with so many barrels of gunpowder, "One of my objects," he retorted, "was to blow Scotchmen back into Scotland!" From Whitehall he was taken to the Tower, and on the 31st of January, 1606, he was executed in Old Palace Yard, with the utmost barbarity. The other principal actors in this conspiracy—Thomas Bates, yeoman, Robert Winter, Esq., John Grant, Esq., and the accomplished Sir Everard Digby, father of the celebrated Sir Kenelm Digby—were drawn on hurdles to the west end of St. Paul's Churchyard, and there hanged; they were cut down before death had intervened and their bowels torn out before their eyes, after which they were quartered and beheaded. If we may believe Anthony A'Wood, when the executioner plucked out the heart of Sir Everard Digby, and, according to the barbarous custom of the age, held it up, saying, "Here is the heart of the traitor," Digby, who was supposed, by this time, to be quite dead, answered, "Thou liest!" The heads of these unhappy men were, as usual, stuck up on London Bridge, where they were viewed by thousands of people.

Gunpowder Plot was soon forgotten by the Court, for Sir John Harrington tells us that when the Queen's brother, the King of Denmark, came to London six months later, "there were such grand doings that the Gunpowder Plot has gone out of all our heads, and we going on hereabouts as if the Devil were contriving, every man, to blow himself up with wild riot, excess, waste of time, and intemperance!"

Five years later young Prince Henry[1] was created Prince of

[1] This clever young Prince died in St. James's Palace on November 6, 1612. His father was terribly jealous of his popularity, and is said to have expressed no great grief at the premature loss of so promising a son; so little, indeed, that many believed he had poisoned him, to make way for his favourite son Charles.

Wales at Whitehall, and there were three days and nights of balls, banquets, pageants, and Masques. One evening, after the banquet, "was a masque which continued till the next morning, an hour before sunrise," and on the last day, "a tilting match, a gallant sea-fight, and many rare and excellent fire-works, which were seen by almost a million of people."[1]

Most gorgeous, too, were the nuptials of the pretty and amiable Elizabeth, James's eldest daughter, to Frederick v., King of Bohemia. The expenditure was lavishly extravagant: the expenses for dresses and jewels amounted to £3914; the fitting of the bridal chamber, to £3023; the fire-works on the Thames, and at Whitehall, to £7600; the whole cost of all the various entertainments reaching a total of £93,278! Princess Elizabeth was betrothed in a black velvet gown, "*semè* of crosslets, or quatrefoils in silver." The people, remembering that, only seven weeks before, the popular Prince Henry of Wales had died, were disgusted at the brilliance of these functions. The marriage took place at Whitehall on the 14th of February, 1613, and is particularly interesting as being the first royal wedding celebrated according to the Book of Common Prayer, in England. Elizabeth's wedding-dress was magnificent in the extreme, and the jewels worn by the Royal Family were valued at £1,000,000; while my Lady Warton's gown of silver brocade was thought cheap at £50 the yard!

Only less splendid than this marriage, was the State wedding of James's favourite, Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, with the Lady Frances Howard, which took place the same year, on 26th of December. The bride was beautiful, but of shameful notoriety; none the less, says Coke, "for the triumph of this wedding, Whitehall was too narrow. It had to be extended to the city, where a magnificent entertainment was given to the bride and bridegroom by the Merchant Tailors' Company, in their Hall." The banquet, with its attendant Masques and dances, ended at three in the morning, when the bride and bridegroom were escorted back to Whitehall by torchlight. It will be remembered that the said couple came very near paying the supreme penalty of the law for their attempt to poison Sir Thomas Overbury, a crime which gave rise, in 1615, to one of

[1] A. Dudley Carleton.

the most interesting and curious of the many trials for witchcraft, combined with murder, upon record.

Horace Walpole gives us the following list of the Masques produced at Whitehall before James I. and Anne of Denmark, and exclusively designed by Inigo Jones :—

"1. 'Hymenæi,' or solemnities of masque and barriers, performed on the Twelfth-night, 1606, upon occasion of the marriage of Robert, Earl of Essex, and the Lady Frances, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk: at Court by Ben Jonson. Master Alphonso Ferabosco sang: Master Thomas Giles made and taught the dances.

"2. 'Tethys Festival,' a Masque presented on the creation of Henry, Prince of Wales, June 5, 1610. The words by S. Daniel, the scenery contrived and described by Master Inigo Jones. This was called 'The Queen's Wake.' Several of the lords and ladies acted in it.

"3. February 16, 1613, a Masque at Whitehall on the nuptials of the Palgrave and the Princess Elizabeth, invented and fashioned by our Kingdom's most artfull and ingenious architect, Inigo Jones; digested and written by the ingenious poet, George Chapman.

"4. 'Pan's Anniversary,' a Masque at Court before King James I., 1625. Inventors, Inigo Jones and Ben Jonson.

"5. 'Love's Triumph,' 1630, by the King and nobility: same inventors.

"6. 'Chlorida,' the Queen's Masque at Court. 1630. The same.

"7. 'Albion's Triumph,' a Masque presented at Court by the King's Majesty and his lords on Twelfth-night, 1631, by Inigo Jones and Jonson.

"8. 'The Temple of Love,' a Masque at Whitehall, presented by the Queen and her ladies on Shrove Tuesday, 1634, by Inigo Jones, Surveyor, and William Davenant.

"9. 'Cœlum Britannicum,' a Masque at Whitehall in the Banqueting-house on Shrove Tuesday night, the inventors, Thomas Carew, Inigo Jones.

"10. A Masque presented by Prince Charles, September 12, 1636, after the King and Queen came from Oxford to Richmond.

"11. 'Britannia Triumphans,' a Masque presented at Whitehall by the King and his Lords on Twelfth-night, 1637.

"12. 'Salmacida Spolia,' a Masque presented by the King and Queen at Whitehall on Tuesday, January 21, 1639. The invention, ornaments, scenes and apparitions, with their descrip-

tions, were made by Inigo Jones; what was spoken or sung, by William Davenant, her Majesty's servant.

"13. 'Love's Mistress, or the Queen's Masque,' three times presented before their Majesties at the Phœnix in Drury Lane, 1640. T. Heywood gives the highest commendation of Inigo's part in this performance.

"Lord Burlington had a folio of the designs for these solemnities, by Inigo's own hand, consisting of habits, masks, scenes," etc.

James I., for all his unprincipled and slovenly nature, was a good patron of the Arts, and it was his intention to have pulled down Whitehall and rebuilt it on a scale of unparalleled magnificence, after the designs of Inigo Jones. If this project had been accomplished, it would have given London one of the greatest royal residences in Europe. Of these plans, only that of the Banqueting Hall was carried into execution. Van Dyck was to have decorated the apartment with scenes representing the history of the Order of the Garter, but, although he made the designs—(engraved at a later period by Bartolozzi)—they were never executed. On the other hand, the elaborate ceiling painted by Rubens to represent the Apotheosis of James I., is still in fair preservation. This work is in nine compartments, of which the Apotheosis of the King is the central and most conspicuous one. With truly remarkable skill, the Flemish artist has performed a sort of miracle, imparting dignity even to the figure of "the Second Solomon," by giving some expression to his rather inane countenance. James, in flowing robes and white silk stockings, appears sufficiently heroic to enable him to cut a not altogether undignified figure in the company of numerous genii in scanty draperies, who float round him bearing symbols of peace and plenty, and assist him in his ascent of Mount Olympus. Far finer is the panel over the altar in which James appears seated on the throne and recommending Prince Charles to the care of Minerva, as his successor.

It is, however, doubtful whether the Rubens ceiling, although ordered by James, was finished before Charles I. ascended the throne. It was certainly not painted in England, but in Antwerp, and sent over when finished, by which time Charles,

who paid for the work, was already king. Rubens undoubtedly supplied the design, and may have painted some of the principal figures, but he was assisted in the greater part by the composition of Jourdaens and his pupils. King Charles knighted Rubens as an expression of his admiration for the genius of the first painter who ever came amongst us in the character of an ambassador. The great Flemish artist was despatched to England in this quality by Clara Eugenia, Governess of the Netherlands, in 1630, when, no doubt, he received the order to execute this ceiling, which has been four times restored and each time overdone. Even when fresh from the studio it must have been heavy and oppressive—though the colours were bright then, while now the browns have turned black, and all the electricity in London would not liven it up. Rubens received £3000 for this composition; and the queer part of it is that the successive restorations have cost about ten times the amount originally paid to the artist. Cipriani received £2000 for "cleaning of the paintings on the ceilings of the banquet hall in Whitehall," and Sir Robert Smirke £15,000 for his restoration in 1825![1]

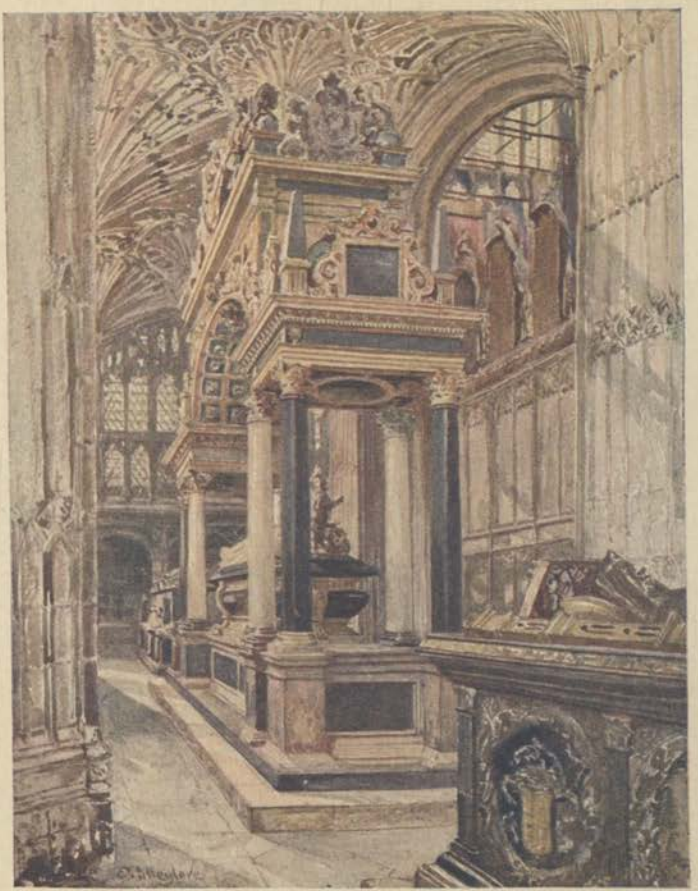
In every sense this Banqueting Hall is an historic place. It was the scene of the magnificent Masques of Ben Jonson, and of many a banquet and gorgeous entertainment presided over by Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, two of the most refined of our sovereigns.

In James the First's reign old London Bridge was still lined with ancient wooden houses, that shook in every gust of wind, so that all the rest of London wondered how anyone could live in them. But peopled they were, and densely too, by jewellers, booksellers, pin and needle-makers, and other petty merchants. Over the seventh and eighth arches, on the north side of the drawbridge, was a very remarkable and lofty wooden structure, brought over from Holland in Queen Elizabeth's reign, and popularly known as Nonsuch. It was built on piles, with

[1] Inigo Jones, during the renovation of Whitehall, received 6s. 4d. a day as Surveyor, with £46 a year for house rent, maintenance of a clerk, and other expenses. The masonry of the Banqueting Hall was executed by Nicholas Stone, a famous statuary who designed the York Watergate, now at the end of Buckingham Street, Strand, and usually attributed to Inigo Jones. He died on August 24, 1647. His allowance was 4s. 10d. a day. The expense of building the Hall was £80,000.

wooden pegs instead of nails, and had fine carved and gilded galleries outside its long line of handsome casements; the panels between each of which were richly painted and gilt. It had long been one of the sights and wonders of London, but in 1664 it was so far dilapidated and falling into ruin, and was considered so unsafe, that nobody would live in it. Near it was a Gothic house, in which, according to tradition, Hans Holbein had his studio in the reign of Henry VIII. Rubens is erroneously said to have lived in a house on London Bridge. He was, however, nearly drowned on one occasion whilst "shooting" the Bridge, his boat being nearly capsized and the principal oarsman lost.

Daniel Defoe tells us that, before the Great Plague, "the town swarmed with a wicked generation of pretenders to magic and the black art." It was, in fact, a very superstitious age. Old beliefs were passing away, and there was a general revolution in ideas. Men began to question revelation itself. The authority of the Bible was attacked. As in our time, conspicuous writers openly professed infidelity. People either became fanatics or scoffers. On one side was Puritanism; on the other, licentiousness—hypocrisy *versus* bare-faced iniquity. And both extremes were equally superstitious. The Dissenters, the people's party, believed in witches and quack doctors. The Cavaliers, the aristocracy, in necromancers, palmists, and astrologers. Not inappropriately was London Bridge, with its darksome, rickety old houses, a favourite abode of mysterious folk, and notably of astrologers, fortune-tellers, and such gentry, who, in Elizabeth's time, openly practised their dubious calling. They environed themselves with as much appropriate *mise-en-scène* as their means permitted, and received their distinguished clients—gentlemen of quality and ladies of high degree—at out-of-the-way houses. These visitors came with due precaution and secrecy, and, usually, masked. Elizabeth, who, like her famous contemporary, Catherine de Medicis, was very superstitious, dealt leniently with these quacks; but her sage successor, had, at a very early age, conceived it to be his mission in life to exterminate witchcraft, and everything pertaining to it. He had worked very hard at this congenial task in Scotland, and he found London, and, indeed, England in general, a most promising field for his



MONUMENT OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, IN HENRY VII'S CHAPEL.

persecuting zeal. No doubt, the occultists on the Bridge and in other parts of London soon had good cause to lament his advent to the throne.

I have purposely introduced, earlier in this chapter, a whimsical description of the marriages of King James and Anne of Denmark the better to emphasise a little-known fact which, I think, accounts for much of the increasing hatred James entertained for witches and witchcraft. It will be remembered that sorcery played a conspicuous part in the unpleasant adventures connected with this alliance. The vessel which was to have brought the young Queen to Scotland was, together with the rest of the Danish fleet, alleged to have been bewitched by the witch-wife of a burgomaster of Copenhagen, who was convicted of the crime and burnt alive. More important yet is the statement to be found in papers preserved in the Danish archives relative to the negotiations for this marriage, that Bothwell's dying confession was well known both to Elizabeth and to James, and that it contained a distinct admission that the said Bothwell had encompassed the ruin of James's mother, Mary Stuart, by means of witchcraft and other magic arts. According to this document, Bothwell being on his deathbed, confessed on the morning of April 5, 1576, in Malmo Castle, in the presence of several witnesses, including the Bishop of Scone, and four magistrates, that—

"In primis he did take it upon his death, that the Queene never knew nor consented to the death of the Kinge (Darnley), but he and his friends by his appointment, dyvers lords consenting and subscriving thereunto; whilk yet was not there present at the deed dooinge. There names be, Lord James, Earl of Murray, Lord Morton, Lord Robert, the Bishop of St. Andrews, with dyvers others whome he sayd he could not remember at that present. Lykewise he sayd that all the friendship which he had of the Queene, he gatt alwayes by witchcraft, and the inventions belanginge thereunto, specially by use of sweete water, and that he found means to put away his ower wife, to obteyne the Queen."

He, however, confessed that he had

"encompassed by dark arts and perverted thereby the will of Queen Mary of Scotland, whereby she unwillingly became an

unconscious accomplice in the assassination of her husband, Darnley (the King's father), and consented to marry the said Bothwell, not knowing what she did, being bewitched by the said Bothwell in such a manner as to be powerless to defend herself."

When we remember that the belief in occultism in the sixteenth century was as firm as that in scientific evolution in our own time, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the fierce hatred which James entertained for the entire brother- and sister-hood of dealers in the dark arts, was due to a conviction that his mother's misfortunes had been brought about mainly by the force of witchcraft.[1]

James was a monomaniac on the subject of witchcraft, and descried a sorcerer at the bottom of the most trivial incident. He even wrote a treatise on witches and the black art, and was present at the trials of several poor wretches, rightly or wrongly accused of sorcery; and is said to have personally superintended their torture. The number of unfortunate men and

[1] Bothwell, after the battle of Carberry Hill, was imprisoned at Dunbar, from whence he made his escape with three armed ships, and, closely followed by Kirkaldy of Grange with a superior fleet, made for the Norwegian coast. At Carm Sund he encountered Captain Christian Olborg, commander of the Danish Warship, *The Bear*, who, under the mistaken impression that he was a pirate, conducted Bothwell as a prisoner to Bergen. His identity was, however, established, and it being known that he bore the title of Duke of Orkney, he was transferred to the fortress of Copenhagen, whence he addressed a letter to the King of France imploring his protection, which was refused. In the first week of January, 1568, he was taken to the fortress of Malmo, where he died in 1576, having, a few days before his demise, made the above-mentioned strange confession, an English version of which will be found in the British Museum, Cottonian Collection, Caligula D., II. fol. 519, and Titus C., VII. fol. 39 b. The earliest MS. of Bothwell's confession is, however, in the Stockholm Library, in a collection of historical papers relating to the last half of the sixteenth century. The original appears to be lost, but it was certainly mentioned as having been sent to Elizabeth, by Sir John Forster in a letter to Walsingham dated June 4, 1581, wherein he says that the said deathbed confession was produced at the trial of Lord Morton. The Stockholm copy of the confession was printed in a book published in that city in 1824, entitled, *Nya Hendslingar rörande Skandinaviens Historia*, and also in a very scarce booklet by Prince Alexander Labanoff, of which the author possesses a copy, entitled, *Pièces et Documents relatif au Comte de Bothwell.* (St. Petersburg, 1856.)

women hanged or burnt in this reign, for dealing in the dark arts, was quite equal to that of the Protestants destroyed in Mary Tudor's Smithfield and other holocausts.

A statute against witchcraft—introduced by James I.—was often and rigorously applied under Charles II. and James II., and even late in the eighteenth century, to inoffensive, half-witted old women, a Mother Joan, a Mother Samuel, or a Mother Dickinson, who had the misfortune to be held in devout horror by the lower orders. It was said that such women were able to kill a horse by merely winking at it; that they favoured black cats and rode on broomsticks. Sometimes a silly child, frightened by one of them, would run home, and tell how Mother This, or Mother That, had made faces at it. Forthwith, the mob assembled, and proceeded to "hunt the witch." Once captured, they tied her thumbs and toes in a bunch, and threw her into a pond. If she sank she was no witch, but she was drowned all the same: if she floated, she was a witch indeed, and was forthwith stoned to death! In 1645, a Commission was appointed in the Parliament of Great Britain, including two clergymen of note—one was Mr. Fairclough—to investigate the state of witchcraft, and, in consequence, some fifty old men and women, probably as innocent as babes, were hanged. The persecution of these unfortunate, and, in many cases, self-deluded people, was not confined to the lower orders, or even to the middle class. The two most curious[1] and interesting trials for murder of this period, that of the notorious Mrs. Turner,[2] and of the equally infamous Elizabeth Howard, Countess of Somerset, prove how intimately witchcraft was associated with all manner of evil in the popular mind.

James I. continued Elizabeth's policy of persecution against those particularly active missionaries, the Jesuits, three of whom were implicated in the Guy Fawkes conspiracy. Fathers Gerrard

[1] The reader will find these extraordinary cases fully narrated in the collection of State Trials. They are well worth reading on account of their dramatic interest. They also give us a remarkable insight into the manners and customs of the times.

[2] Mrs. Turner was hanged in a fine starched lawn ruff, with the result that ruffs went there and then out of fashion. Almost the same thing happened when, in 1854, the infamous Mrs. Manning was hanged in black satin; that beautiful material went out of fashion for twenty-five years.

and Oswald Oldcorn escaped, but Father Garnet, after having been tried at Guildhall, was convicted, and hanged in front of St. Paul's Cathedral. Father Oldcorn, after many hair's-breadth escapes, was finally captured and put to death at Worcester, after having been five times racked. James also had the satisfaction—if such it was—of sending the last "heretic" to be burnt at Smithfield. On March 28, 1612, Mr. Bartholomew Legate, an Arian, suffered martyrdom for his religious opinions on the spot where so many victims of the three Tudor sovereigns had been put to the same awful death. Criminals, however, were still sent there to be burnt until much later, for Evelyn saw "a miserable creature" burning in Smithfield on May 10, 1652, for the murder of her husband.

It should be remembered, in connection with these Jesuit and other "Papistical conspiracies," that the Catholic population of England and Scotland, even as late as the reign of James I., was far larger than we are apt to imagine, being misled in this, as in other matters, by the biassed historians of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. As a matter of fact, Sir William Cecil stated that in the year of the Armada, the Roman Catholics in England formed not less than two-thirds of the population. The majority of them, however, practised their religion in secret, whilst waiting for the opportunity to do so openly, and thereby gave great encouragement to foreign and other Catholics to engage in enterprises, which must, otherwise, have been Quixotic,—such, for instance, as the restoration of the old Faith, and the dethronement of Elizabeth in favour of Mary Stuart.

If Cecil's estimate be accepted, it may explain one of the chief reasons for the rapid spread of Puritanism. After the arrival in England and imprisonment of Mary Stuart, and in consequence of the numerous conspiracies which arose out of that unhappy Princess's nearness to the throne, and their hope of liberating her to replace the Protestant Elizabeth, the Catholics, who were believed to favour this scheme, were, undoubtedly, most fiercely persecuted; their priests were hanged, they were allowed no freedom of worship, if they failed to attend the Established Church they were heavily fined, and if they hid a priest they were liable to be hanged with him

for so doing. In the year 1585, no less than sixty houses in the city of London were suddenly ransacked from cellar to attic, in the hope of discovering some priest or article of Popish worship, much to the terror of the proprietor and the lodgers. The roll-call of Roman Catholic martyrs grew apace between 1575 and the end of Elizabeth's reign. The Catholics, who, for the most part, belonged to the middle and lower classes, were soon deprived of all possible communication with the clergy of their religion, and, therefore, in a sort of desperation, they, most likely, joined the Puritans, who were rapidly becoming an organised and compact body bitterly opposed to that State Church which had persecuted them, as well as the Papists. It would not be surprising, therefore, if numerous Catholics, being left without priests, service, or prayer-books, and surrounded by violent anti-Papists, should have lost, in a few generations, the practice of their Faith, and, like sheep in a storm without a shepherd, have sought the first fold that afforded them shelter and safety.

By the time James I. ascended the throne, a good third of the population was Puritan and "sour"—so sour, indeed, that James's Book of Sports, which most liberal men of our time would heartily endorse, was received with a howl of execration, when that pamphlet—for pamphlet it was—was ordered to be read aloud in the churches. It opened with a declaration that "precise people" were prohibiting "lawful recreations and honest exercises upon Sundays and other holidays after the afternoon sermon or service, such as the people had been accustomed to indulge in"; and thereby "barreth the common and meaner sort of people from using such exercises as may make their bodies more able for war, when we or our successors shall have occasion to use them; and in place thereof sets up filthy tiplings and drunkenness and breeds a number of idle and discontented speeches in their ale-houses: for when shall the common people have leave to exercise, if not upon the Sundays and holidays, seeing they must apply their labour, and win their living, in all working days?" His Majesty, therefore, commanded the retention of all suitable games on Sundays. "And as for our good people's lawful recreation, our pleasure likewise is that after the end of divine services

our good people may not be disturbed, letted, or discouraged from any lawful recreation, such as dancing, either men or women, archery for men, leaping, vaulting, or any other such harmless recreations: nor from having of May games, Whitsun ales, and Morris dances, and the setting up of May-poles, and other sports therewith used, as the same be had in due and convenient time without impediment or neglect of divine service; and that women shall have leave to carry rushes to the church for the decorating of it, according to their old custom. But withall, we do here account still as prohibited all unlawful games to be used upon Sunday only, as bear- and bull-baiting, interludes, and, at all times in the meaner sort of people by law prohibited, bowling."

The last clause is curious: bear- and bull-baiting were considered quite suitable Sunday sports in Elizabeth's time, and even James, though he then prohibited them, was eager enough to attend a baiting, together with his "huntress Queen" and rollicking courtiers, on a week-day. About this time, too, a section of the clergy awoke to the fact that these particular "sports" were hardly worthy of Christians, and issued a sort of pastoral, condemning them "as brutal and injurious to public morality." But all the same they continued in vogue, and were highly popular until about sixty years ago, when they gradually disappeared to make room for more manly and healthy recreations. By the time the famous "Book concerning the tollerating of Sports upon the Lord's day" appeared, the Puritans had made Sunday like the Jewish Sabbath; so that many of the city clergy absolutely refused to allow it to be read in their churches, preferring to be fined or suspended rather than do so. Feeling ran so high in the city that the Lord Mayor ventured to refuse permission for the King's carriages to be driven through it during Sunday service. This nettled James, who informed our chief magistrate that "two Kings could not reign in the same Kingdom." The Lord Mayor retorted that, whilst he was aware of that fact, there was a higher King than James whose will he must perforce obey. The royal carriages were eventually allowed to pass on their way, but on the singular condition that his Majesty was not inside one of them. Thus ended the dispute over the Book of Sports; most of the regula-

tions contained in which, though attacked in their royal author's lifetime, have now, in a more liberal-minded age, been almost universally adopted. There are two things, however, in connection with the Book and the storm consequent on its publication, which are worth noticing. Firstly, it is curious to observe that the chief object of James's pamphlet seems to have been to advocate the desirability of games and pastimes as a means of keeping the people out of the public-houses, a consideration which to-day we are beginning anew to endorse; and, secondly, how the Puritans seem to have considered drunkenness nothing liks so great a crime as a harmless game of romps on a village green of a Sunday afternoon. Probably the Puritans were not as "pure" as we might think; there is evidence in the writings of this period that they did not object to a scandalous tale being sandwiched in between a couple of chapters of the Old Testament read aloud in a nasal twang.

The Book of Sports was publicly burnt at the time the Cromwellians destroyed Cheapside and Charing Cross. In the meantime, the Puritans had the quasi-satisfaction of what they considered a practical illustration of "the vengeance of Heaven on Papists," so often alluded to by contemporary polemical writers. On the afternoon of Sunday, October 26, 1623, some three or four hundred Catholics and a few Protestants, were gathered together in Blackfriars, at Vespers, and to hear a sermon by a famous Jesuit convert, Father Drury, in an upper room arranged as a chapel in the mansion of the Comte de Tillier, the French Ambassador, which was known as Hunsdon House, having belonged to Lord Hunsdon, Queen Elizabeth's first cousin. Those who could not find room in the little chapel, were accommodated in an apartment underneath, where they were hearing a sermon by one Father Redyate on the Sacrament of Penance. Suddenly the top floor gave way, and some three hundred people, including Father Drury, were precipitated on to the unfortunate worshippers on the first floor. Needless to say, this, in its turn, gave way, and the greater number of the faithful were precipitated to the ground; some ninety-one of them being killed, and nearly two hundred more or less seriously injured. A curious account of the burial of the victims of this sad occurrence may be found in an old

contemporary book entitled, *The Fatal Vespers, a true and full Narrative of that signal judgment of God upon the Papists by the fall of the house in Blackfriars, London.* The writer, one Dr. Gouge, thus concludes his description of the tragedy, which was long remembered by Londoners as the "Fatal Vespers":—

"On the Lord's day, at night, when they fell, there were numbered ninety-one dead bodies; but many of them were secretly conveyed away in the night, there being a pair of water-stairs, leading from the garden appertaining unto the house to the Thames. Of those that were carried away, some were buried in a burial-place within the Spanish Ambassador's house in Holborn, amongst whom, the Lady Webb was one, the Lady Blackstone's daughter another, and one Mistress Udal a third. The bodies of many others were claimed and carried away by their relatives and friends. For the corpses remaining two great pits were digged, one in the fore-court of the said ambassador's house, eighteen feet long and twelve feet broad; the other in the garden behind the house, twelve feet long and eight feet broad. In the former pit were laid forty-four corpses, whereof the bodies of Father Drury and Father Redyate were two. These two, wound up in sheets, were first laid in the pit, with a partition of loose earth to separate them from the rest. Then were others brought, some in somewhat a decent manner, wound up in sheets; but the greater portion in a most lamentable plight; the shirts only of the men tied about them, and some linen tied about the middle of the women, the rest of their bodies being naked; and one poor man or woman, taking a corpse by the head, another by the feet, tumbled them in, and so piled them up almost to the top of the pit. The rest were put into the other pit in the garden. Their manner of burial seemed almost as dismal as the heap of them when they lay upon the floor where they last fell. No obsequies or funeral rites were used at their burial. Only, the day after, a black cross of wood was set upon each grave, but was soon, by authority, commanded to be taken down."

No wonder that London before the Great Fire was periodically visited by the plague. How, under such conditions as these, could it be otherwise?

Shortly after this dismal affair, anti-Popery riots began in real earnest. Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador, who had

made himself particularly obnoxious to the masses, was one day being carried down Fleet Street in his chair, when an apprentice called out, "There goes the devil in a dung-cart." One of his suite retorted sharply, and was knocked down by the apprentice for his pains, and a fight ensued between the Envoy's attendants and the apprentices. The lad who had insulted the Spanish Ambassador was ordered to be whipped through the city, whereupon the apprentices rose, some three hundred strong, and released their ill-judged companion. This was about the time that King James was arranging a Spanish match for his son, Prince "Charlie"; and when it was generally known that this alliance had fallen through, the Londoners expressed the liveliest joy, rang the bells, lit bonfires, spread tables in the streets, and broached casks of beer for all and sundry to partake thereof.

By far the "blackest deed" committed by James I. was the execution of Sir Walter Raleigh, one of the most illustrious of Englishmen. The story of the King's weakness and subservience to Spain, in this matter, need not be recapitulated. It may be well, however, to remind the reader, in this busy age, when even the occurrences of yesterday are but too easily forgotten, that whenever he crosses Palace Yard, Westminster, he passes near the scene of the legal murder of this great man. His agonising leave-taking of his wife—his "dear Bess"—took place however at the Tower, where he was imprisoned after his trial at Westminster. It was in the Tower, too, that, a few hours before they fetched him to meet his doom, he wrote the following well-known lines in his Bible:—

> "Even such is time, that takes in trust
> Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
> And pays us but with earth and dust;
> Who, in the dark and silent grave,
> When we have wandered all our ways,
> Shuts up the story of our days.
> But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
> My God shall raise me up I trust."

Never did man face death with greater dignity. He spoke upon the scaffold for fully twenty-five minutes, in clear ringing tones, with great eloquence vindicating his honour and refuting

the calumnies of his enemies. To use his own words, he spoke as "the subject of Death, whose Sovereign was the Great God of Heaven." Then, after he had delivered himself of his farewell oration, "one worthy of a Cicero or a Brutus," he became once more the jovial sea-farer and even joked with the executioner. He kissed the blade of the axe, saying, "It is a sharp and fair medicine to cure me of all my diseases." Twice he gave the signal, but still the headsman hesitated. At last he cried out, somewhat impatiently, "What hast thou to fear. Strike, man, strike!" Then the axe fell.[1]

In 1611, the gates of the Tower closed upon a very interesting prisoner—Lady Arabella Stuart—whose guilt consisted in her being, as the lineal descendant of Margaret Tudor and James IV. of Scotland, a possible successor to the thrones of England and Scotland, and also of having clandestinely married Lord Edward Seymour, son of the unhappy Lady Katherine Grey. So long as Arabella remained single, she was allowed to occupy the position of the first lady at the Court of England, after the Queen. The romantic story of the escape of the youthful couple, Arabella in the disguise of a man—with a pair of large, French-fashioned hose, top-boots, doublet, and a peruke, surmounted by a gentleman's hat—is, or should be, well-known, since it has formed the subject of many novels and plays. Poor Arabella, in her awkward disguise, managed to get as far as Gravesend, and even to put out to sea, but she was soon recaptured and brought back to London, only to be relegated to the Tower, where this fair leader of the fashions at King James's Court died, raving mad, on September 25, 1615, after four years' confinement.

"Where London's towers their turrets show,
So stately by the Thames's side,
Fair Arabella, child of woe,
For many a day had sat and sighed,
And as she heard the waves arise,
And as she heard the bleak winds roar,
As fast did heave her heartfelt sighs,
And still so fast her tears did pour.

[1] Lady Raleigh was present at the execution, and afterwards obtained possession of her husband's head, which she left to Carew.

'The meanest people enjoy their mates,
But I am born unhappily,
Or being crost by cruel fates,
I want both love and liberty,
But Death, I hope, will end the strife.
'Farewell, farewell, my love!' quoth she,
'Once I had thought to have been thy wife,
But now am forced to part with thee.'" [1]

The Princess was buried by night on September 27, 1615, in Westminster Abbey, and with scant ceremony; merely a hurried reading of the Burial Service. According to the Abbey Registers, she was laid to rest in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, close to her cousin, and faithless friend, Henry, Prince of Wales; whose death had caused her so much sorrow, slightly mitigated by the knowledge that his funeral had been attended by two thousand mourners. A writer in the eighteenth century declared he saw her coffin under that of Mary Stuart, who had married Arabella's uncle, Henry Darnley. The said coffin was so thin that through its shallow frame he could see the skull and bones of poor Arabella Stuart. As to young Seymour, he was more fortunate than his bride, for he escaped to France where he lived till the storm blew over, when he returned to England and succeeded to the title of Earl of Hertford. He married again, a daughter of Lord Essex, by whom he had a girl who was christened Arabella, in memory of his first wife.

James had been ten years on the throne when he came to the conclusion that it would be a politic act to translate the remains of his mother, Mary, Queen of Scots, from Peterborough to London, so that her ashes might mingle with those of her Tudor ancestors, from whom he derived his crown. Accordingly he addressed a letter to the Dean of Peterborough, dated September 18, "the tenth yeare of oure reigne of England, France, and Ireland, and of Scotland the sixth and fortieth"—1613—commanding him to have "the corp of his dearest moder, lifted in as decent and respectfull a manner as is fitting," and conveyed to Westminster, so that it might "rest in a place where the Kings and Queens of these Realms are commonly interred, that the like honour might be done to the body of

[1] Contemporary ballad on Arabella Stuart.

his dearest mother, and the like monument be extant to her, that had been done to his *dear sister*, the late Queen Elizabeth." On October 3, a solemn, but by no means lengthy, procession—consisting of the hearse containing the body of the decapitated Queen, drawn by six black horses, and followed by about one hundred men on horseback, among them several noblemen—passed down "the Reading Road" (now Piccadilly), to Charing Cross and so on to Westminster, where the Dean received the body, and, with a few prayers, but no great ceremony, conveyed it to Henry the Seventh's Chapel, where it was deposited in the vault; not immediately, as is generally imagined, under the sumptuous monument erected by James some years earlier, but close to the vault containing the body of Elizabeth on the other side, in the North aisle, only the thickness of a few bricks separating the two rival queens in death. The leaden coffin or chest containing the body of Mary Stuart is, with the sole exception of that of Henry VII., the longest in the Abbey. She was a very tall woman, standing exactly six foot; her great-grandfather, Henry VII., was almost a giant. Mary Stuart had not long been buried in the Abbey ere it was currently reported that miracles were worked by her bones, and a Roman Catholic pilgrimage began, which was not put a stop to for some months. Even James I. could not refuse his mother the right to perform miracles after death if so her spirit pleased! Mary Stuart's was the last royal tomb in England at which miracles were said to have been wrought—for faith in the miraculous powers of such dead kings as Edmund, Edward the Confessor, and Henry VI., was already nearly extinct and their shrines abandoned. Mary was, moreover, the only Stuart Sovereign to have a monument in the Abbey. Charles I. never erected one to his father, James, and his undutiful son, Charles II., diverted the large sum set aside for a monument to his father in the Abbey, to other and more congenial purposes! James II. died in exile, and Mary and William III. were not in favour with Anne, who, in her turn, was neglected in this respect by George I. and his successors.

In the early part of the reign, the Queen, Anne of Denmark, was, as we have seen, devoted to Masques and masquerades, as well as hunting and bull- and bear-baiting! But in her latter

years she was much broken in health, and lived a good deal in retirement at Hampton Court, where she fell into her last illness, her end being, so it was said, accelerated by the news of the execution of her old friend Sir Walter Raleigh. During her illness, the King travelled twice a week to Hampton Court to see her, less with the object of comforting her with his presence, than with that of influencing her to will her immensely valuable jewels in his favour, and not to his daughter, Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia. His Majesty was not present at her death-bed, himself lying ill at Roylston. Anne insisted upon dying in a Danish bed she had imported from her native land. Her illness was long and severe. Prince Charles was with her to the end, which came very quietly in the small hours of March 2, 1619. There is a very quaint account of the death of this Queen in the Miscellany of the Abbotsford Club, which says—

"And when her speech was gone, the Bishop (of London) calls to her, 'Madame, make a sign that your Majesty is one with your God and longs to be with Him.' She held up her hand, and when the one hand failed her, she held up the other till they both failed. . . . And when all failed, the Bishop made another prayer, and she lay so pleasantly in the bed smiling, as if she had no pain; only, in the last, she gave five or six little groans, and had the pleasantest going out of this world that ever anybody had: and two days after looked as well as she did at any time this two years."[1]

At the time it was said that she died a Catholic, but this is certainly untrue, for she was assisted to the last by the said Bishop of London. The three doctors, Drs. Mayerne, Atkins, and Turner, who attended her, were all of them recommended to her by the unfortunate Sir Walter Raleigh.

King James would have preferred that his consort had tarried a little while longer in this vale of tears, for she passed away when the royal finances were at their lowest ebb, so low indeed that the Queen's body, which was brought to London,

[1] See the Miscellany of the Abbotsford Club, vol. i. pp. 81–84, where a long account will be found of the death scene, very quaintly written in broad Scotch, after her Majesty's death, by one of her attendants to a lady abroad.

remained at Somerset House, unburied, from March till May 13, simply because there was no money forthcoming to meet the expenses of the very elaborate funeral James had planned. After this unusual delay, the Queen's remains were taken to the Abbey in a highly decorated hearse, surmounted by her effigy and drawn by six black horses. Chamberlain informs us that the great crowd of ladies and lords, "being tired with the length of the way and the weight of their clothes, dragged behind." No wonder, for "each lady had twelve yards of broad-cloth to carry, and each peeress sixteen"! Fortunately, every one of these much be-weighted dames was "supported" by a gentleman—else, surely, as Chamberlain admits, "they never could have got to the Abbey." The Countess of Arundel was chief mourner, and had to "drag about twenty yards of heavy cloth." The Duke of Sussex and the Marquis of Hamilton "supported" her. The hearse remained on view a very long time, and multitudes went daily to see it. Anne of Denmark, "the Empress of the Britains," as Raleigh called her, has no monument. Her leaden coffin was placed to the north-east of Henry the Seventh's.

Seven years later, March 27, 1625, James I. died at Theobalds. The most remarkable thing about "our Solomon's" funeral was the extraordinary hearse provided—a veritable monument—designed by Inigo Jones, with four caryatides at the corners, which, it seems, were made of "playster of Parris," and the drapery of white calico,[1] which was "very handsome and very cheap," and, moreover, looked "like white marble." The funeral procession started from Denmark House for the Abbey at ten in the morning of May 7, 1625, but it was, it appears, five in the afternoon "before all was entered." This is not surprising, for black cloth was supplied to no less than nine thousand persons, and they had all to defile before the catafalque. Dean Williams preached the sermon, and alluded more than once to the deceased King, as "like unto a second Solomon." This prodigious funeral cost £30,000; but, in spite of its expense, no monument marks the resting-place of the first King of Great Britain, whose body lies by the side of Anne

[1] This calico drapery was wetted and fixed on to the plaster of Paris,—an Italian trick—which has an excellent effect.

of Denmark, close to the coffins of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York.[1]

James I. seems to have been rather tolerated than liked. Dark rumours were circulated throughout his reign concerning his intimacy with his favourites, Carr and Buckingham, and several others of less conspicuous note, who were loathed both by the Court and the people. Henry, Prince of Wales, had been very popular, the people being under the erroneous impression that he was inclined to Puritanism, and when it was known that his old father paid scarcely any attention to his illness and death, Londoners believed that he had been poisoned with the King's consent. James was terribly unrefined, drank "like a fish," rarely if ever paid his servants their wages, bullied the House of Commons, and insulted the House of Lords. He, moreover, granted monopolies to his friends, and this was an offence which the acute commercial instinct of the average Londoner could never forgive. Unfortunately, as in the case of Louis XV., the sins of the father were visited upon the son. Resistance to the decrees of this slovenly King does not, however, appear to have been at all vigorous. There were conspiracies, but they were not well organised; and the growing storm only broke, at last, over the devoted head of Charles I.

Two very remarkable ladies visited London in the reign of James I.—the centenarian Countess of Desmond and the American Princess, Pocahontas.

It was in the early summer of 1604 that London received a visit from the venerable Countess-Dowager of Desmond, probably the oldest female that has ever passed through its gates. Kathleen FitzGerald, the eldest daughter of Sir John FitzGerald, Lord of Decies, was born as far back as 1464, in the

[1] Although James I. and his consort, their son, Henry, Prince of Wales, Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, Arabella Stuart, Charles II., Queen Anne and her consort, George of Denmark, and their numerous family, are all buried in the Abbey, none of the Stuarts, after Mary Stuart, had monuments erected over them, except the little Princesses Mary and Sophia, daughters of James I., whose quaint tombs will be found near the monument of Elizabeth. The same curious omission holds good for the Hanoverian Sovereigns, George I. and Caroline of Anspach and George II., with several members of their families.

reign of Edward IV. Whilst yet in her 'teens, she married her kinsman, Thomas, eighth Earl of Desmond, the marriage taking place in London in the presence of the Court. The juvenile bride danced at her nuptials with Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards King Richard III., whom she always described as a dark, handsome man, and not at all deformed. In her seventieth year she lost her husband, who had, in the meantime, become twelfth Earl of Desmond, and was granted, as her dower, the ancient Castle of Inchiquin, the ruins of which still tower close to the town of Youghal, County Cork. Her step-son, James FitzMorris, a page to Henry VIII., was murdered in 1541, by his first cousin, Maurice FitzJohn, and this crime paved the way for the ultimate desolation of the great house of Geraldine, which Lady Desmond was doomed to witness. She herself suffered sorely thereby, her estates being confiscated by the Crown under Elizabeth, late in whose reign this miraculous old lady was seen by Sir Walter Raleigh. Although in her one hundred and fortieth year, and quite destitute, she eventually resolved to seek redress from James I., and, together with her comparatively youthful, but infirm, daughter, aged ninety, embarked upon a timber-barge, that brought them both, through stormy weather, from Ireland safe into the Port of Bristol, whence, as the Earl of Leicester tells us in his *Diary*, "this old ladye came on foot to London, together with her daughter, that was decrepit and not able to come with her on foot but was brought in a little cart, their poverty not allowing better means." After many hardships and strange adventures, these ancient pilgrims arrived in London and lodged at a little inn in Fleet Street, whence they petitioned James I. to receive them: which he did, so graciously, that the venerable Countess realised the happiness of having her ancient estates restored to her. She was very honourably treated whilst in London, and several portraits of her were painted, one of which, the most authentic, is now in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth, having come into the possession of the Cavendish family through an alliance in the early eighteenth century with Charlotte, Countess of Burlington. London was greatly interested in the centenarian Countess and her nonagenarian daughter, and many were, no doubt, distressed to learn that, shortly after her return to Ireland, the much tried

old lady gave up the ghost, having fully experienced the truth that Byron sings—

> "It is the worst of woes to wait on age,
> And view each loved one blotted from life's page."

According to Leicester, her death was due to a fall from a tree which she had climbed to gather nuts! Some doubts have been cast upon the great age reached by this abnormally ancient dame, but she can be indirectly traced in the State Papers throughout the whole of the sixteenth century. Letters addressed to Henry VIII. by her husband exist, and attest that she was seventy when he died in 1530. It is unquestioned that she passed away in 1605, reputed to be 140 years of age—the oldest British subject of the fair sex recorded in history.

Pocahontas, the fair and heroic daughter of Powhatan, monarch of Werowocomoco, in Virginia, also visited London in the reign of James I. The dusky Princess, as all the world knows, fell desperately in love with Captain John Smith, President of the English colony in Virginia, whose life she saved. She did not marry Smith, but was taken as a State prisoner by Captain Argall in 1613. Believing Smith to be dead, she married an Englishman named John Rolfe, after having been converted to Christianity. In 1616, when Mr. Rolfe and Princess Pocahontas visited London, the town went wild over her beauty and her nut-brown skin, and the Court received her with open arms. Smith now reappeared and lodged a petition on her behalf with Queen Anne, in which document first appears the romantic story of his deliverance by the Princess from the Indians. Alas, she died on board the good ship *George* just as it was sailing out of Gravesend to take her back to Old Virginia, and was laid to rest in the parish churchyard, where you may still see her tomb, tenderly cared for by the fair daughters of America. Not so many years ago, London society cordially welcomed her descendant, the beautiful Miss Von Schomberg of Philadelphia, so well known in our contemporary fashionable world as Mrs. Hughes-Hallett of Dinard.

CHAPTER VII

CHARLES I.

THE misfortunes of Charles I. began with his marriage with Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry IV. of France and Marie de Medicis, the negotiations for which commenced before the death of James I., and gave rise to many difficulties, owing to the religious question, the Princess being a Catholic. Pope Urban VIII. (Barbarini) was opposed to the match, and there was trouble in obtaining his consent, which was only given on the condition that "the Queen of England should have the control of her children until they were thirteen years of age," the astute Pontiff realising the influences in after life of religious teaching when imparted to a little child by a fond mother. All obstacles being at last removed, the new King and Queen of England were married by proxy in Nôtre Dame on May 21, 1625, the Duc de Chevreuse, and not the Duke of Buckingham, representing King Charles. A few days later the young Queen and her suite set off for England, and were received at Calais by "a pageant of all the French princesses that ever wore the English Crown"—an ominous gathering of very unhappy ladies! The Queen-Mother, who was to have accompanied her daughter to London, was taken ill at Compiègne, and had to be left behind. Her illness occasioned a considerable delay, during which London was kept on the alert for news of the new Queen-Consort, for nearly a month. It was even reported she had resolved to return to Paris, and to break off the alliance on some plea or other to be provided by the Pope. At length, on June 22, 1625, Henrietta Maria set sail from Calais, whilst Charles left London hurriedly to greet her on her landing. He found her still at breakfast. On perceiving him she rose at once and

"made as if she intended to kneel and kiss his hand, but his Majesty prevented her and wrapt her up in his arms with many kisses." The poor little lady had been taught a long litany of soft compliments in French to make to the King, but, breaking down after the first few words, burst into tears. Again the King reassured her, and presently they were on quite intimate terms, standing back to back to see how much taller Charles was than his bride —she reached to his shoulders. He now insisted upon seeing if her heels were not abnormally high, and on this she showed her pretty little feet and burst into a fit of girlish laughter; from that time, poor Charles and his "Mary"[1] were, so far as a cruel fate would allow, a happy couple.

What a pretty girl she must have been—this graceful little Queen who had inherited the aquiline features of her gallant father on a diminutive and delicate scale, and the dark eyes and hair of her famous ancestor, the last of the Italian Condottieri, Giovanni de Medicis, surnamed *della Bande Nere*, the son of the Amazonian Caterina Sforza, Duchess of Forli. His great-granddaughter, Marie de Medicis, the Queen-Mother, was, by the way, a blonde. Henri IV. was wont to call his daughter *la petite Italienne*; and such, in truth, she was, an impressionable, haughty, sympathetic, petulant, enchanting girl, more Italian than French, and with more heart than brains. Amongst other numerous members of the French nobility who came over with the Queen were: Mme. de St. Georges, a very handsome woman and a delightful coquette, who immediately started a flirtation with the King which he quickly suppressed; the Princesse de la Trémoille, "a merely pretty, discreet lady"; and the beautiful Duchesse de Chevreuse, the future heroine of the Fronde. Mme. de Chevreuse had first married, for love, the Duc de Luynes, who took her without a dower. Shortly after his early death, she married a second time, Claud de Lorraine, Duc de Chevreuse. There never was a pleasanter or more original lady than this Princess—the heroine of one of Dumas' finest novels and of a score of memoirs and romantic plays. M. de Chevreuse accompanied his wife, and they were lodged

[1] Notwithstanding the protests of his courtiers, who assured him that Mary was an ominous name, — that of the hated Mary Tudor, — Charles invariably called Henrietta Maria plain "Mary."

in the State apartments at St. James's and Richmond Palaces, which marked attention offended the other Ambassadors, until Charles reminded them that the Duc de Chevreuse, being a Prince of the House of Lorraine, was, by etiquette, his first cousin. Whereupon they lowered their tone and became amenable to reason. The loveliness of the Duchesse de Chevreuse and the elegance of her gowns were the envy and the delight of the English great ladies, whose amazement knew no bounds when they learnt that the venturesome Princess thought nothing of swimming across the Thames at Westminster and Richmond—whereby she won for herself the title of the "female Leander."

From Dover the King and Queen and all the Court rode to Canterbury, passing by Barham Downs, where they were entertained at a banquet, and where the lords and ladies of the English Court were waiting to receive them. At Canterbury, which was reached on St. John's Eve, they found a stupendous feast prepared. The day was not only a Friday, but also a vigil, and, therefore, a day of abstinence in the Catholic Church, but so hungry was the young Queen that, unheedful of the reminder of her confessor not to give scandal, she partook, and very heartily, too, of forbidden viands, and ate of a tasty pie, the chief ingredient of which was pheasant.

The "personal marriage" of the King and Queen was celebrated privately that very night (June 24, 1625) in the Great Hall of the Archbishop's house, and probably by the Primate himself. From Canterbury, the newly-married Sovereigns pro ceeded to Gravesend, where their State barge lay, surrounded by hundreds of other richly decorated barges belonging to the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London, and to the chief nobility. Followed by this gay escort, their Majesties were rowed up the Thames to Greenwich. The royal pair were dressed in green velvet, embroidered in gold. Charles wore a broad-brimmed black felt hat, with a red plume, whereas Henrietta Maria's was of grey felt with white feathers. Both Sovereigns stood at the window of their State barge as it shot London Bridge, and passed swiftly onwards towards Somerset House. The ominous signs that invariably accompanied everything Charles I. undertook, were not wanting on this otherwise auspicious occasion. A

violent thunderstorm broke over London as the water pageant sailed into the upper reach of the Thames, and a tremendous shower of rain and hail damped the ardour of the multitudes in the countless boats and barges that lined either side of the water way along which the royal procession passed. The sun, however, shone forth brightly as the King and Queen entered Somerset House, hand in hand, followed by a brilliant train of French and English nobility.

There was a whimsical accident on this memorable occasion, which might have proved disastrous. The Thames round about Somerset House was overcrowded with boats, rafts, and barges, several of which capsized, whereby some hundred people received a very unexpected bath, but, fortunately, no more serious injury. The King and Queen came out on the terrace, and laughed heartily at the misfortunes of their loyal subjects.

Henrietta Maria, although a pretty woman, was never popular, but regarded from the first with suspicion. She was generally considered an *intrigante*, bent upon restoring Popery, even by the intervention of foreign arms. Her influence over the King was only too openly manifested, and her advice but too frequently followed by a husband who was notoriously uxorious. Van Dyck has immortalised the dainty features of Henrietta Maria, and that his portraits are accurate likenesses is proved by a reference to the marvellous picture of this Queen when an old woman, by Mignard, in the possession of Mrs. Alfred Morrison, in which it is easy to recognise at a glance the same pretty face so often limned by the great Dutch artist in her youth, though in this case old and wrinkled by sorrow and age. Charles, who, from the first, was greatly attracted by the grace of his young wife, soon discovered that if there was to be peace in his family circle, and he was to remain master of it, Henrietta Maria's overwhelming escort of French ladies and gentlemen must forthwith be sent back. They stoutly refused to budge, the Queen flew into one of her frequent fits of temper, and, thanks mainly to the persistent intrigues of the beautiful Marquise de St. Georges, Somerset House, where the Queen's foreign Court was lodged, became a veritable pandemonium.

In palliation of Charles's rude behaviour to these foreigners, it should be remembered that Queen Henrietta Maria brought

over with her a colony of not less than one hundred and sixty persons, besides grooms and stable boys. At the head of this French invasion was Mgr. Daniel du Plessis, Bishop of Mende, the Queen's Grand Almoner Father Berulle, her confessor, and thirty other priests,—little wonder, then, that the suspicious susceptibilities of the Protestants were roused. There were, besides, two Envoys—the Marquis d'Effiat, and M. de la Ville-aux-Clercs, the Comte de Tilliers, her Majesty's Chamberlain, and about sixty other gentlemen. The brigade of noble French dames was headed by the Princesse de la Trémoille, and the turbulent Comtesse de St. Georges, who literally fought with Buckingham, striking him on the head with the heel of her shoe. Amongst other things, these good people could not endure English cooking and refused to drink beer. Madame de St. Georges had been Henrietta Maria's bosom friend, but even the Queen found her a trifle trying when transplanted from Paris to London. On one occasion she threw her breakfast—cooked à l' Anglaise—out of the window into the Strand. The priestly contingent was headed by the Bishop of Mende and Father Berulle, and behaved aggressively, openly boasting that before long England would be Roman Catholic once more, thanks to their labours; whereby they did more harm than good to the cause of their co-religionists.

Charles, who was inflexible, wrote to "Steenie," Duke of Buckingham, to "turn them all out," and not allow them to "stick long in departing," but "drive them away like so many wild beasts, until you have shipped them all, and the devil go with them." The French *noblesse* naturally enough resisted this unpleasant treatment, and unanimously determined to remain; but at last Buckingham ejected them all by sheer brute force, whilst a dense and angry mob seethed on both sides of the Palace. The Strand was packed with a yelling crowd, and the Thames black with boats, full of rascals howling, "Death to the French Papists!" As Madame de St. Georges crossed the courtyard on the arm of Lord Melville, a stone was thrown at her head which struck her a nasty blow, whereupon the noble lord drew his sword and killed her assailant. At last the hapless French were safely transferred to the vessels destined to take them from our shores. After this ejection, the Princesse

de la Trémoille, the only foreign lady left in the Queen's suite, had rooms found for her at St. James's Palace.

Charles the First's coronation (February 2, 1626) was, for many reasons, considered as of bad omen. Out of fear of a Puritan demonstration against the King, the usual State Progress was omitted, as in the case of James I., under the pretext that the plague was raging. A chain of mishaps began at Westminster Steps, where Sir Robert Cotton was awaiting the King to present him with the ancient Gospels, "on which, for divers hundred years, the Kings of England had solemnly taken their coronation oaths." Thanks to a trick, artfully played by Buckingham, the royal barge passed by, going on to Parliament Steps, so that this ceremony was omitted. There was a feud raging between the Chapter of Westminster and Archbishop Laud, who, as Prebendary, cleverly baulked Dean Williams of his place in the ceremony. The celebrated Dean was in disgrace, but, none the less, had the right to nominate the Prebendary, which he did by presenting a full list of candidates to the King, who naturally appointed Laud, much to the anger of the Chapter; to whose further indignation, a crucifix, borrowed from the Regalia, was placed by Laud's orders on the altar. To add to the general confusion, there was no violet velvet to be procured in the town to make the King's robes, and so he was crowned in white garments; and white, amongst the Stuarts, was considered unlucky. Other ominous occurrences were the breaking off of the left wing of the dove on the sceptre, "from what casualty, God alone knew," says Oldmixon; and the slipping of the stone out of the coronation ring. It was rumoured, too, that Dr. Abbot, Archbishop of York, who anointed the King, was not canonical, having accidentally killed one of the King's keepers whilst out hunting. Dr. Stenhouse, Bishop of Carlisle, preached the sermon, and selected what was, under the circumstances, a rather unfortunate text, "Be thou faithful, and I will give thee a crown of glory"! By way of climax, a sharp shock of earthquake startled the citizens at about two o'clock in the afternoon. Another unpleasant fact connected with this function was the Queen's determination not to be crowned according to the Protestant rite. In a violent scene between herself and the King—and Henrietta Maria could be violent on occasion, even

to smashing the window-panes with her naked fists—her Majesty told him she would rather die than have the crown placed upon her head by a "heretic." This greatly distressed the King, and was the reason why neither the Queen, the French Ambassador, nor any of the ladies and gentlemen of her suite, were present in the Abbey on the occasion of this most unlucky of coronations. Finally, when the crowd in the Abbey was summoned by the Earl of Arundel to acknowledge Charles I. as its rightful Sovereign, there was a glacial silence, and the King, on leaving the sacred building, indulged in a painful burst of sobbing. The Bishop of Carlisle, who preached the sermon, died soon afterwards of black jaundice, a malady quaintly described as "hanging the sufferer's face with mourning even before its burial"! The state of the capital, too, is described as dismal in the extreme. The recent outbreak of epidemic had played such havoc that most people were in mourning, trade at a standstill, and the grass growing in the principal streets.

During the reign of Charles I., the Court at Whitehall was remarkable for its elegance and propriety. The King, a good-looking likeness of his father, and if not exactly handsome, yet of most distinguished and romantic appearance, was a paragon of domestic virtue, and the Queen, though petulant, was a good wife and indulgent mother. The Masques at Court, in which both Sovereigns delighted, even appearing in them occasionally, were even more artistic than those which had been performed in the time of James I. Costume had undergone a great change for the better, and from being heavy and preposterous, had become tasteful and picturesque. The male costume, whilst retaining much that was Elizabethan, was supremely elegant, and nothing like so effeminate as that which distinguished the time of Charles II., when it was burdened by a superfluity of lace and ribbons. The ladies' dress was even more charming than that in fashion in the days of Anne Boleyn, as may be seen by a glance at the delightful portraits by Van Dyck, Jansen, and Mignard, of the great ladies of this period, with their rich satins, dainty laces, and bows of brilliant ribbons, their ringlets and their strings of pearls. The celebrated Bassompierre, the French Ambassador, who was considered very fastidious, wrote to his Government, that when he presented his letters of

credit to Charles and Henrietta Maria, "he was amazed at the dignity and refinement of the Court, as well as the gracious manners of the King and Queen." He was struck, too, by "the romantic appearance of the King, by his fine eyes, and the sweet, yet melancholy, expression of his countenance. He had a predestined look which was extremely touching."

The Masques in the early part of this reign must have been deeply interesting, even if costumes and scenery were far from being archæologically correct. Ben Jonson, Milton, Fletcher, Carew and Seldon were the poets. Lanière and Ferabosco composed the music, whilst Inigo Jones invented the decorations, and Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, with the young nobility of their Court, danced in the interludes. These Masques, a mixture of mythological fairy opera and ballet, admitted of superb scenery and "contrivances," and delighted both spectators and actors. But they do not seem ever to have been transferred to the public stage, upon which, perhaps, they might have lost much of their prestige and glamour. The parts, although fair elocution was necessary, did not require much histrionic talent, and were admirably contrived to display the costumes and graces of their aristocratic interpreters. Fearing lest the number of lights used in these entertainments might damage his marvellous collection of pictures, the King, in the later years of his life, built a temporary hall, called the "Masqueing House," which was inaugurated in 1642. This building, which is mentioned in contemporary documents as the "Boarded Masqueing House," was pulled down by order of the Parliament in 1645.

At a cost of £8000, Shirley's *Triumph of Peace*, one of the most magnificent pageants on record, was enacted in 1633, by the gentlemen of the four Inns of Court. The masquers all met at Ely House in Holborn, from whence they went in procession to Whitehall, preceded by a band of hautboys. Following these came "the Ante-masque," a crowd of grotesque figures attended by torch-bearers; then "Fancy," "Opinion," "Confidence," "Laughter," etc., appropriately attired; beggars, mastiffs, Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, and the Windmill, a drummer and fourteen trumpeters in crimson satin, the marshal, ten horse and forty foot in scarlet and silver, and one hundred gentlemen, each attended by two pages and a groom, bringing

up the rear of the first part. Next came six chariots of all kinds and colours, with canopies of feathers and silver fringe, which contained the masquers, each chariot being divided from the next by a band of musicians, with torch-bearers. This sprightly procession was graciously received by the King and Queen at the royal palace, and formally invited, according to the programme, to take part in the forthcoming Masque.

In the Banqueting Hall a raised stage, enclosed in a lattice work of branches, flowers, and drapery, faced a canopy of state, under which sat the King and Queen surrounded by the Court. Men in Roman dress, and children with silver wings, were grouped on either side of the stage. The "mounting" was superb. The "set" scene represented the Forum of Peace, and a public street, lit up by transparent clouds. In another scene appeared, "in the highest and foremost part of the heaven, by little and little at break forth, a whitish cloud, bearing a chariot feigned of goldsmith's work, and in it sat Irene or Peace, in a flowery vesture like the Spring. . . . Out of the highest part of the opposite side softly descended another cloud, of an orient colour, bearing a silver chariot curiously wrought, and differing in all things from the first; in which sat Eumonia or Law, in a purple satin robe, adorned with golden stars, a mantle of carnation, laced and fringed with gold, a coronet of light upon her head." Justice was represented by a young lady wearing a coronet of silver fishes, who "descended quicker than the other two." But the finest thing of all must have been the concluding transformation: "The scene now changed into a plain champaign country, which terminates with the horizon, and above, a darkish sky, with dusky clouds, through which appeared the new moon, but with a faint light, by the approach of morning; from the farthest point of the ground arose by little and little a great vapour, which slackens its motion, and begins to fall downwards to the earth, from whence it came: and out of this rose another cloud on which was a young maid with a dim torch in her hand; her face was an olive colour, so were her arms and breast, her garment was transparent," and so on. This damsel, it seems, represented "the morning, that glimpse of light which is seen when the night is past and the day not yet appeared." Here, then, we have something more than a mere suggestion of Wagner's

vapour clouds and the Bayreuth effects of contrasting light and shade. The above quotation might almost be a transcript of a contemporary account of a scene in *Walküre* or *Gotterdämmerung*.

Whitehall and Hampton Court were the favourite residences of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, who never cared for Windsor Castle. Among the many grievances against Charles I. none was more plausible, or, indeed, more reasonable, than the charge of extravagance in the manner in which he maintained his Court and that of his Consort, on precisely the same scale as in the plentiful days of Queen Elizabeth. The Royalists said His Majesty's love of display was "much for the honour of the kingdom"; but Puritans thought otherwise: "it was heathenish, wasteful, wicked—most wicked," they said, "and worthy of Ahab, the husband of the wicked Jezebel." Every day the King's table was furnished with twenty-eight dishes: "the Queen's, twenty-four: four other tables with sixteen dishes each for the ladies and gentlemen of the Court, making in all about five hundred dishes at each meal, with bread, beer, wine, and all things necessary. There was spent yearly in the King's house of gross meat, fifteen hundred oxen; seven thousand sheep; twelve hundred veals; three hundred porkers; four hundred sturks or young beefs; six thousand eight hundred lambs; three hundred flitches of bacon; and twenty-six boars. The poultry and game was on the same scale, each sort by the hundred dozen, and so forth. In one year, thirty-six thousand four hundred bushels of wheat were used in the bakery. Six hundred tons of wine and one thousand seven hundred tons of beer were drunk; together with fish and fowl, fruit and spice proportionately."

The collection of pictures which the unfortunate King had made and added to the accumulated treasures of his predecessors, was unrivalled in Europe, and included twenty-eight works by Titian, eleven by Correggio, sixteen by Giulio Romano, nine by Raphael, seven by Parmegiano, and four by Guido Reni, besides an exceptional number of others by Rubens and by Van Dyck, the latter of whom was appointed painter to the King and Queen. To the iconoclastic fanaticism of the Puritan Parliament, England owes the dispersal of this wonderful gallery, the inventory of which took a full year to draw up, and the pictures, tapestries, and other works of art three years to sell off.

Londoners must have found plenty to chatter over in Charles the First's time. The country was divided into two great parties—the Puritans and the Cavaliers—soon to become Revolutionists and the Royalists. For revolution was brewing apace, and never a day passed without some stirring incident. But it would need a volume, and a very big one at that, to give even a vague impression of the ever-varying incidents of this epoch, which was destined to transform not only the Government of England, but eventually to influence those of the rest of Europe. In these pages we must, perforce, confine ourselves to those less known side-lights of London's story, which belong more strictly to this book.

At the height of the popular commotion over Strafford, Charles received with great state the Queen's mother, the exiled and impoverished Queen Dowager of France, Marie de Medicis. Whatever Charles the First's faults may have been, he was a thorough gentleman, and he determined to receive the victim of Richelieu's policy not as a poor relation, but as a great Queen, in "the plenitude of her power and prosperity." Her state entry into London, of which there exist several curious contemporary engravings, was magnificent, and she was royally lodged at St. James's Palace, where her daughter, Henrietta Maria, surrounded by her children, received her at the foot of the staircase. So soon as she saw her mother, the Queen of England fell upon her knees and asked her blessing, which the "distressful," but buxom Medician bestowed upon her with unction. The widow of Henry IV. who had none of the bold spirit of her illustrious ancestors, soon became so alarmed at the agitated state of London, that when the mob surrounded the Palace, clamouring for Strafford's life, she begged to be allowed to return at once to Holland, a request which was readily granted, for her retinue, which was very poor and very rapacious, had greatly embarrassed the King by their incessant demands upon his purse. Marie de Medicis left England in August, 1641, a little while after the execution of the unfortunate Strafford, and just at a time when a man was punished by the House of Commons for publishing "a scandalous ballet (ballad) against the Queen's mother's going away."

It is an almost invariable rule of history that the greatest political events generally arise from unimportant incidents. The

downfall of the Orleans Dynasty in 1848, for instance, may be attributed to the murder of the Duchesse de Praslines. It was alleged that her husband and assassin was supplied by Louis Philippe with the means of committing suicide in prison, in order that a peer of France might not be publicly executed by the common hangman. The Crimean War was brought about by a trivial quarrel, and subsequently free fight, between Greek and Latin friars before the Holy Sepulchre. So Charles I. owed the beginning of his unpopularity to the lynching by the mob, in 1628, of a notorious quack named Lamb, who was a protégé of the King's all-powerful but detested favourite, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. Lamb was a palmist, sorcerer, and second-sight man, who some few years earlier had been convicted and condemned for unspeakable crimes. Thanks to royal protection, he escaped his sentence, and for some time kept well out of sight; but by degrees becoming bolder, he eventually emerged from his hiding-place to court public attention once again. As he was walking down Jewry one day, he was recognised by some boys, who started jeering and pelting him with stones. The sorcerer took to his legs and ran towards St. Paul's, followed by a mob, which increased at every step, howling, "Death to the wizard! Death to the witch!" At length the wretched man fell exhausted, at the foot of Paul's Cross, when the crowd fell upon him and beat him to death, breaking every bone in his body. On a sudden the King appeared upon the excited scene, and riding his well-known white horse in part armour. Awed by the royal presence, and probably intimidated by the number of his suite, the crowd fell back, and Charles denounced the ringleaders in a voice charged with ill-repressed fury and indignation. The mob was presently driven into the Churchyard and up side streets, and the body of the sorcerer was handed over to the grave-diggers, who carried it off for burial. On his return to Whitehall, the King summoned the Lord Mayor and municipal authorities, and sternly upbraided them for having allowed so barbarous a crime to take place in open daylight. He threatened them with the loss of their charters unless the ringleaders of the riot were immediately brought up for sentence. The Lord Mayor assured his Majesty he would do his best to fulfil his orders, but the King was soon made to understand that

beyond birching a few boys nothing more was likely to be done in the matter. Charles now mulcted the city in a fine of £6000, but the city resolutely refused to pay the fine, or to avenge the murder of his Majesty's witch. After this, the conflicts between the King and his people became more and more numerous. The great struggle between kingly prerogative and Parliamentary privilege, and the question of the Sovereign's right to inflict taxes without consulting his Commons, grew hourly more and more alarming; until at length the storm burst with overwhelming force, and an otherwise well-intentioned sovereign had to answer with his head for his incapacity to understand the change which had come over the mentality of the Nation since his boyhood, and was already paving the way for that form of constitutional monarchy which we now enjoy, and which combines with the utmost freedom of a Republic all the stateliness and etiquette necessary for the dignity of an Empire.

In 1641, London became absorbed in the trial of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, which opened in Westminster Hall on March 22. The Earl was brought from the Tower to Westminster by barge, escorted by six other barges and guarded by a hundred soldiers.

The scene in the Hall during this remarkable event was both stately and extraordinary. For the first time in history, the people, in spite of King and courtiers, had brought an unpopular minister to the Bar of Justice. Charles did not occupy the throne allotted to him. It was filled by his son, afterwards Charles II. The King and Queen sat in a side box expressly prepared for their reception, and some French noblemen were accommodated with seats opposite. A curtain had been arranged to screen the Royal Family from the gaze of the mob, which crowded the body of the Hall, but his Majesty on entering the box tore it down with his own hand. Henrietta Maria and her ladies were actively occupied in taking notes in little pocket-books and whispering amongst themselves. The Peers sat below the throne on seats covered with green baize; the Judges, in their scarlet robes, on "sacks of wool." Lower down yet, were ten rows of seats for the Members of the House of Commons. A bar covered with green cloth stretched across the Hall, and behind it stood a table and chair for the prisoner. Strafford

employed five secretaries, and Sir William Balfour, Lieutenant of the Tower, stood before him throughout the trial. The galleries, erected round the Hall, were filled with ladies and gentlemen, and literary and artistic celebrities.

The trial lasted from March 22 to April 17, and ended, as the world knows, in a verdict of "guilty" against the prisoner, who was condemned "to die the death of a felon." Strafford received his sentence, surrounded by his young children, who were allowed to attend their father at the bar. The sentence was followed by a deep silence, and thence came a universal sobbing, even his bitterest opponents being moved to tears at the sight of the unhappy father passionately embracing his children, one after another, before leaving the Court for the Tower, fated never to look on them again.

That unpopular prelate, Archbishop Laud, was a prisoner in the Tower at the time of Strafford's execution, and the latter asked permission to embrace his old friend before he went to the scaffold, but the favour was refused. He eventually received Laud's blessing under such picturesque circumstances as, three hundred years later, to inspire the French painter, Delaroche, with the subject of a very fine and often engraved picture. Strafford was going to his execution, when the aged Archbishop was informed that he would pass by the window of his cell. Although exceedingly feeble, Laud caused himself to be raised so that he could extend his hands through the bars of his cell. The Earl was allowed to pause and kneel whilst the Archbishop gave him the last benediction. Strafford was executed on May 12, 1641, at the age of forty-eight. He died with so much dignity as to awe into silent admiration the multitude of his enemies that had assembled round the scaffold with hostile interest. The event, however, was celebrated by the populace with great rejoicing, bonfires being lit in the evening in various parts of the town. Five years later, Archbishop Laud himself was led forth from the Tower, amid the revilings of a brutal mob. Turning to his gaoler, he said, "No one can be more ready to send me out of this life, than I am to go."

The public rejoicings in the evening of the Primate's execution, were almost diabolical in their excessive exuberance. The mob whirled round and round the bonfires, which cast a lurid

light on the old gabled houses and the frantic figures. The Archbishop's body was first interred in All Hallows', Barking, where it remained from 1645 until July, 1663, when it was translated to St. John's College, Oxford, of which he had been president. Laud's grave in All Hallows' was afterwards allotted to the celebrated Dr. John Kettlewell, whose monument at the east end of the church is dated 1695, *ætat* 42.

Queen Henrietta Maria[1] played much the same part in the misfortunes of her husband as did Marie Antoinette in those of Louis XVI. It was she who by her prattle and indiscretion unwittingly betrayed his secrets on more than one occasion, and her vivacious and imprudent repartee made him many enemies. She could not understand the times in which she lived, and was ever intriguing and suggesting measures of senseless repression and dangerous alliances. Charles, who was deeply attached to her, warned her more than once that her suggestions were none of the wisest, but, although the King her father had been assassinated, it was impossible to convince her that a monarch was not only God-appointed but invulnerable, and that all the Cromwellians in the world could not overthrow him, for God would visibly protect him in the end. At last it became necessary, both for her own personal safety and for that of the King, that she should escape and return to France. On June 16, 1644, she gave birth to a daughter at Bedford House, near Exeter, and less than a fortnight afterwards, the army of Essex advanced to besiege the city which had sheltered her. She besought Essex to take compassion on her weak state and allow her to retire to Bath, but he refused, saying that he had instructions to escort her Majesty to London, where her presence was required to answer for having levied war in England. There could be no mistaking the significance of this answer, and the Queen and her attendants immediately prepared for flight; and, fortunately for them, succeeded in reaching France after many

[1] It was Henrietta Maria who gave the Roundheads their popular name. On the memorable day when the King and Queen had to pass through a crowd of 20,000 Puritans, each holding a paper on which was written the word "Liberty," she saw one very good-looking youth named Samuel, standing among his fellows, and cried out, "See what a handsome roundhead," a name that admirably fitted the closely shorn heads of the anti-royalists.

extraordinary and thrilling adventures, which, however interesting, do not affect the story of London. Charles, on learning of the Queen's escape, was seized with a dreadful fit of depression. It was, he thought, a terrible scandal that his consort should be driven out of the land by his subjects. He believed, too, that the behaviour of the people would alienate the Queen more than ever from the Protestant religion, and that it would kill the slightest chance of her conversion to the Anglican Church. "I am sorry," said he, "that my connection with so deserving a lady should be any occasion of her danger and affliction. Her personal merits should have served as her protection among savage Indians." Louis XVI. spoke almost the same words at Varennes, in 1793, with reference to Marie Antoinette. The story of the arrival of Henrietta Maria in Paris, and her cordial reception there at the hands of the Queen-Regent, are matters belonging to general history. In London the news of the Queen's escape was received with mixed feelings. The Puritans wished she had been captured, but the nation in general was glad she was gone, lest the Commonwealth should be stained with the blood of a queen, even as it was soon to be by that of a king.

Not even during the fiercest years of the Reformation did London witness such extraordinary scenes as in the last years of Charles I., when every day brought forth some surprising incident, some momentous event, or the published news of royal disaster or Parliamentary victory. The name of Oliver Cromwell was on every lip, and next to him in power, but not in popularity, was his son-in-law, General Fairfax. In 1642, the King was at Northampton, whence he directed letters to the Lord Mayor and citizens forbidding them, under severe penalties, and the loss of all their existing charters, to comply with the demands of Parliament for supplies of money, men, and arms, to resist the Royalist forces. The Lord Mayor, Sir Richard Gurney, stuck up a copy of the King's proclamation in all the principal open spaces in the city, with the result that, to the uproarious delight of the Roundheads, Parliament presently suppressed the Lord Mayor and sent him to the Tower. The city had reverted in evil conduct to the worst days of Edward II., and defied both the King and the chief magistrate. The gauntlet was thrown down, and the scenes which ensued in the streets baffle description,

both by their kaleidoscopic rapidity of action and their intensely picturesque variety. Presently it was rumoured that the King, with a mighty army of disorderly followers gathered from every part of the kingdom, was advancing on London by forced marches. Then, with surprising promptitude and the utmost goodwill, the Londoners assisted the trained bands and Militia to repair the outer walls of the city and the various fortresses. In January, 1643, Charles issued another proclamation, forbidding all communication with the rebellious metropolis, and, at the same time, cutting off the supply of coal from Newcastle. The winter was exceedingly cold, and fuel was scarce, so that when the citizens realised that they could not have fires at home, they made huge bonfires at the street-corners, round which of an evening the people gathered to gossip, listen to revolutionary speeches, and sing psalms and hymns. Sometimes, some popular preacher would join the company and favour them with a sermon, in which religion and politics were blended in equal proportions, followed by more psalm-singing. It is this vein of religiosity, rather than of piety, that marks the difference between the French and the English Revolutions. We needed no Goddesses of Reason of dubious reputation to sprawl, in short petticoats and scanty draperies, on the altars of our churches, whilst howling mobs sang their praises in hymns whose every strophe was an outrage to the Almighty. We were too much in earnest to be theatrical, and neither Cromwell nor any of his followers ever dreamt of masquerading as the high priests of a Supreme Being of their own invention. None the less there are many points in common between the two Revolutions. If the women of Paris marched to Versailles to fetch back the Royal Family to the capital, the women of London paraded to the House of Commons on August 9, 1643, to present a petition for peace with the King, and to announce their willingness to tramp to Oxford and bring him thence to the metropolis in triumph. When these viragos set out in the morning from Clerkenwell, they numbered some two hundred, but by the time they began to pour into Palace Yard they were close upon four thousand, among them being some thirty or forty men in petticoats who urged them on. When the trained bands began to drive them back by force with their swords and pikes, the women retaliated, and charged their

adversaries so fiercely that a number on both sides fell dead or wounded. The bands drove the women back as far as Whitehall, where, seeing that further resistance was useless, they dispersed in troops of twenty and thirty and went rioting all over London, some crying "Death to the King!" others "Long live the King!" At last, as was usual in those days, the attractions of what we should now call the public-houses proved irresistible, and towards night the Amazons of the morning were transformed into so many Bacchantes, in which character the majority tumbled down drunk in the gutter. Immediately after this extraordinary affair, the King wrote a letter to the Lord Mayor, expressing his "desire to see the country once more settled and at peace." The Parliament men would have none of his Majesty's letter, and forthwith arrested the Lord Mayor for publishing it. The commerce, and especially the small trade of the city, had begun to suffer acutely. There were more men out of work and fewer ships in the Pool of London than at any time within memory. Luxuries were neither to be had for love nor money, and provisions were sold at famine prices. At last people began to ask themselves whether the struggle was worth continuing, and all the more when Fairfax began to prove as harsh a tyrant as any Royalist on record. His refusal to meet the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, in order to come to terms with them, and through their means to bring about a reconciliation with the vagrant monarch, turned hosts even among the lowest class of people against him and his party. The fact was that, just as in Paris in 1793–94, so in England, the new men were becoming as despotic as ever were the fellows they had deposed. A demand for £50,000 to pay the army, and a tax of forty thousand more levied upon the city for the same purpose, not being collected with sufficient promptitude, Fairfax and Cromwell billeted whole regiments upon the citizens, and seized the goods and chattels of the goldsmiths, jewellers, haberdashers, grocers, and silk merchants, thereby appropriating another £20,000 for their own benefit.* These and other arbitrary acts exasperated the middle class of citizens, till, like Madame Angot in the modern operetta, they asked themselves if it was really worth while changing the form of government for so poor a result. Nevertheless, the masses, perceiving through this haze of contradictions

that Cromwell and his henchmen were theoretically right, even if in practice they were wrong, remained loyal to this extraordinary man, to whom their descendants owe so much more than perhaps they realise.

With what mingled feelings of consternation, anger, pity, wonder, sorrow, and savage joy, the citizens of that bygone London of the narrow crooked streets, and the tall Gothic houses, learnt that the tragedy of King Charles the Martyr and his people was drawing rapidly to its close. The curtain rose, for the denouement of the tremendous struggle between autocracy and freedom, on the afternoon of Sunday, December 11, when the Rev. Hugh Peters, a Republican minister, preached a sermon from the pulpit of St. Margaret's, Westminster, having taken for his text, "Bind your king with chains, and your nobles with fetters of iron." In fiery language he denounced Charles as a traitor, "even as a Barabbas, nay, a Judas, a great murderer, a tyrant and a traitor"; and the congregation in the thronged church, which included, by the way, the King's nephew, the Prince Palatine, four earls and a host of peers and knights, listened to this "blasphemy" and thought it "good reason and a very sound sermon."

On the 16th, a strong detachment of horse brought the King a prisoner to Windsor; but even now, though guarded by twenty thousand troops, and abandoned by his family and by nearly all his party, this infatuated King could not bring himself to realise that all was lost, and actually babbled of planting seeds in his garden, and sending costly laces to his exiled Queen! He knew that the Great Seal of England no longer bore his device, but in its place "In the first year of freedom, by God's blessing, restored 1648 (new style), 1649." He knew that a commission had been appointed with John Bradshaw at its head, and had even condemned him to death, and yet he babbled on of sowing Spanish melon seeds in a sunny place on the terrace at Windsor. No man, surely, would venture to bring his King to trial or slay God's anointed?—'twould be worse than murder—a blasphemous sacrilege which would call down the curse of an outraged Heaven on a rebellious nation! At Windsor, the meeting and parting of the royal father and his children was so piteously human, so full of tears and passion, mingled with the

innocent prattle of the little ones, that Cromwell, who was present, divining the despair in the King's heart, hid his face in his hands and burst out weeping—like a man, and not like a hypocrite as some have said. Surely, there never was imagined a more striking scene than this! Between him who would presently sign the death-warrant and Charles, his victim, stood two little children, wondering why there was so much ado, and who this man could be with the big wart on his cheek, whose presence so agitated their father, the King, to whom, hitherto, they had seen all men bend the knee!

Never, perhaps, have Londoners experienced such a "sensation" as when, on January 9, 1649, the news spread that a Sergeant-at-Arms had ridden up the middle of Westminster Hall and, after a flourish of trumpets, proclaimed to the astonished world that the Commons of England had resolved to bring King Charles I. to solemn trial. Never, assuredly, had that historic Hall beheld a scene of such mournful magnificence as at the momentous trial, on whose every incident the nation hung, spellbound. To some it meant the just condemnation of an arbitrary monarch who had lived a hundred years after his proper day—to others, no such outrage had been perpetrated since Christ Himself stood before Pontius Pilate. The excitement in the city, throughout the country, and in every civilised land was overwhelming.

All the approaches to Westminster Hall were guarded, and no one, unless provided with a ticket, was allowed within the enclosure, even the windows of a well-known tavern called "Hell"—in contra-distinction to another equally popular inn known as "Heaven"—being boarded up, to prevent the public looking out therefrom upon the scene. The ends of the street were patrolled, also, and every conceivable precaution was taken to prevent any attempt to rescue the captive King, or any insult or injury being offered him.

The *mise-en-scène* of the drama about to be enacted within the Hall was worthy of the occasion. At the south end sat the seventy judges, on benches covered with crimson cloth. In the centre was a chair of state, draped with crimson velvet, and a desk for President Bradshaw. Facing these was a gilded chair, also upholstered in crimson velvet, for the King; the space between them

being filled by a long table, spread with a Persian rug on which the mace and sword-of-justice lay. At each end of this table sat a clerk of the Court. The galleries round the Hall were filled with spectators—all the Royalists present wearing black. An iron bar protected the body of the Hall from the pressure of the mob. The leads and windows of the Hall swarmed with soldiers.

The trial began on January 20. Charles, dressed in black velvet, very pale, and looking as fascinating as ever, walked into Court, "deliberately," and, after surveying the Hall, seated himself, "haughtily." He did not condescend to lift his hat or bow, but sat, most of the time, "lost in a dream." The name of General Fairfax being called, a voice in the gallery shouted, "He has too much wit to be here." Later, when the charges against the King were described as being "on behalf of the people of England," the same mysterious voice cried out, "No, not of a hundredth part of them. Cromwell is a traitor!" A tremendous confusion ensued, and Colonel Oxwell ordered the offender—none other than Cromwell's own daughter, Lady Fairfax—to be removed. Bradshaw behaved abominably, addressing the fallen King in a most insolent manner. He even ruffled the doomed monarch's temper, till Charles, pointing with his cane to the mace on the table, cried, "Sir, I do not fear this."

On the seventh day of the trial, Bradshaw appeared in scarlet, and, as soon as the King was seated, began to declare him "guilty of all the horrors of the Civil War, the murders, the rapines, and the desolation committed." The King listened to this diatribe as calmly as he did to the reading of his death sentence, lifting his eyes to heaven at the end. He had turned deadly white, but, by a supreme effort, he moved not a muscle, and though his fine dark eyes glazed, not a tear fell. With regal dignity, he rose and left the Hall amid a silence in which the falling of a leaf could have been heard. All was over. The news spread like wild-fire, and sensation in London was as profound "as if every house contained a dead body."

The great historical event connected with the Banqueting Hall is, of course, the execution of the unhappy King, which took place in front of it. Hume makes an oft-repeated mistake when he describes the King as sleeping, "as sound as usual, though the noise of the preparations for his execution con-

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tinually resounded in his ears." Unfortunately for the accuracy of this description, which has been finely employed by Dumas in *Vingt Ans Après*, it is quite certain that the King passed the night before his execution at St. James's Palace, whence, on the last morning of his life, he went on foot, between an avenue of soldiers, by the Park, and was led through a gallery which, in those days, spanned the street and connected Whitehall with the Park-side of the Palace—to the bedchamber which he had occupied in his halcyon days. This was probably the apartment in which Henry VIII. lived nearly a hundred years previously. It overlooked the river, and was, therefore, a considerable distance from the place of execution, being one of the rooms allotted, later on, to Queen Catherine of Braganza. The construction of the scaffold, which was surrounded by iron staples to prevent any chance of the King's escape, had only been begun late in the evening; and it was not ready at the hour fixed for the execution. This gave some of the Puritan clergy time to knock at the door of the King's chamber and offer their assistance to prepare him for death. He calmly told them "they should never pray *with* him," but he would be grateful "if they remembered him in *their* prayers." With this he bowed them out of the room. When Colonel Hacker gave the last signal at the door of the apartment, Bishop Juxon[1] and the King's personal attendant, Herbert, fell on their knees before him. The King gave them his hand to kiss, and assisted Juxon, who was an aged man, to rise. He then presented Colonel Tomlinson, a Republican officer, with his gold toothpick-case, and thanked him for his kindness to him, requesting the officer to attend him on the scaffold. Expressing a desire for the doors to be thrown open, and informing Hacker, in a firm voice, that he was ready, the King passed with a cheerful countenance down the long galleries to the Banqueting Hall, and thence, through an opening made expressly for the purpose, on to the scaffold. There was, at one time, some confusion as to the precise place where King Charles was executed, and it formed the subject of a long and curious controversy in the *Times* in 1902. The exact spot is

[1] Some very interesting relics of the last days of Charles I. are at Walsingham Priory in Norfolk. They came into the possession of the Lee-Warner family through Bishop Juxon, who was a direct ascendant.

without doubt immediately in front of the Banqueting Hall, a passage through the wall having been broken to allow of the King's exit as we have already noted. This was necessary, for otherwise the execution would have been performed either so high above the level of the ground that the spectators would not have seen all that occurred, or else so low that there might have been some danger of a rescue at the last moment. Traces of the improvised door were discovered some years ago, when the Hall was restored, and later still, when, quite recently, it was converted from a Chapel Royal into a Naval Museum. In Charles the First's time, with the exception of that in the centre, all the windows were blank, the light for the Hall coming from above. The jagged bricks, which indicated the passage made for the doomed King, may therefore have marked a window, which would not have been glazed until 1760, when they were all filled with glass and slightly altered in position.

There has been much controversy, too, as to the posture assumed by Charles at his execution. The writer hopes to set this matter at rest, by quoting a contemporary French account of the scene now in his possession, and written within the year after the event. It runs as follows:—

"I saw the King, accompanied by an elderly Bishop (Juxon) and other attendants, come upon the scaffold through a window from Whitehall Palace. After a time, he divested himself of his coat and vest, which he handed to an attendant. He then knelt down, and finally stretched out his legs so that he lay flat on the ground (*couché sur son ventre*), with his head on the block, and was soon despatched. The head was lifted up and held by the hair and thus shown to the people, who groaned and made a wailing noise. The mob round the scaffold was very great, but I saw no women, only men. They dispersed soon, as the troops rode up. London was very quiet throughout the day. The shops were open but few seemed inclined to buy. People talked in whispers over the dreadful event. At night-time the place was like a city of the dead. Some thought there might be an immediate Divine chastisement, but others declared that the King deserved his fate for abusing his prerogative. All the same, a great cloud hung over London for some days, and people seemed afraid. It turned very cold and snow fell and folk made this an excuse to stay at home."

A well-known contemporary engraving confirms the statement, made in the anonymous booklet, which is entitled, *Histoire Entière et Véritable du Procez de Charles Stuart, Roy d'Angleterre*, 1649. *Londres par J. G. l'an* 1650.

After the dispersal of the spectators by the cavalry—which rode up rapidly, one body from Charing Cross, the other from Westminster—the scaffold was removed, the body being brought into the Palace, and placed, together with the head, in an ordinary coffin. Oliver Cromwell came to view the corpse, and, after a short meditation, is reported to have lifted the head in his hands and looked long into his victim's face. This last grizzly incident stands only on tradition and is improbable.

Charles had expressed a wish to be buried in the Abbey near his father, but this favour was refused, and a train of five mourning coaches following an ordinary hearse conveyed the royal remains to Windsor. White was a colour fatal to Charles (it will be remembered he was crowned in white), and it was noticed when the cortège reached St. George's Chapel, that the pall was covered with snow. The unlucky King rests in the royal vault, not far from Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour, Edward IV., and Elizabeth Woodville.[1]

[1] In the register of St. Mary Matfellon, Whitechapel, is the record of the burial of Richard Brandon, "a man out of Rose Mary Lane." The entry is dated June 2, 1649, and to it is appended a note to the effect that "This Richard is supposed to have cut off the head of Charles I." This man is said to have confessed he received £30 for the job, which was paid him in half-crowns within an hour after the execution had taken place. He took an orange stuck with cloves and a handkerchief from the King's pockets, and sold the former article to a gentleman for ten shillings. Richard Brandon was the son of Gregory Brandon, and claimed the office of headsman by inheritance. His first victim was the Earl of Strafford. In a very old MS. on armorial bearings, dated 1592, and in the possession of the author, is this marginal note in an antique handwriting—"Charles Brandon, who was cousin to Queen Elizabeth, had an ill-begotten son named Gregory, whose son Richard beheaded Charles I."

Brandon was assisted on the occasion of the execution of Charles I. by a "ragman" named Ralph Jones, also of Rosemary Lane. Among the large collection of tracts in the British Museum, under the heading "Civil War Tracts," is one entitled *The Confession of Richard Brandon the hangman upon his deathbed, concerning the beheading of his late Majesty. Printed*, 1649, from which it appears that on the night following the execution he gave his wife the £30, which, as we have said above, he is supposed to have

At the time of her husband's execution, Henrietta Maria was beleaguered in the Louvre by the Frondists. When Cardinal de Retz, who was the principal leader of the Fronde, went to inquire after her health, he found her obliged to stay in bed, because she had burnt her last faggot, eaten her last loaf, and was destitute of the means of purchasing more! Charles I. had been beheaded more than a month before his consort was aware that she was a widow. When, twenty years later, Henrietta Maria died at the Château de Colombe, four leagues from Paris (August 31, 1669, N.S.), so great a change had taken place in English public opinion and sentiment, that French travellers writing home declared their astonishment to notice that even the poorest people had put themselves into mourning for the late Queen-Dowager. The mourning was universal throughout Great Britain, and lasted two full months. It was, however, pretty generally believed that she had not remained faithful to the memory of King Charles, but had privately married her secretary Lord Jermyn.

Bitter disappointment was expressed by the admirers of Oliver Cromwell when it was decided that no standing room should be found in Westminster Hall for the statue of the Lord Protector, when it was raised by public subscription some years ago, and that it must remain outside in Palace Yard in the sun and the rain, in the fog and the snow. But surely no more fitting place could have been selected for it—none more significantly appropriate. When our Sovereigns go in state to Westminster, they fall in first, at the end of the new road which by Royal order is still to be called "the Mall," with the statue of a King who could not understand the age he lived in; and next, ere they enter the Houses of Lords and Commons, with the effigy of the Man who taught that King the stern lesson—

received for the ghastly work. Brandon died shortly after the King, and on the occasion of the funeral "great stores of wine were sent by the Sheriff of London" on account of the "services he had rendered the State." The people, however, were hostile, and assembled round the house shouting, "Hang the rogue! Bury him in the dunghill!" whilst others said they would "quarter the corpse." It was with the greatest difficulty that the funeral procession reached the churchyard in safety, many people being injured in the crush.

that England will remain only loyal to one who remembers and never forgets that he is but the supreme figure-head of an Empire which never beholds set of sun!

NOTE.—Sir Reginald Palgrave, in a letter published in the *Times* in 1892, respecting the execution of Charles I., gives a great deal of evidence to prove that Charles did not kneel, as is generally represented by painters, to receive the fatal blow, but that he lay flat upon the scaffold, the so-called "block" being merely a log of wood. The *Moderate Intelligencer*, dated February 1, 1648–49, which evidently derived its information from an eye-witness, says: "The scaffold was laid with black bays (baize), also a rail about it; the block a little piece of wood, flat at bottom, about a foot and a half long." It is, therefore, quite certain that, in order to place his neck upon a block of wood of this height, the King must necessarily have lain down, precisely as did the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Capel, who were executed six weeks later. "And the Duke" (of Hamilton), says the aforesaid *Intelligencer*, "having observed how he should lay his body, stretched himself upon the ground to receive the axe's blow, and Lord Capel, for the same object, laid himself down." On May 13, 1890, Lord Gage wrote a letter to say that he had in his possession "a report of the speech and execution of Charles I. printed by Peter Cole in 1649, containing the following dialogue:—

"The King . . . looking upon the block, said to the executioner, 'You must set it fast.'

"Executioner: 'It is fast, sir.'

"King: 'It might have been a little higher.'

"Executioner: 'It can be no higher, sir.'

"King: 'When I put out my hands this way, then'—(stretching them out).

"After that, having said two or three words (as he stood) to himself, with hands and eyes lift up, immediately stooping down, laid his head upon the block, and then the executioner again putting his hair under his cap, the King said, 'Stay for the signs.'

"Executioner: 'Yes, I will, and it please your Majesty.'

"And after a very little pause, the King stretching forth his hands, the executioner, at one blow, severed his head from his body!"—Quoted by Rev. E. Sheppard, D.D., in his *The Old Royal Palace of Whitehall*. London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1902.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

CHAPTER VIII

THE COMMONWEALTH

HAVING disposed of the Sovereign, Cromwell's next move was to dispose of his property. A Bill was accordingly hurried through Parliament, on July 4, 1649, which read as follows:—

"Whereas the goods and personal estate heretofore belonging to the late King Charles, and to his wife and eldest son, have been, and are, justly forfeited by them, for their several delinquencies, the Commons of England assembled in Parliament, taking the premises into their serious consideration, have thought fit and resolved, that the said goods and personal estate, heretofore belonging to the persons above named, and to every one and any of them, shall be inventoried and appraised, and shall also be sold, except such parcels thereof as shall be found necessary to be reserved for the uses of State. Be it therefore enacted . . . that John Humphreys, John Belchamp,[1] etc., shall be and are hereby constituted and appointed trustees for the enquiring out, inventorying, appraizing, and securing of the said goods and personal estate, to repair to any and every house, and to make perfect inventory. . . . And whereas divers of the said goods and premises are of such nature, as that though by reason of their rarity or antiquity, they may yield very great prices in foreign parts, where such things are much valued, yet for particular men's use in England they would be accounted little worth, and so yield no considerable price, if they should be forthwith sold here . . . it is further enacted and provided, that for such particulars—"

the trustees might make "deals with foreign travellers and merchants."

[1] John Belchamp was a painter, who having been employed by the late King, would naturally be able to give a correct estimate of the value of the pictures and works of art.

This bill was posted up on the gates of Whitehall and Hampton Court, and, as may well be imagined, when its contents were generally known the sensation in the art world, not only of England, but throughout Europe, was very great. The enormous inventory is still to be found among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum (Harleian MSS. No. 4898, fol. 238), and contains over a thousand pages, of which seventy-six deal with the Hampton Court sale alone. It took an entire year to draw up, and the prices and names of the purchasers are given in every case.

In dealing thus with the property of the late King, Cromwell undoubtedly acted arbitrarily, all the more so since the greater number of the pictures, tapestries, and other objects of art included in the prodigious catalogue, never actually belonged to Charles I., but were the property of the Crown, and, therefore, of the Nation. It is true that the inventory includes nearly all the purchases made by Charles and Prince Henry, but the bulk had been inherited with the Crown from the Kings of the Plantagenet and Tudor dynasties. The dispersal of the magnificent collections of Whitehall and Hampton Court was nothing short of a national calamity, although, at the time, people did not realise the magnitude of the loss. The fact that Cromwell bought in a certain number of tapestries and pictures,—above all, the Raphael Cartoons and the "Triumph of Cæsar" series by Mantegna,—only slightly mitigates our disgust at an act which had not even the excuse of proving remunerative, for most of the pictures were sold for sums which were considered, even in those days, to be much below their value. The sale began in 1650, and lasted, with intervals, for nearly three years, being the longest, as it was the most important, on record. The Courts of Spain, France, and Austria had been officially communicated with, and their agents arrived in London with instructions to buy up the finest pictures, tapestries, and furniture. The best sets of tapestry were, however, bought in by order of Cromwell himself, and at very high prices. Thus, the "Arras hangings of the Story of Abraham, which contain 826 yards," were valued at £10 a yard; these still hang in the Great Hall at Hampton Court. "Ten pieces of rich Arras of Joshua," were valued at £3399 (present locality unknown); "nine of Tobias,"

at £3409; and "nine pieces of rich Arras of St. Paul" at £3065, this being, most probably, the set sent by Leo X. to Henry VIII., and designed by Raphael, of which a few panels are known to be still in existence. "Ten pieces of Julius Cæsar" were valued at £5019. The last set was very likely woven after the famous tempera drawings by Mantegna now at Hampton Court Palace. The set of six panels of the Story of Tobias, mentioned in the inventory of Whitehall Palace taken at Henry the Eighth's death, is perhaps the one alluded to above, and may have been burnt during the fire of 1693. The famous Cartoons by Raphael, now in the South Kensington Museum, were, mercifully, bought in by Cromwell for £300, and Mantegna's "Triumph of Cæsar" for £1000. The pictures at Hampton Court, which numbered three hundred and thirty-two, were valued at £4675, 16s. 6d. Of these, the equestrian portrait of Charles I. by Van Dyck, now in the National Gallery, was bought for the nation at the Blenheim sale a few years ago for £11,000. It was valued by Cromwell's agents at £200! Titian's famous "Venus," now in the Prado, was sold to the Spanish agent for £300. A good number of the Hampton Court pictures were either bought in or were probably deemed not worth the selling, for fully one hundred and fifty of the pictures now in the galleries there belonged to Charles I. It was the gallery at Whitehall which suffered most, for there were twenty-eight pictures by Titian, nine by Raphael, forty-six by Guilio Romano, four by Guido, seven by Parmegiano, four by Correggio, and seven by Rubens. Very many pictures considered by the Puritans to be either impious or superstitious were wantonly destroyed. The order with respect to these offending works of art runs, "all pictures, statues, and jewelry now at Whitehall, as have representations of the Second Person of the Trinity or of the Virgin Mary, shall be forthwith burnt." Among the pictures thus destroyed were three attributed to Raphael and four to Leonardo de Vinci. The famous "Adam and Eve" by Mabuse was saved by its being hidden away on account of the lack of costume in which our first parents are portrayed. A tortoiseshell cabinet which had belonged to the Duke of Mantua, and was valued at £18,000, was bought by the agents of Charles II. for £5000. It is now, if we err not, at Windsor Castle. There were also a

great number of historical portraits—notably of Henry VIII. and his wives, Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth, and James I. — the majority of which were bought in and are now distributed among the various royal collections, although not a few perished in the two great fires at Whitehall at the close of the seventeenth century. A curious portrait of Edward VI., which, as Hentzner says, at first sight makes that youthful monarch appear deformed and hideous, until by looking through a small hole in the case which is put over it you see it in its true proportions, has lately been placed in the National Portrait Gallery. Holbein's "*Nolle me tangere*," which Evelyn admired beyond any other sacred picture he had ever seen, seems to be lost. Perhaps it was burnt. Amongst the miscellaneous curiosities and historical relics sold on this memorable occasion were Queen Elizabeth's silver writing-table, Queen Anne Boleyn's tortoiseshell cabinet, and Henry the Eighth's cane, which was sold for 5s. Then there were several pairs of the same monarch's gloves, which went for 1s. a pair, his hawking-glass which fetched 2s., though put up for 1s. Cardinal Wolsey's looking-glass, bearing his arms, was sold for £5; six comb-cases "which were Henry ye 8ths," went for 7s., and Queen Elizabeth's foot-warmer was sold for 2s. Then came some three or four hundred different sorts of musical instruments, some of brass; two organs; thirty-two virginals, inlaid with mother-o'-pearl, and painted, of which four or five belonged to Elizabeth; and an amazing quantity of costly furniture. In short, a collection of works of art and curiosities almost equal in value to that of the present South Kensington Museum and National Gallery combined. The Library at Whitehall contained a remarkable collection of rare books and MSS., amongst them being the only MS. copy of Edward the Sixth's Journal; the beautiful missal which Elizabeth of York gave to her daughter Margaret, Queen of Scots (now in the British Museum); a prayer-book and an MS. translation of Erasmus by Queen Katharine Parr, and a very curious and gorgeously illuminated French MS. of the thirteenth century on Botany, with a part translation on loose sheets of paper by Edward VI. There were also several hundred MSS. of musical compositions, one or two of them by Henry VIII. and his fool, Will Somers. Where are all these now? When Charles II. came to the throne, the

two palaces of Whitehall and Hampton Court were rearranged and partly refurnished, many of the old ornaments, which had either been hidden away or bought in at the sale, being again brought out. Of these, many are still to be seen at Hampton Court, but the majority of the works of art which adorned Whitehall after the Restoration were burnt, either in 1698, when the Duchess of Portsmouth's wing of the palace was destroyed, or in the conflagration of the year following, when the entire edifice, with the exception of the Banqueting Hall, disappeared in the flames.

Cromwell and his men have often been accused, but somewhat unjustly, of disfiguring the cathedrals and churches even more barbarously than the early Reformers. As a matter of fact, however, Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Elizabeth between them had left their vandal successors very little mischief to do. Deprived of their shrines by Henry VIII., whitewashed and pillaged by Edward VI. and Elizabeth, our erstwhile prodigiously rich churches contained few things of beauty in Cromwell's time for his troops to deface. It is quite true that horses and troopers were stabled in the Nave of St. Paul's—but, then, the Nave of St. Paul's had been used as a public rendezvous, a sort of Burlington Arcade of the period, for nearly sixty years. The Choir came very near being sold to the Jews for a synagogue, and was only saved from that singular destination by being converted into a meeting-house. Nearly all the remaining brasses in the cathedrals and churches, together with the bells, were destroyed; but, otherwise, the havoc committed by the Cromwellians was trifling compared with the incalculable mischief wrought eighty years earlier.

A report was circulated among the Royalists at the time, that an orgy had taken place in Westminster Abbey one night in the spring of 1652; that the Cromwellian troops had stabled their horses in the Nave, had converted the High Altar into a drinking-bar, had played leap-frog in the Choir, and, finally, had wantonly mutilated the royal tombs. There is, however, no contemporary evidence of any such occurrence, and the only royal tomb damaged by the Cromwellian troops was the altar-tomb of Edward the Confessor, which they destroyed; it was only re-erected after the coronation of his present Majesty,

King Edward VII. Beyond this, and the universal practice of tearing up brasses, removing ironwork and melting bells, the Cromwellians did no particular mischief in the Abbey. It is said that they broke the sceptre out of the hand of the effigy of Elizabeth, but they spared the monument itself. Neither did they interfere with that of Mary Stuart, or the tombs of the other kings and queens; most of which, however, were injured at a later period, by visitors who were allowed to scratch their names and initials on them. Sir Robert Harley was the head of the Parliamentary Commission for the removal of idolatrous monuments, which pulled down the crosses of Queen Eleanor at Charing Cross and Cheapside, and which ordered the demolition of the altar-tomb of Edward the Confessor, above mentioned. Harley also ordered the Regalia and the church plate of Westminster Abbey to be melted down to provide payment for the troops.

As a matter of fact, Cromwell took a personal interest in the Abbey, by selecting it as the burial-place of himself and his family. He wished the ashes of his relatives to mingle with those of the kings and queens of England! The first member of Cromwell's family buried in the ancient fane was Mrs. Jane Disbrowe, the Protector's sister, who married General Disbrowe, and was interred in 1656. The second was Mrs. Elizabeth Cromwell, his mother, who died in November, 1654, at the magnificent age of ninety-six. A little before Cromwell's own death, the Abbey received the remains of Mrs. Elizabeth Claypole, his favourite daughter, who was buried in Henry the Seventh's Chapel on August 10, 1658. According to a warrant issued in 1661 commanding the "disinterments of the magnates of the Commonwealth," it appears that the following personages of note connected with that Government were buried in the Abbey during Cromwell's Protectorate: the learned Dr. Isaac Dorislaus, Colonel Richard Dean, Mrs. Elizabeth Cromwell the Lord Protector's mother, Mrs. Disbrowe his sister, Colonel Henry Mackworth, Sir William Constable, Mrs. Anne Fleetwood, Colonel Robert Blake, Colonel Meldrum, Mr. John Pinne, Mr. William Shaw, Mr. Humphrey Salwey, Colonel Boscawen, Dennis Bond, Mrs. Bradshaw (regicide Bradshaw's wife), Mr. Thomas Haselrig, Colonel Edward

Popham, Dr. Twiss, Thomas May, William Strong, and Steven Marshall. The fate of the remains of these personages will be dealt with hereafter. From this list we can see that Cromwell was not likely to allow the fane which he had set aside as the burial-place of his dynasty and party to suffer any great injury.

Perhaps the most singular scene that ever took place within the Abbey ensued on a report that the Regalia had disappeared, suspicion falling upon the celebrated Dean Williams, afterwards Archbishop of York, who was accused of having hidden it away. The doors of the Treasury were battered down, and an inventory of the contents was taken for presentation to the House of Commons. The emblems of royal power were found in a huge ancient chest in a cellar in the old chapel of the Treasury; and Henry Marten—who had been entrusted with what was, to him, the delightful task of making out the list — allowed George Withers, the poet, to put them on. He, being thus crowned and royally arrayed, marched through the Abbey with a stately step and a thousand apeish and ridiculous actions, exposing the sacred ornaments to contempt and laughter. He was speedily relieved, however, of the kingly paraphernalia, which were conveyed back to the Treasury, and were not sold for some time afterwards.

The Lord Protector detested the ritual of the Established Church quite as much as he did that of the Roman Catholic, considering it to be merely an altered form of the latter, and, therefore, during the Commonwealth, the Anglican services were entirely suppressed in the Abbey as in every church throughout England; the Established Ritual and the Book of Common Prayer being as completely abolished by the Puritans as the Mass and the Missal had been by the Reformers eighty years earlier. In 1645, a special ordinance was issued providing for the government of the Abbey in the absence of the superseded Dean and Chapter. The collegiate body, the famous school and almsmen and the lesser offices, continued as before, but Commissioners—consisting of the Earl of Northumberland and other laymen — were placed over all of them. Seven Presbyterian ministers were appointed to conduct a "Morning Exercise"—in lieu of Morning Prayer — of which clergymen, Stephen Marshall, the Chaplain-in-Chief of the Parliamentary army, was the principal, and Philip Nye, a most uncompromising

Independent, John Bond, Dr. Stanton—afterwards President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and popularly known as "the Walking Concordance" — and Hale, are the best known. Lectures were delivered daily, and sermons every afternoon. According to tradition, Owen, Dean of Christchurch, preached, on the day of Charles's execution, a sermon justifying that event. The most famous sermons preached in the Abbey under the Commonwealth were undoubtedly those of Baxter, and especially the celebrated oration on "the vain and formal religion of the Hypocrites," which is read, even now, with delight and edification. The sittings of the Westminster Assembly, which began on July 1, 1643, were, however, by far the most important of the ecclesiastical events of this period. The meetings were held in the Choir, and the inauguration was attended by both Houses of Parliament; very few ministers of the Established Church attended, and the Assembly was practically entirely composed of Presbyterians, in "black cloaks, skull caps, and Geneva bands," with "thirty lay assessors to overlook the clergy . . . just as when the good woman puts a cat into the milk-house to kill a mouse, she sends her maid to look after the cat, lest the cat should eat up the cream"! The object of the Assembly was the reorganisation of the National Church on Puritanical and Presbyterian lines, by abolishing all vestige of Episcopacy. The work occupied a prodigious time, and, although they began discussing the Thirty-nine Articles in August, they had not dealt with more than sixteen by the end of October. None the less they assembled every day, only leaving the Abbey once, on September 24, when they went in state to St. Margaret's Church to sign the Solemn League and Covenant. In November, they shifted their place of meeting, on account of the cold, from Henry the Seventh's Chapel to the Jerusalem Chamber. The meetings were sometimes of a very stormy character. Seldon, who was a learned man, would occasionally silence his adversaries by pointing out the imperfections in the text on which they based their arguments; as Hetherington says, "he came, as Persians used, to see wild asses fight." The Westminster Assembly lasted five years, six months, and twenty-two days, or one thousand one hundred and sixty-three sessions; "their longsomeness is wofull," as an old writer puts it. Dean Stanley

has admirably summed up the results achieved by the Assembly in his usual picturesque manner: "Out of it came the Directory, the Longer and Shorter Catechism, and that famous Confession of Faith which, alone within these Islands, was imposed by law on the whole kingdom; and which, alone of all Protestant Confessions, still, in spite of its sternness and narrowness, retains a hold on the minds of its adherents to which its fervour and logical coherence in some measure entitle it."

The results of the deliberations of the Westminster Assembly were more far-reaching than, probably, most of us imagine; the Church by law established was formally abolished, and the Assembly's form of Presbyterianism substituted for it. On January 3, 1645, an ordinance was passed for the abolition of the Book of Common Prayer and the introduction of the "Directory for the Publike Worship of God." This "Directory" contained the order for the aforesaid "morning exercise," the administration of the Sacraments of the Lord's Supper and Baptism, the order for the burial of the dead, the marriage ceremony, and the visitation of the sick; the authority for all of which was vested in a series of presbyteries, synods, and assemblies, having the power of censure and excommunication, and holding a unity of belief and ritual or order. The "morning exercise" was to commence with humble prayers, to be followed by a lesson from Scripture, an expounding of the same lesson, an appropriate prayer for the season, a sermon, another prayer, concluding with a psalm. On certain days this was to be followed by the administration of Communion, with regard to which the Puritans held the same belief as the Established Church. Baptism was to be continued, but the Sign of the Cross omitted. The new marriage service was to consist simply of the reading of an appropriate passage from the Bible, a prayer and the joining of hands. Praying at funerals was strictly forbidden as "Romish," but fasting was considered necessary. As the singing of psalms occupied so large a place in the religious lives of the Puritans, it is not surprising to find that the Directory gives minute directions as to how they are to be intoned: all persons "not disabled by age, or otherwise," were expected to join in, "making melody unto the Lord . . . the voice to be tunably and gravely ordered." On August 23, 1646, an order

was promulgated for the actual removal of the Book of Common Prayer from all the churches throughout the kingdom, and the substitution for it of the Directory. The effect, upon the followers of Laud, and even on the moderate Episcopalians, of this extreme measure, may be more readily imagined than described. At Lambeth, where the soldiers entered the church during service to enforce the law, a regular fight ensued, in which the clergyman was stripped of his surplice, the offending Book was torn to pieces, and the altar desecrated by the Puritans; who, in their turn, were ejected neck and crop by a party of Thames watermen who had joined in the struggle. Evelyn, too, gives us some curious pictures of the state of Anglican worship at this period. As early as 1649 he records how his minister preached in his own study and gave him there the Sacrament, "now wholly out of usé in the Parish Churches, which the Presbyterians and Fanatics had usurp'd," and how the pulpits were "full of novices and novelties." Then in 1655, there is an entry in the *Diary* for November 27, stating that on that day "came forth the Protector's Edict prohibiting all ministers of the Church of England from preaching or teaching any scholes." On Christmas Day of the same year he says, "there was no more notice" taken of that festival, and he laments the downfall of Episcopacy in England in the quaintest terms—

"I went to London where Dr. Wild preach'd the funeral sermon of Preaching, this being the last day, after which Cromwell's proclamation was to take place, that none of the Church of England should dare either to preach or administer Sacraments . . . on paine of imprisonment or exile. So this was the mournfullest day that in my life I had seene, or the Church of England herself since the Reformation; to the greate rejoicing of both Papist and Presbyter. . . . The Lord pity our distress'd Church, and bring back the captivity of Sion."

The climax to Mr. Evelyn's religious troubles was reached on Christmas Day 1657. The Diarist, with his wife, and a number of others, were receiving Holy Communion in the Exeter Chapel, when that place of worship was suddenly surrounded by soldiers, who forced their way in and covered the worshippers with their muskets till the end of the service. When it was over, some of the congregation were dismissed, but others, amongst them Mr. Evelyn, were sent under arrest to a house near by; and later on,

Colonel Whalley came up from Whitehall to examine the captives, sending some to prison and acquitting others. When Evelyn's turn came, he tells us, they asked his name and address, and why he had gone to Communion, which they said was only the Mass in English, and observed "the superstitious time of the Nativity," and, above all, why he had prayed for Charles Stuart. The Diarist replied that he did not merely pray for Prince Charles, but for all Christian Kings and Governors; the Puritans said this was equally wrong, for they must include the King of Spain, who was a "Papist." In the end, Mr. Evelyn was dismissed; but he was, naturally, very wroth over the whole affair, and describes the Cromwellian Inquisitors as "men of high flight and above ordinances." Needless to say, as long as this sort of petty persecution continued, the state of the Anglican clergy was sufficiently parlous, and numbers had either to adopt some other occupation, or else go to prison for persevering in their duties.

Whilst the Assembly was still sitting at Westminster, the Deanery had a singular tenant. It was granted on lease, as a residence, to Bradshaw, President of the High Court of Justice, who is still popularly known as Bradshaw the Regicide. According to the Abbey tradition, he was wont to get up into a solitary chamber in the Western tower, and there pace up and down; to this day the Westminster boys declare that his ghost haunts the place. It appears he was a great invalid, and somewhat tormented by remorse, "for although he believed he had done right with respect to the King, he, none the less, regretted that his life could not have been spared." Bradshaw died in the Deanery, and was buried, together with his wife, in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, whence, however, both their bodies were exhumed at the Restoration.

Cromwell's favourite residence was undoubtedly Hampton Court, a fact which accounts for its being bought for the nation and not pulled down or sold as had been originally decreed. It is uncertain when he took up his permanent residence at Whitehall. For a short time, after the establishment of the Commonwealth, he lived in a part of Whitehall known as the Cockpit, because it was on the site of a cockpit erected in Henry the Eighth's reign. These apartments were evidently very spacious, for they were always occupied by persons of great note. In Charles the First's

reign, Philip, Duke of Pembroke and Montgomery, lived in the Cockpit, and apparently his windows overlooked the Park, for he tells us he saw, from his apartment, the King walking across it to his execution. Monk, Duke of Albemarle, also occupied these rooms, which, in the eighteenth century, were converted into the Treasury. Cromwell does not seem to have stayed here long, but removed to the Palace proper about four years after the death of the King. Early in 1654, the *Weekly Intelligencer* announced that: "The Privy Lodgings for his Highness the Lord Protector in Whitehall, are now in readyness as also the lodgings of his Lady Protectress: and likewise the Privy Kitchen and other kitchens, butteries and offices, and it is conceived the whole family will be ready settled there before Easter. The tables for diet prepared are these:—

"A table for his Highness.
A table for the Protectress.
A table for the Chaplains.
A table for Chaplains and strangers.
A table for the Stewards and gentlemen.
A table for gentlemen.
A table for coachmen, grooms, and other domestics.
A table for inferiors and subservants."

On April 14 of the same year, the *Intelligencer* informed its readers that Cromwell and his family were installed in Whitehall Palace.

Cromwell undoubtedly possessed many qualities in common with Napoleon I. Like that extraordinary man, he was not only the greatest General of his age, but, also, the greatest statesman. Once he had assumed the Protectorate—or, in other words, the Kingship—he perceived that so exalted a position could not be maintained unless its surroundings equalled its dignity. Has not the Arabian poet said that Authority cannot afford to go about in rags and tatters? In November, 1644, Cromwell said to the Earl of Manchester, on an occasion when some proposal of his was opposed by that nobleman, "My lord, if you will stick firm to honest men, you shall find yourself at the head of an army which shall give law to both the King and the Parliament." "This discourse," said the Earl, "made the greatest impression on me, because I knew the Lieutenant-General to be a man of

very deep designs; and he even ventured to tell me that *it would never be well with England till I were Mr. Montague, and there was ne'er a lord or peer in the kingdom.*" Ten years later Cromwell, being in supreme power, realised the necessity, not only of a social hierarchy, but also of a certain degree of state and ceremony in his own surroundings, in order the better to impress upon the people, and, above all, upon the representatives of foreign countries, that, if he were not actually king, he was at least the Head of a great nation. Possibly, too, in his heart of hearts, he cherished the hope of founding a dynasty, if not of hereditary monarchs, at least of hereditary Protectors or Presidents—a scheme, however, which the indolent nature of Richard, his son and successor, must have convinced him was never likely to succeed. No sooner did he become Lord Protector than his democratic opinions were modified. He allowed himself to be addressed by the title of Highness, and even the Lady Protectress, as her enemies derisively called her, was so styled in semi-official documents. His daughter, Elizabeth Claypole's wedding was announced in the *Gazette* as that of "the most illustrious lady, Her Highness the Lady Elizabeth Cromwell." He welcomed with great cordiality any peer who deserted the Royalist cause, and never denied the title of lordship to those who possessed it. In a word, he was an autocrat and not a democrat—but, indeed, few remain so, once they get into power. Bearing these facts in mind, it is not difficult to explain why, when a foreign ambassador presented his credentials to the Lord Protector, he found "very little alteration in the procedure and magnificence of the Court from what it had been in Charles the First's time. "You would scarcely notice any change," wrote the French Ambassador to his Government, "except that in the place of the King, the throne is occupied by Mr. Cromwell, arrayed in purple velvet edged and lined with ermine. He sits on a golden chair, raised three steps above his attendants; but unlike the late Court, the ladies of the Protector's family are rarely seen and take little part in official life." Mrs. Cromwell, however, occasionally entertained the Ambassadors and their wives at supper, when "the very illustrious ladies," her daughters, assisted her to do the honours. Cromwell's Court was undoubtedly, so far as the ladies were concerned, extremely

rigid. He, himself, was a clean-minded man, and he could not endure licentiousness in others. When the eccentric Christina, Queen of Sweden, offered to pay him a visit, he promptly refused to receive a lady whose private life he considered the reverse of exemplary. On the other hand, he could unbend, and if his Court was decorous, it was very often rowdy. The Lord Protector—and here again he resembled Napoleon—was fond of horse-play. He retained a liking for the officers who had served him in the Civil War, and would often drink and smoke with them in the most familiar manner. Heath's *Flagellum*, though excessively satirical, gives us an interesting glimpse of the private life of the Dictator of England. Its author says that Cromwell was very fond of hunting, and would sometimes give a buck to the villagers round Hampton Court to please them. "His own Diet was very spare, and not so curious, except in publique Treatments, which were constantly given every Monday in the week to all the officers of the Army not below a Captain, where he dined with them and shewed them a hundred Antick Tricks, as throwing of Cushions, and putting live Coals into their pockets and boots"(!) And again we are told, "He had twenty other freaks in his head, for sometimes before he had half dined, he would give order for a drum to beat, and call on his Foot Guards, like a kennel of hounds, to snatch off meat from his table and tear it in pieces: the like Jocos and Frisks he would have with other company: even with some of the nobility, when he would not stick to tell them, what Company they had kept . . . that they had drunk the King's health . . . bidding them when they did it again, to do it more privately, and this without any passion, and as festivous droll discourse." Even allowing that this account is a trifle over coloured, we are told in another place that, on the occasion of the marriage of Cromwell's daughter, Frances, to Mr. Rich, he threw "the sack posset amongst all the ladies to spoil their clothes, which they took as a favour, and daubed all the stools where they were to sit, with wet sweetmeats."

Mrs. Cromwell, my Lady Protectress, was scarcely a suitable wife for one who occupied a quasi-regal station. She was not, however, of inferior birth, as is often stated by Cromwell's biographers, but of the ancient stock of Bouchier, being the

daughter of Sir James Bouchier of Felsted in Essex, and a wealthy woman. Of homely appearance, "Old Joan," as her detractors called her, was essentially a housewife, who unwittingly lent herself to many a ribald joke and comical story. Being of an economical turn of mind, Mrs. Cromwell, even in the midst of magnificence, was for ever battling with the regiment of servants at Whitehall and Hampton Court; not a few of whom, having been there in the more spacious days of Charles I., were inclined to make unfavourable comparisons. She is said to have caused a number of secret staircases and trap-doors to be made at Whitehall and Hampton Court, so as to be able to pounce upon her servants at all times and "keep them honest." Cromwell's determination to keep the women of his family as far apart from public life as possible, was, no doubt, partly due to the consideration that Mrs. Cromwell was not equipped to take a lead in official functions. He was, none the less, very fond of her, and knew her to be a woman of unimpeachable honesty; though, strange to say, she was not quite so pious as he could have desired. Deprived, therefore, of the graces of female attraction, the social life of the Court of England, under the Commonwealth, if Court it can be called, was somewhat ponderous and uneventful. There were no balls and Masques, but, on the other hand, it seems there were frequent concerts, for the Protector was intensely fond of music.

The solemn installation of Oliver Cromwell as Lord Protector of these Realms was as magnificent a spectacle as any inaugural function in the days of royalty. The ceremony took place on November 16, 1653, in Westminster Hall. The way was lined with troops, the cortège passing from the Cockpit (Cromwell was still in residence there), down King Street to Westminster. The procession was extremely beautiful. The Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and Aldermen joined in it, but on horseback and not in their coaches. Cromwell, himself, used the late King's State coach of crimson and gold, drawn by six white horses. He was in purple velvet, edged and lined with ermine. On his alighting at Westminster Hall, he was conducted in state to a throne at the south end, in front of which was a table covered with a cloth of Genoa velvet fringed with gold, upon which was a Bible, a sword and a sceptre. Cromwell sat alone;

his family and the members of the House of Commons were accommodated with seats in the gallery erected on purpose; the Speaker, Sir Thomas Widdrington, being the only person in the immediate vicinity of the Lord Protector. A flourish of trumpets announced to the crowd in the body of the Hall that Oliver had taken the oath, and a similar burst informed the multitude without that "England had a Vice-roy"—for so did the Royalists call the new Head of the State. There was no banquet after this function, but, instead, all who attended in an official capacity were invited to the Banqueting Hall to hear an exhortation from Cromwell's chaplain, Nicholas Lockwood, which lasted an hour.

M. de Bordeaux, the French Ambassador, has left us a graphic description of Cromwell's State procession through London after his elevation to the Protectorate—"with all the state and dignity of a sovereign, no difference, the same bowing and scraping, the same Ambassadors, the same decorations, the same trumpeting and magnificence—*comme s'il était roi.*" "To the foreign Ambassadors, Monsieur Cromwell deports himself as if he were a king, for the power of a king is not greater than he. . . . As to Mme. Cromwell, she is kept at home, but she becomes too ambitious and sets up as a queen." At Whitehall the etiquette was preserved as under the Stuarts. If Cromwell entertained at dinner, he sat under a canopy, and was raised on a platform or daïs some steps above the rest of the company; only ambassadors or privileged persons could eat with him at the same table. The uniform of the Yeomen of the Guard was changed from scarlet and gold to grey trimmed with silver. The people grumbled at the change, declaring they did not like grey, 'twas a dull colour.

On the night of November 23, 1654, Mrs. Elizabeth Cromwell, the Protector's venerable mother, breathed her last at Whitehall in her ninety-fifth year. She had great faith in her son, in whose arms she gently fell asleep, saying as she passed away, "The Lord cause His Face to shine upon you in all your adversities, and enable you to do great things for His Glory. My dear son, I leave my heart with thee. Good-night." The "hatcher of the serpent," as the Royalists called her, was buried in Henry the Seventh's Chapel with the utmost magnificence, the

Intelligencer describing her as "the High and Mighty lady, the Most illustrious lady, the Lady Elizabeth Cromwell, mother to His Highness the Lord Protector."

Oliver Cromwell's renunciation of the Crown of England was a very stately and solemn scene, which took place at Whitehall on April 16, 1657. It was formally tendered to him by his assembled Commons and refused, wisely, and with dignity.

It was at Hampton Court that Cromwell was wont to unbend and enjoy a little relaxation and rest from his arduous duties. He would often sit in the gloaming in that Great Hall which is still so beautiful, with its oaken roof and Van Orley's faded tapestries of the Story of Abraham. We can almost fancy we see him and his family sitting hushed, awestricken, as from the fingers of Mr. Secretary Milton the "solemn musick" of the organ pealed through the vaulted chamber, to die away in soft echoes in those lengthy corridors associated with so many romantic incidents connected with England's story in Tudor and Stuart times. At Hampton Court we get a glimpse of the better Cromwell. Here he appears, especially in the last days of his life, as the loving father, or as the man of undefined poetic instinct, whose every fibre could vibrate to the harmonious chords drawn from the king of instruments by the noblest poet of his age, notes that rejoiced, or notes that filled the heart to overflow with sadness. Here the unbidden tears would steal —so they said—down his tanned cheeks, as thought of other days, invoked by the ancient melodies, gathered in his ageing mind, as the pale faces of those who were long since at rest, or the eyes that had long ago fallen from their sockets, gleamed at him through the vistas of the past, and filled his heart with despair or gladdened it with hope eternal. Here he must have fully realised the sublimity of Mr. Secretary's stateliest sonnet,[1] and often,—ah! how often!—have conjured up visions of the "Seraphim and Cherubim in burning row," and have even heard the triumphant sound of "the loud uplifted angel trumpets blow."

London, in Cromwellian times, was full of strange and contrasting scenes. The great wave of Puritanism which had swept over the land, altered not only customs but costumes, and the streets were filled with sour-looking folk, arrayed in sombre

[1] "At a solemn musick."

colours, or wearing tall black felt hats which contrasted strangely with the vivid colours assumed, whenever they dared, by the Royalists or Cavaliers. The very names of the children were changed, not only into the good Old Testament names, but into new ones made out of Scriptural sentences, such as "Praise-God-Barebones" and "Saul-come-unto-the-Lord." People spoke in Scriptural style, and interlarded their conversation with Biblical phraseology, the influence of the Old Testament, and not of the New Dispensation, predominating. There was, no doubt, a good deal of hypocrisy and cant about all this seeming piety, but Puritanism was not the unmitigated blight it is sometimes declared to have been. We still suffer from its narrow-minded Pharisaism, and its dismal way of looking at life, and it is only lately that the strictness of Sabbatarianism has relaxed its hold on the masses sufficiently to permit of the opening of museums and the playing of bands on Sunday afternoons. But, for all its shortcomings, Puritanism moulded the strong character of those British pioneers of civilisation in the New World, who, a Bible in one hand and a pickaxe in the other, broke down the virgin forests and fertilised the plains, and converted them into smiling fields, surrounding busy and prosperous cities, active villages, and happy homesteads.

That Puritanism should have developed strange sects was a foregone conclusion, and a curious book could be written on the subject of the numerous religious bodies which appeared and disappeared during the Commonwealth. Of these by far the most remarkable was that of the Millenarians, or Fifth Monarchy Men, who held that, after the successive dominions of the Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, and Romans, there would be the reign of Christ, or the Fifth Monarchy, which was to last a thousand years. This Millennium, they said, was at hand, and in anticipation of its advent they lashed themselves into a sort of religious frenzy. In co-operation with the Anabaptists, who rejected infant baptism, they formed the Little Parliament, with a membership of one hundred and forty "godly Englishmen," which Cromwell commanded to assemble on July 4, 1654. This sitting was generally known as "the Barebone's Parliament," from the name of one its members. Cromwell had a hard struggle with these fanatics, a struggle which forms one of the

most curious episodes in his singular career. He dissolved the Little Parliament on December 13, 1653, four days before he was elected Lord Protector. The violence of the Fifth Monarchy Men taught Cromwell a lesson; they disgusted him with intolerance, and there can be no doubt that, had he had his way in 1654, our own epoch of almost perfect tolerance would have been anticipated. He wrote a letter to Cardinal Mazarin which contains these remarkable words, "I desire from my heart, I have prayed for it, I have waited for the day to see union and right understanding between godly people, Scots, English, Jews, Gentiles, Presbyterians, Independents, Anabaptists, and all." Kenelm Digby, who knew him well, and was a very pious Catholic, tells us that he often deplored the persecution of the Catholics and wished that they should enjoy the same liberty as others. Alas! it was not to be, and his own dreadful cruelty in Ireland surprises us all the more because it was in complete contradiction to his oft-reiterated principles of toleration. To a mind so saturated with the picturesque imagery of the Old Testament as was Cromwell's, his meeting with the famous Manasseh Ben Israel must have been of paramount interest. Ben Israel had come to England to beg that the Protector would allow his co-religionists to return to this country and enjoy the protection of the Government, and that, moreover, they might have a synagogue, a school, and a burial-place in London itself. Four conferences were held on this subject, with the result that, notwithstanding the opposition of the preachers, the Jews were allowed to come amongst us once more. So delighted were the Israelites at this happy conclusion of Manasseh's mission, that the Rabbi Jakob Ben Azahael went into Huntingdonshire to study the genealogical tree of their benefactor, and prove to his own satisfaction and that of his flock that Cromwell was descended from the royal line of Judah—but in this he failed.

The newly-arrived Jews settled in the neighbourhood of Petticoat Lane, where they still flourish; but the wealthier Hebrew merchants were soon scattered in various parts of the town, so that, by 1690, there were six Jewish families residing in Bloomsbury Square alone. Very few had German names, theirs being either pure Hebrew or Spanish. They were not obliged to wear a distinctive costume, and as a great many of them came from

Portugal, their principal synagogue followed the rite still known as Portuguese.

Meanwhile, the proposal—and it was very popular—to elect Cromwell King, offended the Fifth Monarchy Men. How, if the Protector became King, could Christ come and reign amongst them? It was to them sheer blasphemy to attempt to seat a mere mortal on a throne evidently vacated for a celestial purpose. They believed that, if Cromwell would but keep himself in the background, the Millennium would soon arrive. A plot, as picturesque as any that was ever hatched, was concocted, and under the lead of one Venner, a wine cooper, these poor deluded souls made ready to put a period to the career of Oliver Cromwell and welcome in King Jesus. But the Protector and Thurloe were well informed as to their movements, and the riotous fanatics, who had assembled in great numbers on Mile End Green, were dispersed by the troops, and the leaders, amongst whom was General Harrison, were relegated to the various prisons. Thus ended a strange conspiracy.

Freemasonry is generally believed to have been invented or introduced in London under the Commonwealth soon after the return of the Jews, but it in reality preceded that event by some years. Without going back, as some writers do, to mediæval times for the origin of the great Association, we find in Elias Ashmole's *Diary* the following entry under the date October 16, 1646: "I was this day made a Freemason at Warrington in Lancashire." On March 10, 1682, Ashmole says, "I received a summons to appear at a lodge to be held the next day at Masons' Hall in London. I accordingly attended on March 11, and was the senior fellow among them, and very nearly thirty-five years since I had been admitted into the fraternity. We all dined in the Half Moon Tavern, where we partook of a sumptuous dinner at the expense of the new accepted Masons." Ashmole, who was a famous antiquary, and the founder of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, was a very earnest student of Masonry, and, as Lawrie tells us in his *Diary*, "a frequent attendant upon its meetings." Before 1646 we hear very little of Masonry, but from that date onward it enters gradually but fully into the social life of the nation. At the close of the seventeenth century there were already six lodges in London.

Sir Christopher Wren was chosen Grand Master in 1698, and his lodge was conveniently situated near St. Paul's Cathedral. The lodges then existent were the Goose and Gridiron, near St. Paul's; the Crown and Ale House, Parker's Lane; the Apple-tree Tavern, Charles Street, Covent Garden; and the Grapes Tavern, Channel Row, Westminster.

It was, however, not until 1721 that the fraternity had a *noble* brother at their head, when on June 24 of that date the Duke of Montague was elected, and accepted the office of Grand Master of Masons. According to Maitland, Masonry was incorporated as a Society by Letters Patent of Charles II., September 11, 1677. The great Lodge of Ireland was founded in 1730, and in 1733 a charter for a lodge was obtained for Boston in America, and from that date onward the history of the Craft is one of astonishing success and extensive propaganda in every part of the globe.

Even under Elizabeth, the Nave of St. Paul's Cathedral had been treated with little or no respect, being used, as we have seen, for a public promenade. Some attempt had been made to stem the torrent of desecration, but under Cromwell this impiety was encouraged. The grand old church, together with nearly every other cathedral throughout the land, had become a stable for horses and a market-place of the vilest description. The windows, though hideously dirty, still contained the greater part of their splendid glass. Remains of mediæval frescos appeared here and there, and the ancient tombs still occupied their original positions. But all were mutilated. Booksellers set up their stalls round the columns; vendors of fruit and sweetmeats shouted their goods as they carried them round, swung in trays from their shoulders; tobacco boys noisily shouted their choicest weeds, and Jew old-clothesmen often used stately monuments for the display of renovated clouts and coats. Here was a wig-maker, frizzling the long curls then in fashion upon his tongs. There a quack-doctor clamoured for custom. The ruined font was occupied by an Italian dentist, who, mounted on a high stand, with an endless succession of patients occupying an old arm-chair, extracted teeth and shouted in broken English a full explanation of the painless manner in which he performed the operation. Ballad-singers bawled their last "lament," all out of

tune. Courtesans, water-carriers, fishwomen, orange girls, serving-men, negro slaves, bird and dog fanciers, and even sailors selling monkeys and parakeets, hustled each other, making such a hullabaloo that the ancient vaults re-echoed to the infernal din. Bishop Earle, in his *Microcosmographia*, written in 1629, gives the following weird description of this incredible scene:—

"Paul's Walk is the land's epitome, or you may call it the lesser isle of Great Britain. It is more than this—it is the whole world's map, which you may here discern in its perfectest motion, jostling and turning. It is a heap of stones and men with a vast confusion of languages: and were the steeple not sanctified, nothing could be liker Babel. The noise in it is like that of bees, a strange humming or buzzing, a mixture of walking, tongues, and feet: it is a kind of still roar or loud whisper. It is the great exchange of all discourse, and no business whatsoever but it is here stirring and afoot. It is the synod of all things politic, jointed and laid together in most serious posture, and they not half so busy as at the Parliament. It is the market of young lecturers, whom you may cheapen here at all rates and sizes. It is the general mint of all infamous lies, which are here, like the legends of Popery, first stamped and coined in the church. All inventions are emptied here and not a few pockets. The best sign of the Temple in it is that it is the thieves' sanctuary, who rob more safely in a crowd than in a wilderness, whilst every pillar is a bush to hide them. It is the other expense of the day after plays and taverns: and men have still some oaths to swear here. The principal inhabitants are stale knights and captains out of service, men of long rapiers and short purses, who after all turn merchants and traffic for news. Some make it a preface for their dinner and travel for their appetite: but thirstier men make it their ordinary and board here very cheap. Of all such places it is the least haunted by hobgoblins, for if a ghost would walk here he could not."

Possibly as a result of the closing of the theatres and of the universal gloom—in which even the inoffensive Maypoles were uprooted—funerals of a pompous sort were very fashionable during the Commonwealth. Not even in pre-Reformation times were they more magnificent—but under the Puritans there was little or no funeral service, *cui bono?* The waxen effigies which were placed over the coffins of the illustrious dead do not appear

to have been considered "idolatrous," but were even supplied with "flexible joints," so that they could be seated in chairs, or made to recline in coaches. Countless yards of black cloth were distributed to the mourners, together with black silk scarves and gloves, and wax torches were carried in the dismal procession. A funeral for a "person of quality" usually cost between £200 and £300, and those cheerful industrials, the undertakers, did a grand business under our first and last Republic. The great funerals in Westminster Abbey under the Commonwealth were those of George Monk Duke of Albemarle, Charles Montague Earl of Sandwich, Thomas Butler Duke of Ormond, and the Earl of Essex. The three first were all buried in Henry the Seventh's Chapel.

Pym's—"King Pym's"—funeral in December, 1643, was also a most stately affair. The House of Commons ordered his body to be interred in Westminster Abbey, an unprecedented honour, "without any charge for breaking open the ground, and a monument be prepared for him with charge to the Commonwealth." The body was followed by his two sons, preceded by a superb procession, from Derby House, Whitehall. The coffin was carried on the shoulders of ten Parliamentary men, and surrounded by the same Divines as sat in the Jerusalem Chamber. So prodigious was the respect paid to the great "stickler for Parliamentary usage" that the following lines printed on a broad sheet and sold in the streets, barely convey an adequate impression of the popular excitement:—

> "None can completely Pym lament
> But something like a Parliament,
> The public sorrow of a State
> Is but a grief commensurate;
> We must enacted passions have,
> And laws for weeping at the grave."

To his credit Cromwell ordered a splendid funeral at his own expense for Archbishop Usher—at a cost of £200. The prelate died at Croydon, and his body was met by "the carriages of all persons of rank then in town" and carried to Somerset House to lie in state. The service at the Abbey was the only one in accordance with the ritual of the Church of England said in the Abbey in Parliamentary times. No monument was ever

erected over Archbishop Usher's remains. But by far the most magnificent funeral of Cromwellian times, next to the Protector's own, was that of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, the brave Commander-in-Chief of the Parliamentary Army, who died at his house in the Strand on September 14, 1646. The line of route was repaired and sanded all the way to Westminster Abbey. We possess a curious description of this funeral in a pamphlet written by an eye-witness, and entitled, *The Perfect Relation of the Memorable Funeral of the Earl of Essex and Ewe.* The hearse was a remarkable construction, consisting of "a canopy on pillars about twelve feet high, gilt with gold and hung with velvet, ornamented with the escutcheons of the Earl," and was erected near the Communion Table, in the centre of the church, which was draped with black. On October 19, 1646, the procession, which was of prodigious length, set out from Essex House. The streets were lined with five regiments of trained-bands in uniforms of white, green, and red. The *cortège* opened with a regiment of horse; then followed seventy poor old men in black gowns, and twelve almsmen in black robes. Then came the whole of the Parliamentary party in a long double file; "the head of the procession was entering the Abbey long before the last man had left Essex House." The effigy of the late Commander—"a perfect work, like unto life"—was placed in an open chariot of black velvet, drawn by six horses, with black velvet to the ground. "Major Oliver Cromwell, assisted by ten other officers, carried the figure from the chancel to the catafalque before the Communion Table. They were succeeded by Peers and Commons in deep mourning, bearing lights. The sermon was preached by a Mr. Vynes, and it was seven o'clock before the funeral was over." Beyond the sermon, there was no religious service, the rest of the usual Office for the Dead being, as we have seen, excluded from the "Directory of Public Worship." A few years later, the Royalists demolished the catafalque, which had been left standing over Essex's grave. The body of the famous Parliamentary General was, however, not disturbed—possibly his rank spared his remains this useless outrage.

The Commonwealth filled the dungeons of the Tower with devoted friends of the fallen monarchy, and the axe was kept as busy under Cromwell as ever it had been under the Tudors

and Stuarts. Among the more conspicuous of the victims of the Republican Government, were Sir John Hotham and his son, who were beheaded in 1644 on Tower Hill, for having attempted to deliver up the city of Hull to the King. At about the same time, Sir Alexander Carew, Governor of St. Nicholas Island, Plymouth, shared the same fate. Lord Macquires and Colonel McMahon, who were tried for high treason in the following year, contrived to escape, but being captured in the house of a French agent, were hanged and quartered at Tyburn.

The betrayal of Lord Capel by a waterman for the sake of a ten-pound note, just as he was about to make good his escape, brought one of the best men of his time to a bloody death on Tower Hill, where he was beheaded, "in good company," having by way "of fellow-travellers to another world," the brilliant Duke of Hamilton, and, as the ladies called him, the "adorably handsome" Rich, Earl of Holland. They were, all three, decapitated on March 9, 1649,—within six weeks of the execution of the King they served so well.

In 1654, Sir John Gerard, who had made an attempt on Cromwell's life, was beheaded on Tower Hill, and on the same day his friend Vowel—"the learned schoolmaster"—"swung at Tyburn." That dire conspirator, Miles Syndercombe, who tried to fire Whitehall, was probably despatched in his cell whilst asleep, but the Royalist divine, Dr. Hewett, and Sir Henry Slingsby, were tied to hurdles and dragged at the horse's tail to their execution. By the time they reached Tyburn they were literally in pieces, the hanging only serving to extinguish the last flicker of life and end their agony. George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, only just escaped being one of Cromwell's numerous victims. Lucy Walters, the mother of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, was also a prisoner in the Tower in "good old Noll's day"; she was suspected of being one of Charles the Second's spies and this not without evidence of a very compromising sort. The fair Lucy remained a prisoner until the Restoration, when she was liberated, living long enough to see her handsome son a prisoner in the Tower, and executed on Tower Hill.

The stately existence of Protector Cromwell was surrounded by as many perils as that of any modern Russian Tzar. He was never safe from conspiracies; he had even to wear a mail-shirt

to protect himself from the dagger, and must have all his food tasted, to save himself from poison. Sometimes, in driving from Hampton Court to Whitehall, he would have to go by a circuitous route to avoid assassination, and even the Portuguese Ambassador's brother, Don Pantaleone Sà, turned out to be a conspirator in disguise, whose international position, much to the satisfaction of the people, did not save him from the hangman. Once, whilst driving in Hyde Park, with a team of six Friesland horses that the Count of Oldenburgh had given him, one of the spirited animals got out of control, and my Lord Protector was thrown from his seat and dragged some distance, but without serious hurt. Then again in King Street, St. James's, he came near being assassinated. But Fate seemed to favour him extraordinarily; he had a charmed life, and his will-power was of almost supernatural strength. In 1657 many thought they already saw a change; and, towards the middle of that year, it became generally known that the Colossus that none could conquer or kill was afflicted with that painful malady, the stone. It was of this disease that he eventually died, but there can be no doubt that his death-knell was sounded when, in August, 1658, his beloved child, Elizabeth Claypole, fell sick at Hampton Court of a painful malady. Giving up all business, the Protector hastened from Whitehall to Hampton Court to nurse his daughter. For twenty-four days and nights Cromwell watched by this gentle lady's bedside, seeing her gradually waste away, "like a sweet dream." On the 6th of August she died. His grief was as boundless as a sea. The sorrow cut him to the quick, and as they led him from the death-chamber, after he had taken a lingering last look at the beloved features, he cried out amid his sobs, "I can't bear it, I can't bear it, O God! I can't bear it." Not at Naseby, not at Worcester, not on his throne at Whitehall, does Cromwell appear so great, at least, so human, as he does when his wife and Milton lead him away from what he loves best on earth, and those thrice repeated words fall from his lips —"I can't bear it." And he could not. He did not attend the quasi-regal obsequies in the Abbey, but remained on at Hampton Court, "full of sorrow and pain." He realised acutely the failure of life. His friends were leaving him, disease was upon him, and no doubt remorse for his share in the death of the King,

and above all for the unspeakable cruelties perpetrated in Ireland, filled his heart—a stout one—to overflow. He saw himself unceasingly repeating the words of St. Theresa, that he was dying of the sheer longing to die. One day he caused a friend to bring him the Bible and read the lines which occur in Philippians iv. 11–13. "Not that I speak in respect of want: for I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound: every where and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." When the reader paused, Cromwell said, with a deep sigh, "This Scripture did once save my life, when my eldest boy died, which went as a dagger to my heart, indeed it did." After this he repeated the words of the text to himself, and presently, looking up, said, "Paul, you have learnt this, and attained to this measure of grace, but what shall I do? Ah! poor creature, this is a hard lesson for me to take out, I find it so." Then reading on, the friend paused at the line, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," and Cromwell, with a bright, a radiant, look, added, "He that was Paul's Christ is my Christ, too."

A few days later, George Fox, the Quaker, met him as he was driving in Bushey Park, and having with him a petition in favour of his co-religionists, stopped the Protector's coach. Says he in his curious Journal, "Before I came to him as he rode at the head of his Life Guards, I saw a waft of death go forth against him, and when I came to him he looked like a dead man." For a few days Cromwell struggled against the encroachment of the fever, but the insidious enemy had its fell grip upon him and would not relinquish its hold. At first he would not die—"God would save him"—but presently he realised the truth, that he was beyond human aid. For a short time it seemed as if—in Warwick's quaint words—"the saucy expostulation of the Saints (Puritans) with God to spare him" was likely to prevail. On August 26, Whitelock dined with him and he seemed "mighty cheerfull." A few days later, he felt well enough to remove to Whitehall, but on the 2nd of September—"the eve of his fortunate day," the anniversary of the battles of

PLACE OF EXECUTION WITHIN THE ENCLOSURE OF THE TOWER

Worcester and Dunbar—that mighty spirit passed forth from its prison-house, amid a most terrific storm that caused the Thames to overflow its banks, overturned steeples and unroofed hundreds of houses. No such storm had devastated London since the night on which Edward VI. died—a little over a hundred years earlier—a death equally disastrous to the Puritan cause. "God will not leave me before the end," he said; and again, refusing drink, he added, "It is not my design to drink or to sleep, but to make haste to be gone."

The Commonwealth did not spare expense in the matter of the Protector's funeral, which Evelyn, who beheld it, described as "the joyfullest funeral he ever saw." It was carried out, to quote the Royalist, Cowley, with "full more than royal splendour," and cost £60,000. This money was handed over by the Parliament to Richard Cromwell, who spent more than he ought to have done, and got himself heavily into debt in consequence. Messire Bernardi, the Genoese Envoy, who was an eye-witness, wrote to his Government the following account of this funeral:—

[1] "The gentlemen invited to the said funeral exceeded in number 1500, to whom his Highness (Richard Cromwell) had sent robes for themselves and their attendants, who were still more numerous. All these were gathered at exactly three hours before midday at Somerset House . . . the road from there to the Abbey was partitioned off and guarded by soldiers, drawn up so that none could pass in the middle space except those that were invited, the City Companies, (with their insignia draped in black) and the drummers (in mourning robes). The effigy or statue of the Dead, made most life-like, which up to that day had been laid out on the bed, was set up on its feet upright under a canopy, in royal robes, crown on head, in one hand the sceptre and in the other the globe. An hour after midday, it was laid on a bier richly adorned and carried down under a canopy by twelve persons to where a couch was waiting, made for the purpose open on every side, in which it was laid. The head of the coach was adorned with many plumes and banners, covered with black velvet without and within, and all around it were hangings of velvet, ten palms wide, which were borne by lords of quality, and two chamberlains sat, one at the head and

[1] Quoted for the first time, from a document in the Foreign Office, by Mrs. Murray-Smith in her excellent work on the Monuments at Westminster Abbey.

one at the feet of the effigy. The said coach was drawn by six horses adorned in like manner with many plumes and covered entirely except the eyes with black velvet which hung almost to the ground, the driver and postilions in long robes of the same. All being in order the King-at-Arms sent his heralds to bid those above descend, beginning with those of lowest rank. The first division were sixty poor men, as many as the Dead had lived years, all newly clad in long robes of black and two banners with them."

To disturb the remains of the dead is a dastardly act, and the treatment of Cromwell's bones by Charles II. stains the otherwise cheerful memory of the "Merrie Monarch." On December 1, 1660, the House of Commons, with the King's approval, ordered the remains of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw, to be taken up and dragged on hurdles to Tyburn, "there to be hanged in their coffins for some time with their faces turned towards Whitehall, and then buried under the gallows." The vault was opened on January 30, 1661, in the presence of the Speaker of the House of Commons and his attendants. The Protector's coffin was a noble piece of oak with a copper-gilt plate, now in the possession of the Marquis of Ripon. As directed, the bodies of Cromwell and his fellows were placed, in their coffins, on hurdles and dragged to Tyburn, where they were taken out and hanged on a gallows till sunset. They were then cut down and decapitated, their heads being stuck on poles over the top of Westminster Hall, Ireton's to the left of Cromwell's, and Bradshaw's to the right. Cromwell's remained in its place for twenty-five years, for when Sir Thomas Armstrong was beheaded (in 1684) "his head was placed between Oliver Cromwell's and Bradshaw's."[1] In September, 1661,

[1] There are many legends as to the whereabouts of Cromwell's head, which is most probably in the possession of Mr. S. F. Wilkinson, of Seal, near Sevenoaks. The story—related by the *Daily Chronicle* in 1895, and revived by the *Daily Mail* in 1904—says that after its posthumous decapitation, the Protector's head remained stuck on a pike over Westminster Hall for twenty-five years, when, one night, in a violent storm, it was blown down, and was rescued by a passing soldier, who carried it home in his cloak and hid it in his chimney. At his death, he told his wife of its whereabouts, and she sold it to a member of the Cambridge Russells, near relations of Cromwell's. Samuel Russell, described as "a poor comedian," exhibited the head in Covent Garden for a consideration, and finally sold it to one Cox, a

ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER

Charles ordered the bodies of twenty-one Parliamentarians to be dug up and removed "with ignominy" from Westminster Abbey and hurled into a common grave in St. Margaret's Churchyard. The only Cromwellians that still rest in peace in the Abbey are Mrs. Elizabeth Claypole, who was reputed to be a Royalist; Grace Scott, wife of the regicide; the Earl of Essex, and Judge Wild, the first judge that ever hanged a man for adhering to his Prince. It was indeed a strange age! When Henrietta Maria returned to London to visit her son, she ordered her coachman to stop on London Bridge that she might get a good view of the heads of the regicides!

Doubtless, when Cromwell was at the zenith of his power, his innumerable enemies in the Royalist camp took good care to keep alive the story of the then recent origin of his family. As he was born in 1599, the link between him and the founder of his family's wealth, Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, the "mauler" of the monasteries under Henry VIII., was not very remote, and that statesman, it will be remembered, was reputed to be the son of a poor tradesman. Thomas Cromwell, or Crumwell, had a nephew of the name of Williams, the son of his wife's brother, who was in the service of Henry VII., and of whom the Chancellor must have been excessively fond, since, "for a song," he granted him the rich lands of the Priories of Hinchinbrook and Saltry Judith in Huntingdonshire, and of Ramsey Abbey, near Winchester. It was from this Williams, who, at the request of Henry VIII., took the name of his

showman, for £118. This man, in his turn, parted with it to three men, the niece of one of whom, nearly a century ago, sold it to Mr. Wilkinson's grandfather. This head, which compares well with the death-mask of the Protector, is preserved in the identical box in which it was placed by the Russells, and, having been embalmed, is still in a fair state of preservation. The nose is flattened to the right side of the face and the skull is still pierced by the pike on which it was affixed to Westminster Hall.

A curious local tradition has for many generations described Red Lion Square, Holborn, as the spot where the mutilated bodies of Cromwell, Bradshaw, and Ireton were interred after their profanation at Tyburn. Pennant tells us that in his day (late seventeenth century) an enthusiastic admirer of the Commonwealth erected an obelisk in the centre of this Square to mark the exact spot where the bodies were supposed to have been deposited. But beyond this there is no contemporary evidence that the bodies were ever buried here at all.

uncle—Cromwell—that the Lord Protector was immediately descended.[1]

At the death of Oliver Cromwell, his eldest son, Richard, succeeded him, with as little opposition, at the time, as when King Edward VII. succeeded Queen Victoria. His "installation," in Westminster Hall, as Lord Protector II., was carried out with the same magnificence as that of his father. But Richard Cromwell—"idle Dick"—was not the man to fill a towering position, and he was soon swept away by the Restoration. He went abroad and lived many years in Italy under the name of Clark. In William and Mary's time he returned to London and lived at Chelsea. Pennant often saw him—a little, weak old man with a placid countenance—"in at Dom Saltro's coffee house." He died at Cheshunt, in 1712, in his eighty-eighth year, leaving three daughters, by his wife Dorothea, daughter of Richard Major of Hampshire, but no male issue. On the other hand, his brother Henry left a son, whose direct descendant, Mr. Oliver Cromwell, the last male heir of the Protector, and a small attorney on Snow Hill, E.C., wrote a life of his famous ancestor, and died childless in 1821. The female issue of the two sons of Oliver Cromwell were extremely unfortunate, all their descendants dying in abject poverty. One of Cromwell's granddaughters ended her days in the workhouse; one of his great-granddaughters married a shoemaker, and another a butcher's son. One of his great-great-grandsons was a working jeweller, the sister of this man being a teacher in a village school at Mildenhall. On the other hand, the descendants of the Protector's daughters—Fanny, or Frances, who married Mr. Rich, a grandson of the Earl of Warwick; Bridget, who first married Ireton, and afterwards Fleetwood; Mary, who married Viscount Fauconbridge; and Elizabeth, or Betty, who married Mr. William Claypole—may still be traced in several noble and flourishing families. But no descendant of Cromwell now bears his name, or, indeed, the names of Ireton, Fleetwood, or Claypole.

As a link with the past, the following little-known facts concerning one of Cromwell's granddaughters may be of interest, coming as they do from a direct source. The third daughter of Mrs. Fleetwood, whose first husband was General Trotter,

[1] See *Vicissitudes of Families*, by J. Bernard Burke.

re-married with Mr. Tom Bendish of Southtown, "across the river," at Great Yarmouth, and, when a widow, made a marked impression, for many years in the first quarter of the eighteenth century, on the society of that town. She was a strange, mannish woman; in face and build very like her grandfather, whom she remembered perfectly, and liked to tell folk that "at Cromwell's Court she had been waited upon on the bended knee like a Royal Princess," and she remembered standing by the Protector at a Cabinet Council, when she heard secrets which neither bribes nor whippings could extract from her; and she considered her grandfather to be the "greatest Saint in Heaven, after the Twelve Apostles." "Mrs. Bendish was a loquacious dame, who was a revered guest in Yarmouth drawing-rooms and assembly-rooms in the first quarter of the eighteenth century, always arriving at the party dressed in the richest silks, and with a small black hood over her head, after a hard day spent with her labourers on her farm and in her salt manufactory on Cobholm Island. The evening over, she would remount her mare and return to Southtown, trotting home at one in the morning quite alone, piercing the night air with the shrill notes of jubilant psalms in which she loudly declared her election to Heaven." Mrs. Bendish possessed a number of Mrs. Oliver Cromwell's and Mrs. Fleetwood's Court dresses, and, having no children of her own, she bequeathed them to Mrs. Robert Luson of Yarmouth, whose grandson exhibited them at the Somerset Gallery in 1834. The late Mrs. Herbert Jones, a niece of the celebrated Elizabeth Fry, and a life-long friend of the writer, from whom he received the above interesting and picturesque account of Mrs. Bendish, obtained her information from Mr. Dawson Turner, a well-known Norfolk man whose grandfather had known Mrs. Bendish intimately and had attended her funeral.

CHAPTER IX

THE RESTORATION

THE return of Charles II. (May 29, 1660) to the metropolis, after his long exile, presented a most festive spectacle; and, indeed, everything about this monarch—save his countenance, which was dark and sardonic—was "merry." Contemporary descriptions, drawings and engravings, give us a good notion of the gorgeousness of the royal equipages on this memorable occasion, and we are assured that the enthusiasm of the London populace knew no bounds. Evelyn, who beheld the show, fell into an ecstasy over it—"the triumph of above 20,000 horse and foote brandishing their swords and shouting with inexpressible joy: the wayes strew'd with flowers: the bells ringing, the streetes hung with tapestry, fountains running with wine; the Maior, Aldermen, and all the Companies in their liveries, chaines of gold, and banners: Lords and nobles clad in cloth of silver and gold and velvet: the windows and balconies well set with ladies: trumpets, music, and myriads of people flocking, even from Rochester, so they were seven hours in passing the Citty even from two in the afternoon till nine at night." Master Evelyn stood in the Strand to witness this edifying pageant, and could but "thank God" he had seen such a sight as the world had not seen "since the return of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity"! At night there were fireworks and illuminations. Anybody who did not display at least one light was suspected of disloyalty and had his windows smashed. The display of rockets on the Thames was marvellous, and the river so crowded with a number of boats and barges "you could have walked across it."

Charles II. was the last of our kings who spent the night

before his coronation at the Tower. He made his progress through the city on Sunday afternoon, April 22, 1661, driving in a golden coach drawn by six horses, "prodigiously covered with cloth of gold and scarlet silk." He was preceded by the nobility in their coaches and six, and guarded by the Yeomen of the Guard in brand new uniforms. It was a glorious scene—the "balconies full of ladies strewing flowers—and trumpets and music," and little children singing "God Save the King." The streets were not only decorated with tapestry but spanned by triumphal arches of considerable artistic merit. Mr. Pepys, who beheld the pageant, was struck "by my Lord Sackville's diamonds and embroidery, my Lord Monk's riding after the King," and "the streets that were gravelled and the ladies out of the windows," and—oh! think of it, ye snobs of 1905!—"both the King and the Duke of York took notice of us, as they saw us at the window."

Charles had been previously crowned, as King of Scotland, in the parish church of Scone on January 1, 1651, when he received the Crown from the hands of that Marquis of Argyle who was executed shortly after the Restoration. The principal oath then taken by the King was to carry out the Solemn League and Covenant. This ceremonial was of the simplest character, but the coronation in the Abbey, on April 23, was one of the most imposing on record, everything conceivable being done to make it a brilliant success. Clarendon tells us that "the records and old formularies were examined" to ascertain the claims of privilege and precedence, in order to "discredit and discountenance the novelties with which the Kingdom has been so much pestered for many years." The ancient Regalia, having been disposed of by the Parliament, was replaced by new, specially made for the occasion. All the time-honoured ceremonies were observed, even to the putting on by the monarch of "the cobbium, syndon, or dalmatic . . . the tunic of cloth of gold and sandalls and buskins of the same." Archbishop Juxon, who had assisted Charles I. in his last moments, "looking very white and sadly," anointed the King, and Sheldon, Bishop of London, preached the sermon and conducted the rest of the lengthy service. The occasion did not pass without untoward incidents, such as a fierce dispute between the Earl of

Northumberland and the Earl of Upper Ossory over the right of carrying the Insignia, and a desperate struggle, over the canopy, between the King's footmen and the Barons of the Cinque Ports, who, between them, tore it to bits!

A few days after his Restoration, the King "touched for the evil" in the Banqueting Hall at Whitehall. Hundreds of sick people were led up to the throne to be healed. As Charles crossed the sores of each of the afflicted persons with a gold angel, the Chaplain said the words, "He put his hands upon them and he healed them." The service ended with a distribution of alms and the intonation of the verse, "That is the True Light that came into the world." It will be recollected that Queen Anne was the last English Sovereign to "touch for the evil," and that amongst those brought to her Majesty was the infant Samuel Johnson.

Evelyn has described the course followed by Charles II. on this particular occasion (July 6, 1660)—

"His Majestie began first to *touch for the evil*, according to custome, thus: his Majestie sitting under his State in the Banquetting House, the Chirurgeons cause the sick to be brought or led up to the throne, where they kneeling, the King strokes their faces or cheekes with both his hands at once, at which instant a Chaplaine in his formalities says, 'He put his hands upon them and he healed them.' This is sayd to everyone in particular. When they have ben all touch'd they come up againe in the same order, and the other Chaplaine kneeling, and having Angel gold strung on white ribbon on his arme, delivers them one by one to his Majestie, who puts them about the necks of the touched as they passe, whilst the first Chaplaine repeats, 'That is the true light who came into the world.' Then followes an Epistle (as at first a Gospell) with the Liturgy, prayers for the sick, with some alteration, lastly the blessing: and the Lo. Chamberlaine, and Comptroller of the Household bring a basin, ewer and towell, for his Majestie to wash."[1]

[1] The ritual on this occasion was, of course, very different from that used in pre-Reformation times. The origin of the custom of "touching for the evil," *i.e.* curing scrofula by the royal touch, is said to have begun in Edward the Confessor's time, and the practice continued until the death of Queen Anne, the form for the religious ceremony appearing in the Liturgy as late as 1719. In the seventeenth century, it was especially popular, and

The Court, Pepys tells us, "King, Princes, Mistresses and all," attended Southwark Fair almost immediately after the coronation. They visited the booths, saw the "trained monkies, dressed *à la mode*, go through their antics," and vehemently applauded Signora Belloni, the famous tight-rope dancer, "new imported from Italy." Here is a subject for a *genre* painter—a modern Teniers, a Fortuny, or an Abbey—Charles II. at the Fair! His Majesty must have beheld the following wonder recorded by Mr. Evelyn: "Likewise, here was a man who tooke up a piece of iron cannon about 440 lbs. weight with the haire of his head only"! Our learned gossip does not, unfortunately, tell us how he managed this wonderful capillary feat of strength, which, so far as we know, was never attempted either by Hercules, Absalom, or Samson!

The reign of the "Merrie Monarch" opened, as might have been expected, with the wholesale condemnation and execution of all those concerned in the late King's judicial murder, besides the desecration of the remains of the Cromwellians. The Tower was now crowded with traitors, as well as "Fifth Monarchy Men," and a multitude of political and religious enthusiasts. Among the notable prisoners were Sir Harry Vane, General Harrison, Henry Martin, Edmund Ludlow, the Solicitor-General John Cook, who insulted Charles I. at his trial, Colonel Daniel Axtell, who commanded the guard and forced the men "to shout Justice and Execution," Colonel Francis Hacker, who commanded the guard on the scaffold, Captain William Hewlett, who was wrongfully accused of being the masked executioner

it has been computed by contemporaries that, between 1660 and 1682, 92,107 persons were "touched." The last recorded instance of the performance of the rite is at Holyrood House in October, 1745, when Prince Charles Edward, by virtue of his regal pretensions, "touched" a female child, who is said to have been cured in twenty-one days after. The "angel" referred to by Evelyn, is, of course, the gold coin of that name (value, ten shillings); with it the King crossed the sore of the scrofulous patient, and, being bored through, it was then hung about the neck of the "touched" person till the cure was effected. The custom of "touching for the evil" was not confined to England, but was in use in France, where Louis XIV., on Easter Sunday, 1686, is said to have "touched" 1600 persons, the form of words being: "*Le Roy te touche, Dieu te guerisse.*" (The King touches thee, may God cure thee.)

(who was really none other than Richard Brandon, an illegitimate descendant of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk), and Hugh Peters, a fanatic, who had done his best to stir up the people against the King. All these men were hanged, drawn and quartered, except Ludlow,[1] who escaped to Switzerland—Martin, who died in prison at Chepstow Castle—and Hewlett, whose fate is uncertain. The last probably died in exile, in Genoa, for a man of this name lived there at a later period, who was supposed to have been mysteriously connected with the political affairs of England under the Commonwealth—so at least said the Genoese *Diarii*, the newspapers of that time. Other men, Colonels Adam Scrope, John Jones, John Okey, John Barkstead, with Gregory Clements, Miles, and Thomas Corbut, whose crime was that of having approved the execution of the King's father, were also hanged, with the usual awful sequel of drawing and quartering. The heads of all the regicides were stuck up on poles, being distributed for exhibition over London Bridge and Westminster Hall.

Of the busy cosmopolitan throng that seethes round Charing Cross,—where now more than ever there "flows the full tide of human existence," which Dr. Johnson beheld here a hundred and fifty years ago,—how few dream of the many tragic occurrences that have marked the spot in past ages! The most remarkable of these was probably the execution of Colonel Harrison, the

[1] Ludlow had a most enthusiastic reception when he reached Vevey (Canton Vaud). The authorities paid him and another regicide, named Lisle, every honour; the official mace was carried before them to church; the "publick Wine" was presented to them "in great abundance," at a banquet given in their honour. Then Dean Hummel of Berne came on the scene as a sort of "instructor of manners," introduced the strangers into Swiss Society, and presented them to the authorities of Berne, who received the Parliamentarians with "affection and goodwill." But after a time, a serpent entered into the regicides' Eden, and a series of attempts was made upon their lives. Thoroughly frightened, Lisle fled to Lausanne, but had not been there long ere he was shot. Ludlow stayed on in Vevey, where he induced the authorities to arm the inhabitants so that, on the approach of strangers, they might "secure the passes, and seize all unknown persons" who might be likely to have designs on the gallant Solicitor-General. In 1689, he left Vevey to return to England, but further attempts being made to kill him, he returned to Switzerland. The place and date of his death are unknown. See Francis Gribble's *Lake Geneva and its Literary Landmarks*.

regicide, on October 13, 1660. The scaffold, upon this occasion, was built on the site now occupied by the beautiful equestrian statue of Charles I., which with its exquisite, though much damaged, pedestal by Grinling Gibbons, is, from the artistic point of view, the finest public monument in London. This statue is said to have been presented to Charles II. by Rivett. It did not occupy its present position until 1674, when it was removed to what is generally supposed to be the exact spot where Eleanor's Cross stood for so many centuries. A close examination of contemporary views and plans shows, however, that the Cross stood some yards higher up, towards the site of Nelson's Column.[1]

To return, however, to the scaffold: Colonel Harrison ascended it with great dignity, and made the usual speech in a clear, firm voice, exulting in what he considered "the greatest cause that ever was in the world, the freeing of the country from a tyrant." After tenderly embracing his faithful valet on both cheeks, he lay down "with a smile on his face." His last words were, "I go to my Father, in Whose Kingdom I shall again take up the life I do now forfeit." The ubiquitous Mr. Pepys, who was usually present at executions, tells us that after the body had been atrociously mutilated, the headsman held up the head and the heart of the dead man, and "there was a great shout of joy at the beholding of these dread trophies." "Thus it was my chance," he continues, "to see the King beheaded in Whitehall, and to see the first blood shed in revenge for the King at Charing Cross." Hugh Peters, Harrison's fellow-conspirator, was executed here a few days later with lawyer Cook, who had conducted the prosecution of Charles I. The hurdle, on which Cook was dragged to the place of execution, was rendered more than usually horrible by the fact that Harrison's lately severed head was attached to it, and went

[1] Hubert le Suere, the sculptor of this fine work, was a Frenchman, who came to this country in 1630. He is generally reputed to have been a pupil of Giovanni de Bologna, which is quite impossible, for Bologna, born in 1524, died in 1608, whereas Le Suere is said to have been a very young man when he first came to England, twenty years later. Very little is known of him, except that he died in London, aged sixty-four, in 1666. He is much more likely to have been a fellow-pupil of Bernini, who was born in 1598 and died in 1680.

"bumping about" after it. The bruised head was afterwards stuck on a pole with the face turned towards the condemned lawyer, additional horror being added to Cook's last moments by the hanging and disembowelling of Peters, which he was compelled to witness. Cook made an edifying end, protesting, moreover, to the last, that he was innocent of the King's blood. Four days later Thomas Scot, Gregory Clements, John Jones, and Robert Scrope were executed on the same scaffold which had served for Harrison and Cook.

Whitehall, after the accession of Charles II., became once more the scene of every kind of gallant sport and pastime. In the magnificent salons, the prismatic radiance of a thousand sparkling chandeliers fell every evening on the sheen of silks, satins, and brocades, as the King and his companions played cards or danced "corantos," "galliards," and "gigues," with the ladies of the gayest Court that ever was. Costume was both magnificent and tasteful, and no doubt the fair ladies whom Pepys and Grammont have immortalised wore it to the greatest advantage. Although he was extremely fond of cards, Charles was only a moderate gambler: not so the lords and ladies of his Court, who lost and won fortunes on the turn of a single card. The Duchesses of Cleveland, Portsmouth, and Mazarin nearly ruined the nation at basset, so great was their command of the public funds and so reckless their gaming.

In large measure, the Restoration was a reaction. Emotions suppressed by Puritanism sprang to the surface, and a mighty rebound was the result. For a time people were nearly mad with joy, and the life of London seemed one perpetual carnival. The dun garments of the sour-visaged Roundheads were cast aside, and the streets, a blaze of brilliant colour, were crowded with private and hackney carriages, the latter now beginning to ply for hire. It is computed that as early as 1637 there were not less than 6000 wheeled vehicles in the metropolis, one hundred and twenty-seven of which were public conveyances. The special equipages of the nobility and rich merchants were ponderous in the extreme. As many as four and even eight horses were required to drag them along. From the spectacular point of view, with their rich gilding, their mythological panels and costly upholstery, they were really "mighty fine to see." None

the less did they sometimes render the narrow streets almost impassable, especially when such ladies as Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland, and Mrs. Moll Davis, chose to stop their coaches in Drury Lane, and pour a running fire of ribald abuse on each other through the windows.

We obtain a curious glimpse of the state of the streets at this period from a passage in Evelyn's *Diary* for 12th February, 1688—

"My daughter Evelyn going in the coach to visite in the City, a jolt, (the doore not being fast shut) flung her quite out in such a manner as the hind wheeles passed over her a little above the knees. Yet it pleased God, besides the bruises of the wheeles, she had no other harme."

The Court of Charles II. was, certainly, the most extraordinary and extravagant this country has ever known, or, fortunately, is ever likely to know. Catherine of Braganza, Queen of the British realm, was a good-natured and apathetic Portuguese, who had so entirely made up her mind that what must be, *must*, that she accepted the Duchess of Cleveland as Lady of the Bedchamber, and the better hearted, but equally notorious, Nell Gwynne as Lady of her Privy Chamber. This last fact has been denied, but is none the less certain, for, according to the Lord Chamberlain's books, the whilom orange-girl was appointed to her office about Court on May 10, 1675; and, moreover, she occupied a suite of rooms at Whitehall, which she could not have done had she not had some official position. The Court still lives for us in the pages of Grammont, Samuel Pepys, John Evelyn, and a score or so of other writers, less known but almost equally entertaining. And, for all his faults and vices, we cannot help liking the Merrie Monarch in spite of ourselves, nor can we wholly refuse our affection to his boon companion Rochester, to "poor Nelly," Moll Davis, Lucy Walters, Marie de Mazarin, Louise of Portsmouth, My Lady of Sunderland, la belle Hamilton, the fair Stuart, the beautiful Anne Brundenel Countess of Shrewsbury, the magnificent Cleveland, and all those other fair and frail dames whose sumptuous beauty, as depicted by Lely, in the incongruous guise of Saints, Goddesses, and Shepherdesses, smiles on us out of antique frames from the walls of Queen Mary's Bedchamber at Hampton Court!

During this reign, the drama flourished in England as vigorously as in contemporary Italy and France. Even the Plague and the Fire did not greatly affect its popularity and prosperity, which contrasted vividly with all that it had suffered at the hands of the Puritans, during whose dominion nearly every theatre was closed. The Cockpit in Drury Lane had remained open through Cromwell's time, because the actors refrained from calling their performances "plays": Sir William Davenant, for instance, described his new piece, *The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru*, as "expressed by vocal and instrumental music, and the art of perspective in scenery." Throughout the reign of Charles II., Shakespeare's plays were highly popular. Mr. Pepys "caught cold in his neck seeing *Henry V.*," which he thought a "noble play," and Betterton he held for the "greatest of Hamlets." Anne and Rebecca Marshall, the first female performers on the English stage, had already made their début, and Mrs. Gwynne and Mrs. Barry were admirable in Shakespearian parts. Mr. Tom Coryate, "the leg-stretcher," writing from Venice, 1649, says: "the house here is beggarly and base, in comparison with our stately theatres in England. Neither can their actors compare with ours for apparel, shows and music. Here I observed certaine things never saw I before, for I saw women act, though I have heard it said that they be now used in London, and they, the women, really play with all the *grace*, action, and gesture of any masculine actor." Even as late as 1665, the "boys" were still very popular on the stage, though the "actresses" were become the fashion. Nell Gwynne was Thalia's follower: Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Betterton, Melpomene's devotees. The "young gentlemen" were not always very youthful. Kynaston, a fine-looking man in his thirties, was the most popular, and was marvellous as an "actress," though the public thought he could "act male parts well enough." Sometimes the "boy-actors" were quaintly unsuited to their parts, being over fifty when they had to frisk it as though they were fifteen. Killigrew says "they looked like the Guards disguised"; and that when the prompter called, "Enter Desdemona," he ought to have said "Enter Giant"! Nevertheless, the public long preferred the boys to the actresses. "Glad am I," says Thomas Brand, as good a Puritan

as Prynne himself, "the horrid harpies," alluding to the Marshalls, "when first they trod the stage, were hissed and hooted, and pippins pelted at them." As for Prynne, he called actresses "monsters." But good sense triumphed when the people "thought it prettier to see a she-Juliet making love to Romeo, and more natural too." One night Killigrew, who was acting Lady Macbeth, failed to put in an appearance. The "gods" howled, the pit stamped. To quiet the noisy audience the manager came in front and informed the public that "Lady Macbeth (Mr. Killigrew) was shaving, but would not be long"!

There were some well-conducted women amongst our earliest actresses. Mrs. Barry was "as good as gold," and men swore by the virtue of Mrs. Bracegirdle. As to Mrs. Betterton, she was acknowledged to be "honest"! In 1664, good pieces continued, though rarely, to be played in the courtyards of old inns. In Queen Bess's days, folk would sit out *Titus Andronicus* in front of some hostelry balcony, whereon Timon committed all the horrors imaginable, Lavinia had her tongue cut out, and the wicked Empress banqueted at that hideous board on which her sons' heads were served up in pies by order of the vindictive Moor. The *Duchess of Malfy*, and *The White Devil*, Webster's wonderful but repulsive tragedies, were then in the zenith of a popularity which they retained for over one hundred years.

British drama underwent a very considerable evolution under the Restoration. It had distinctly felt the influence of the three great French dramatists, Corneille, Racine, and Molière, but the effect upon it of the romantic work of the Spanish playwrights, Calderon la Barca and Lope da Vega, was more important still. The vigour and originality of the giants who surrounded Shakespeare was now a thing of the past, and the vogue was all for adaptations from the French or Spanish. It must be confessed that if we pilfered from other nations, we did it like princes, not like sneaks. Dryden's *The Spanish Friar* is an adaptation from the Spanish. Charles II. admired it greatly. When someone, to injure its English adapter, told him it was "stolen,"—"Gads fish," rejoined the king, "steal me such another play and I'll frequent it as much as I do the *Spanish Friar*;" a rather odd remark, since the Friar was supposed to be a caricature of his

own brother James, Duke of York. Subsequently, this piece was filled with unflattering allusions which were interpolated at the succession of James II.; and when that monarch's daughter, Mary, having become Queen, was unexpectedly present at its performance, she was naturally irritated by such lines as these—

> "Can I sooth tyranny? seem pleased to see, my royal master's crown usurped—a distaff on the throne?
> What hath this Queen but lawless force—and force must pull her down?"

The effects of the diatribe may be better imagined than described, but the Queen kept her countenance and seat till the curtain fell.

The dramatists of the Restoration were undoubtedly licentious, and even Wycherley's greatest success, *The Country Wife*, is never likely, in its original form, to see the footlights again. A better play by the same writer was *The Plain Dealer*, which won for its erratic author a young, beautiful, and wealthy wife in the person of the Dowager Countess of Drogheda. The ill-assorted couple lived very unhappily in Bow Street, Covent Garden, and when, after a few years' squabbling, the Countess died, the only fortune she left the dramatist was an exceedingly expensive lawsuit. One might spend hours with these witty writers—and a volume would scarcely suffice to record the "tales of the Caroline stage."

Wycherley lies in St. Paul's Churchyard, while his collaborator,[1] Congreve, was buried on the north side of Westminster Abbey, in the vault of his patroness and very intimate friend, Henrietta Godolphin, second Duchess of Marlborough. Her Grace was so distressed by his loss that, to console herself, she caused a statuette of the poet to be made in ivory, which she placed in front of her on the dinner-table, where, to her great joy, it strutted about by the aid of a mechanical contrivance! Moreover, she had a wax image made of "poor dear Mr. Congreve," whose feet were bathed and bandaged regularly every morning, in pious memory of his sufferings from gout. By this means,

[1] Beaumont and Fletcher, our other pair of twin dramatists, sleep apart; Beaumont in Poets' Corner, and Fletcher in the Church, now Cathedral, of St. Saviour's, Southwark.

said she, "I commemorate the honour and happiness I have experienced in having the friendship of this great man." Unto which rhapsody her termagant of a mother, old Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, used to retort, "that she quite understood the friendship, but did *not* understand the *honour*."

In Westminster Abbey, too, sleeps the ablest, if not the very earliest female English playwright, Aphara Behn, who died on April 16, 1689. Thus runs her epitaph—

> "Here lies a proof that wit can never be,
> Defense enough against mortality."

After the brilliant Aphara, came a series of other dramatists of the fair sex. Mrs. Centlivre, with her admirable adaptations from the Spanish and French, *The Busybody*, *The Wonder*, and *A Bold Stroke for a Wife*: and Mrs. Cowley, authoress of the *Belle's Stratagem*,—who really knew how to write a play, which is more than can be said for Mrs. Hannah More, Mrs. Inchbald, or Joanna Baillie in the later eighteenth century.[1]

There were eight theatres in London under Charles II., including Punch's play-house in Covent Garden, where, according

[1] The suppression, at the time of the Reformation, of the sacred dramas known as Mysteries and Miracle Plays, had brought the profane stage into greater prominence and popularity. Our first play-house had been opened in 1570, and long before the end of the sixteenth century there were seven other "theatres." It is even said that, so great was the enthusiasm for the stage, before Elizabeth's death, there were as many as two hundred places licensed for the performance of plays. Doubtless many of these were inns and taverns, in whose courtyards a roughly constructed stage, without scenery, served the purpose of some troop of itinerant players. The more respectable members of the "vagabond" profession were in the regular service of such great noblemen as the Earls of Leicester, Warwick, Pembroke, and Essex, who paid them fixed salaries, and hired them to perform at the houses of other noblemen, sharing the profits with them. Elizabeth herself had her own company of boy-actors, recruited from the choirs of St. Paul's, Westminster, Whitehall, and Windsor, and it appears she was extremely fond of hearing them sing madrigals and glees. This system of aristocratic managers, for such they really were, came to an end with Elizabeth's reign, and the "vagabonds" became their own masters in early Caroline times.

• Students of early British stage history should be careful not to confound the King's Theatre with the Covent Garden Theatre, which was not built till 1732, the older theatre being frequently described as "the King's theatre in Covent Garden."

to an ancient play-bill, *The State of Innocence and the Fall of Man* was produced on the night of July 8, 1664, "with a variety of scenes and machines, particularly the scene of paradise in its primitive state, with birds, beasts, and all its ancient inhabitants: the subtlety of the serpent betraying Adam and Eve, etc., with a variety of diverting interludes, too many to be inserted here. No person to be admitted with masks and riding-habits, nor any money to be returned after the curtain is up. Boxes two shillings and pit one shilling, all beginning exactly at seven o'clock." This was a minor theatre, and, note the words, "no persons admitted with masks." In this oddest of centuries folks went about all day long with half masks on. It was a perpetual carnival. Masks and riding-habits were worn in theatres for purposes of intrigue. They were called visors. A Puritan dubbed them "hide blushes."

Extravaganzas and spectacles were performed at Wynstanley's Water Theatre, at the end of Piccadilly. The exhibition consisted chiefly of representations of sea deities, nymphs, mermaids, Tritons, and other aquatic personages. Entrance to the pit cost four shillings, to the gallery, sixpence. The frequenters of this house were earnestly entreated "not to make a noise or remark on the actors out loud."

The interior of the Duke's Theatre, Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, must, in Charles's time, have been very handsome. Inigo Jones designed it, and introduced scenery which, though of a formal kind, was not without merits; and was, at least, a vast improvement on the old curtain bearing an inscription to the effect that "this was a street" and "t'other was a hall." There were boxes at the Duke's elegantly draped with crimson cloth, and very nobly gilded, but the behaviour of the company in them was rough enough. Ladies screamed at each other across the house, and, being masked, cared little what they said. The orange girls, who sold their fruit at prodigious prices to the gallants, behaved with odious indecorum. The cavaliers cursed and swore, and when the house was very full, "the quality" sat even on the stage, the crowd of spectators often interfering with the movements of the players. The liveried servants indulged in the most offensive arrogance and impudence. When in attendance on their masters and mistresses, they were allowed

to use the gallery seats gratis; and their numbers and cohesion gave them terrible power. "I am he," writes a representative of the class, "that keeps time by beating my cudgel against the boards of the gallery at the opera; I am he that is touched so properly at a tragedy, when the people of quality are staring at each other during the most important incidents. When you hear in a crowd a cry in the right place, a hum when the point is touched in a speech, or a buzz or a let-up when it is the voice of the people, you may conclude it is begun or joined by Thomas Trusty." Thomas Trusty's confraternity often made itself very objectionable. When *Jane Shore* was first produced, and that heroine was seen dying of hunger, the lacqueys in the gallery, not liking the play, hurled a shower of crusts at her! They were sometimes excluded by superior order, but usually fought their way in again, with cudgels and other offensive weapons. One night, notwithstanding the presence of royalty, they attacked Drury Lane, and, bursting open the doors, seated themselves triumphantly in the gallery, howling with glee.

Even the briefest reference to the British drama in the seventeenth century would be impossible without some allusion to the National Theatre—Drury Lane—which opened on April 8, 1663, with a comedy called *The Humorous Lieutenant*, in which Mrs. Marshall played the part of Celia. The play began, as was usual in those days, at three o'clock in the afternoon, and the prices of admission were—Boxes 5s. Pit 2s. 6d. Middle Gallery 1s. 6d. Upper Gallery 1s. The entrance was in Little Russell Street. The Pit was at first open to the sky, but was afterwards covered in with a glazed cupola. The stage was lighted by thick candles in brass cressets. The first performance at Drury Lane was described as produced "by His Majesty's Company of Comedians," and not, as heretofore, by the "King's Players." Our "vagabonds" had now become more or less of gentlemen, and formed an influential body wearing his Majesty's livery in scarlet cloth, of which gay material each actor received ten yards. Nell Gwynne was in the first company that performed at Drury Lane, together with Hart (Barbara Duchess of Cleveland's friend), Rebecca Marshall, Bateman, Kynaston, and Mrs. Boutel. The costumes were, in many instances, supplied

from the cast-off wardrobes of royalty, lords, ladies, and other people of quality.

England, at this period, was fairly rich in musical composers. The chief of whom undoubtedly was Purcell,[1] who, by the way, lived for a time in Dean's Yard, Westminster, on the site of a more modern house still called after him. His music to Dryden's lyrics in *Arthur* created a tremendous sensation when first heard, and even now that exhilarating chorus, "Britons Strike Home," excites enthusiasm. Italian Opera in England was inaugurated on the night of January 5, 1674, under the special patronage of Catherine of Braganza, who had a fine contralto voice, and is said to have sung extremely well for a Queen, and who was, moreover, fond of displaying her talent. If the Italian company contained foreign *virtuosi* of the highest order, native talent could boast of Mrs. Knight, whose voice was of "angelic beauty," and of Miss Rachel Jacobs, who sang like a "Seraph in the Heavenly Choir." We also had Dr. Waldegrave, who played the harpsichord better even than the celebrated Signor Francesco, an Italian, who, after winning great success in Paris, came on to London to reap further laurels by his masterly performance on an exceedingly ungrateful instrument. Francesco was also the fashionable music-master of the day, and taught Miss Eleanor Gwynne and Miss Moll Davis. The Italian singers performed in the Royal Theatre at Whitehall, where, during the performance of the Italian troupe, the public, to the scandal of old-fashioned people, were admitted "on payment of high prices for low seats."

There was far less difference than many would imagine between the social life of Caroline times and that of the two previous centuries. Education had certainly progressed, but not more than one-tenth of the population could read or write. Even men and women of high station read with difficulty, and their acquaintance with caligraphy was confined to their signatures, which, as often as not, were well-nigh undecipherable.

[1] Other notable English composers of this period were Dr. Charles Coleman, Orlandi Gibbons, Capt. Henry Cook, Henry Lawes, and George Hudson. In Church music, we had, amongst others, Purcell, Dean Aldrich, Dr. Greene, Dr. Croft, Pelham, Humphrey, and Dr. Blow, who almost equalled Purcell.

Even late into the following century, many an old country magnate of solid wealth and position resolutely refused to allow his women-folk to learn either to read or write, vowing such knowledge gave them "notions" no wise husband would desire his mate to possess. For all their ignorance, these good dames made excellent housewives, whose household linen was never without the dainty scent of fresh lavender, whose poultry was ever fat and tender, and whose pastry was light as though made by angel fingers. Who that once sipped of their cowslip or gooseberry wine could forget its delicate aroma? And their recipes for making a *pot-pourri* of roses, dim though the ink, and ill-formed the characters on the yellowed paper, are even now treasured and thankfully followed by the wise. They could tinkle on the harpsichord, twang the guitar and sing old ballads. Moreover, they were skilled card-players. They went to church in their best gowns twice every Sunday, often riding pillion. They scolded, and even slapped, their maids, and they would sometimes condescend to back-bite their neighbours. In many respects these county ladies, and the city dames who dwelt about Austin Friars and Tower Hill, were preferable by far to the glittering throng depicted in the pages of Pepys, the gorgeous butterflies of Whitehall and Hampton Court.

The poor were with us then, as now, but probably more downtrodden and miserable. They were badly treated indeed,—liable to be whipped, put in the pillory, or even kidnapped and sold into the Colonies, on any pretext, or, in fact, on none at all. The laws were more barbarous than even in Plantagenet times. It was no uncommon thing to see a man or woman flogged at the cart's tail through the most "genteel" quarters of the town. The prisons were worse than filthy, they were the diabolical forcing-houses for every conceivable vice and infamy. At this epoch, the well-to-do middle class was the backbone of the nation, and the mainstay of religion, for until quite late in the eighteenth century, when John Wesley and other pious enthusiasts re-enkindled the torch of Faith, the upper and lower classes were more or less pagan. There were plenty of pious individuals in these classes, of course, but the greater number paid little regard to religious practice save as a matter of convention, a form of respectability for the example of

others. Such persons went to church on Sundays, and held much to big pompous weddings and handsome funerals. Being largely deserted by the classes, the churches were almost entirely avoided by the masses also. Otherwise, save for the acceptation of certain fashions due to the general advance of civilisation, the life of the lower and middle classes had altered but little since pre-Reformation times. The favourite hours for meals were the same, the national cookery and the agricultural implements were identical; while artificial lighting was almost as costly and quite as unsatisfactory as it had been under Edward IV. Coaches, lumbering things, had grown common enough, and a nobleman must spend three days to drive from London to Norwich, and think himself lucky if his four or six strong horses hauled him there in that time.

"People of quality"—how old-world the expression reads!—were beginning to frequent the "waters." Catherine of Braganza set the fashion by going to Tunbridge Wells; and later, Queen Anne went to Bath with her huge Danish husband, to try the waters for his asthma, and presently even the London spas—Sadler's Wells, Bagnigge Wells, Islington, and Hampstead—became the vogue. Horse-racing, too, was just commencing its popular career, and Charles II. took good care to find himself at Newmarket at the proper season.

Evelyn gives a number of vivid pictures of English Court life in the days of Charles II. Although an enthusiastic Royalist, Mr. Evelyn soon became bitterly disappointed in "God's anointed," as, indeed, well he might, but, none the less, he took considerable delight in describing the brilliant scenes he witnessed at Whitehall and Hampton Court. Windsor does not seem to have been a favourite residence of the Stuarts, who avoided it as much as possible. Evelyn records the reception at Whitehall of some very remarkable Embassies by Charles, which attracted great attention at the time. The most important was that headed by the celebrated M. Jean Baptiste Colbert, the minister to whose genius for finance France owed so much of her prosperity under Louis XIV. M. Colbert arrived at Gravesend, and made his state entry into London on July 19, 1668. Never had Mr. Evelyn seen a richer coach than the one brought over by this Ambassador from Paris, in which he

drove to the palace. It was probably designed and painted by Largillière. At the dinner given by the King to Colbert, a "King pine" from Barbadoes was the supreme dainty of the banquet, and probably the first pineapple ever served up at the royal table. His Majesty kindly presented Mr. Evelyn with a slice off his own plate, but although that gentleman thought it was of agreeable flavour, he considered it to be nothing like so tasteful as "those ravishing varieties of deliciousness describ'd in Captain Ligon's history. . . . It has yet a grateful acidity but tastes more like yé quince and melon than any other fruite he (Ligon) mentions." Not less splendid was the entry of the Prince de Ligne, Envoy Extraordinary from Spain, which took place September 17, 1660. He had seventeen coaches in his following, and an "innumerable retinue." His own coach was all gold and scarlet, and was drawn by six cream-coloured Flemish horses. M. de Ligne was banqueted at Whitehall and taken in state to bear-baitings and like festivities, and also to Hampton Court to see the pictures and the gardens.

The Muscovy, or Russian, Embassy that came to England in December, 1661, revived the sensation created by the missions from the same distant country in the days of Mary and Elizabeth. The Ambassador was clothed in a silken vest and coat of several colours, and wore buskins, "after the Eastern fashion." He had a cap of sable on his head, and his caftan blazed with gold embroidery and was thickly coated with big and little pearls. Not less gorgeously arrayed was his Excellency's numerous suite. Charles sat under a canopy of state in the Banqueting Hall to receive the interesting Embassy, whose letter of credit was handed to him by a secretary, who first pressed it to his heart and then to his forehead. It was written in Latin, and proved to be a very lengthy document, couched in the most complimentary terms, which took nearly half an hour to read, though apparently it contained nothing of great interest. Then came the presentation of gifts from the Tzar, and as these consisted of a vast assortment of costly furs, Charles, who had hitherto looked as grim as the Russian bear itself, became wreathed in smiles, at a display of "pieces lined with sable and ermine, and grounded cloths of velvet and gold," the like of which had never been seen in England before. Evelyn adds that the

Russian Master of Ceremonies was so dreadfully afraid of making a mistake in etiquette that he made everybody nervous; all the more when it was reported that the same gentleman, being full of righteous indignation at his son's attempt to array himself in European garb whilst in Paris, had threatened to cut his head off, and would have actually done so had not King Louis interceded on the young man's behalf!

Later on, when the Duchess of Portsmouth was at the height of her favour, an Embassy from the Sultan of Morocco came to London, and was received by Charles II. on January 11, 1682.

"I saw," says Evelyn, "ye audience of the Morocco Ambassador (named Hamet), his retinue not numerous. He was receiv'd in the Banqueting House, both their Majesties being present. He came up to the throne without making any sort of reverence, not bowing his head or body. He spake by a renegado Englishman for whose return there was a promise. They were all clad in the Moorish habite, cassocks of colour'd cloth, or silk, with buttons and loopes, over this an *alhaga*, or white woollen mantle, so large as to wrap both head and body, a sash or small turban, naked legg'd and arm'd, but with leather socks like the Turks, rich scymeter and large calico sleeved shirts. The Ambassador had a string of pearls oddly woven in his turban. . . . He was an handsome person, well featur'd, of a wise looke, subtill, and extreamely civill. Their presents were lions and estridges (ostriches)."

On the 24th of the same month, the "extreamely civill" African and his suite were entertained to a banquet "in the Dutchesse of Portsmouth's glorious apartments at Whitehall, where there was a greate banquet of sweetmeates and musiq, but at which both the Ambassador and his retinue behav'd themselves with extraordinary modesty, tho' plac'd about a long table a lady betweene two Moores, and amongst these were the King's natural children, *viz.* Lady Lichfield and Lady Sussex, the Dutchess of Portsmouth, Nelly (Nell Gwynne), etc., concubines, and catell of that sort, as splendid as jewells and excesse of bravery could make them." It seems the Moors drank little and were very subdued, as well they may have been in such hilarious company. Great attention, however, was paid to the Ambassador, who was entertained by various members of the nobility, and who performed some extraordinary

feats of horsemanship in Hyde Park. He, also, went to the theatres, where, it appears, he was so polite as "to hide his laughter at the foolish or fantastical actions." "In a word," says Evelyn, "the Russian Ambassador, still at Court, behav'd himselfe like a clowne, compar'd to this civil heathen."

The most curious Embassy of the reign was, however, that which arrived from Asia in 1682. It consisted of two Malays, the first that ever visited England, who rejoiced in the names of Pungearon Nia Para and Kaia Nebbe, attended by some dozen slaves. They entered London on June 19, and were entertained to a dinner the same day at Lord George Berkeley's, unto which went Mr. Evelyn, "to contemplate the exotic guests."

"They were," says he, "both of them very hard-favour'd and much resembling in countenance some sort of monkeys. We eate at two tables, the Ambassadors and interpreter by themselves. Their garments were rich Indian silks, flower'd with gold, a close waistcoat to the knees, drawers, naked legs, and on their heads capps made like fruit-baskets. They wore poison'd daggers at their bosoms. . . . The second Ambassador (sent it seemes to succeed in case the first should die by the way in so tedious a journey) . . . was halfe a Negro, bare-legg'd and naked feete, and deem'd a very holy man. They sate cross-legg'd like Turks, and sometimes in the postures of apes and monkeys: their nailes and teeth black as jet, and shining, which being the effect, as to their teeth, of perpetually chewing betel to preserve them from the tooth-ache, much *raging* in their country. The first Ambassador was of an olive hue, a flat face, narrow eyes, squat nose, and Moorish lips, no haire appeared. . . . They were of Java Major . . . (and) seem'd of a dull and heavy constitution. . . . They were very sober, and I believe subtle in their way. . . . They (were) attended by several fat slaves, who had no covering save drawers which appear'd very uncouth and loathsome. They eat their pilaw and other spoone-meate without spoones, taking up their pottage in the hollow of their fingers, and very dextrously flung it into their mouthes without spilling a drop."

If the reader wishes to obtain something more than a glimpse of the Court of Charles II., he can easily gratify his curiosity in Hamilton and Grammont, not to mention the more accurate Pepys and Evelyn. There is yet another source, the

delightful *genre* pictures of Janssen,—usually called Dancing Janssen,—a painter of great merit, who delighted in reproducing episodes of Court life. There is a fine example of his work at Windsor representing a ball at Hampton Court, and yet another at Badminton in which Charles and his great ladies are seen taking the air in the Park. The writer possesses another picture by this master, representing Charles II. and his Court playing "hot hand." The Duke of York, blindfolded, has his head in the Duchess of Cleveland's lap. His right hand is on his back, and a fair lady, probably Anne Brundenel, Countess of Shrewsbury, is on the point of slapping it. The King is standing by the chimney-piece (the scene is at Hampton Court) talking to Nell Gwynne; whilst the Queen with a group of ladies and courtiers occupy the back of the picture. Pepys gives us the following description of just the sort of ball Janssen has so often painted:—

"The room," he says, "where the ball was to be, was crammed with fine ladies, the greatest of the Court. By and by comes the King and Queen, the Duke and Duchess (of York) and all the great ones; and after seating themselves the King takes out the Duchess of York, and the Duke the Duchess of Buckingham, the Duke of Monmouth my Lady Castlemaine, and so other Lords with other Ladies, and they danced a 'bransle.' After that the King led a lady a single coranto; and then the rest of the lords, one after another, other ladies; very noble it was, and great pleasure to see. Then to Country Dances: the King leading the first, which he called for, which was, says he, 'Cuckolds all awry,' the old Dance of England. Of the ladies that danced, the Duke of Monmouth's mistress, and my lady Castlemaine, and a daughter of Sir Harry de Vie's were the best. The manner was, when the King dances, all the ladies in the room, and the Queen herself stand up, and indeed he dances rarely, and much better than the Duke of York."

The dress of the country-people and of the lower orders of townsfolk had altered much less than we might imagine. Clothing was much more costly, in comparison, than at present, but the materials were far more durable. Hence it was possible for a satin, brocade, or silken gown, or a velvet cloak to pass down to several generations. With the women of the people,

scarlet was the predominating colour for cloaks and even petticoats; but when Catherine of Braganza, the "Fair Stuart," Duchess of Richmond, and other great folk, disguised themselves as peasants, in short red skirts and elaborate lace aprons and picture hats, in order to pay a surreptitious visit to Tunbridge Fair, they were quickly detected by the genuine frequenters of that resort, who had never seen "stage" peasantry before. The Queen and her fancy-dressed escort had to return to Tunbridge Wells, followed by the whole Fair on horseback and on foot. Imagine, if you can, their confusion when they got home!

Beside her rich dower of Bombay, England owes to Catherine of Braganza her chiefest herb of grace—tea. That the Queen absolutely introduced tea amongst us, is improbable, for in 1660 Mr. Pepys tells us he "did call for a cup of tee, a China drink he never tasted before." This was a year before the Portuguese Princess arrived with packages of *cha*—as her countrymen call the herb which Laureate Waller praised as "best" of all. Hitherto our ladies had had no other beverages but milk, wine, or beer—which latter was much in favour with Queen Elizabeth, especially if it was old. Unhappily for the success of Leicester's fêtes at Kenilworth, there was something wrong with the beer, "which was but fresh made." The Virgin Queen's language, on the discovery of this unsatisfactory fact, alarmed the whole Court. It was quite too dreadful!

Perhaps Henrietta Maria's disgust with the first cup of tea her daughter-in-law presented her with, was expressed more elegantly, but it was none the less effective. She put the cup down with a wry face, and muttered "*salté*." Tea had a hard struggle for life on its first appearance: and no wonder, since we learn that a good many, ignorant of how to "brew" it, made a sort of soup of the fragrant leaves, and improved the taste—or otherwise—with vegetables and butter! In the end, however, tea triumphed, and England became, as it has ever since remained, the first tea-drinking country of the Old World, Russia being the second, and Portugal the third.

Catherine of Braganza, like Katherine of Aragon, arrived in a farthingale, after the Spanish fashion, and was rudely received by the great ladies of the Court, who went into fits of uncon-

cealed laughter when they first beheld her, in her monstrous *guard infante*, followed by twelve duenna, similarly arrayed in huge black hooped skirts, even as we see them in Velasquez's pictures. The poor Queen was distressed to the point of tears, and finally, yielding to pressure, discarded her hoops, and became the best dressed woman in England. In the year which preceded the Great Plague she adopted silver tissue and lace as her favourite materials, and one day, together with her ladies, walked through the delighted throng in the Park, from Whitehall to St. James's, dressed from head to foot in silver lace, each lady holding an immense green fan—parasols had yet to be introduced—to protect herself from the hot June sun. At this time, too, the members of the Jewish colony, which had been greatly increased by Cromwell's permission to them to return after four centuries absence, began to mix more freely with the rest of the community, and several wealthy Jewesses, the Misses Jacobs and the Misses Levison, made fine matches, and appeared, dressed in silks and jewels, at Tunbridge Wells and in the Mall.

The gaiety of Whitehall and Hampton Court was, however, soon destined to receive a formidable check. Mr. Pepys announced in his *Diary* of September, 1664, that early in that month he heard "of a Dutch ship of three or four hundred tons, where all the men were dead of the plague, and the ship cast ashore at Gottenburgh." This was in September, 1664. Three months later, in the beginning of December, two Frenchmen died of a strange disease in Long Acre. They really had the plague, and there was considerable alarm in consequence: presently increased by the news of several other deaths in the same neighbourhood, and from the same dread cause.

From time to time, throughout the winter, there were rumours of occasional deaths from "the spotted fever," as the plague was first named, which frightened the timid, but were quickly forgotten by the multitude, especially as the winter was upon the whole unusually healthy. In April, alarming reports began again, and in May forty persons died of the disorder in the single parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields. On May 30, 1665, a Mortuary Bill was issued, declaring that seventeen persons had died of the plague since the 23rd. In the early part of June the

weather became excessively hot, and a fresh Bill announced that, within fifteen days, there had been one hundred and fifty deaths from "the spotted fever." After that the death-rate increased rapidly, and panic ensued. Hundreds left for the country. In July, the Court retreated to Hampton Court. Soon, the scourge assumed terrifying proportions. A hundred and more deaths a day were reported. By August, the city appeared deserted. Every Wednesday was set apart as a solemn fast and Day of Humiliation before Almighty God. The Inns of Court were closed, so were the schools and theatres; while most of the shops had their shutters up. People walked in the middle of the streets, so as to avoid even touching the infected houses. They carried strong-smelling flowers in their hands, and used much perfumery. All stray dogs and cats were killed, as they were believed to spread infection. The streets were so thickly strewn with aromatic herbs and leaves as to inspire the following lines in *The Weeping Lady, or London like Nineveh in Sackcloth*:—

> "O see, as preparing for a Bridall Bed,
> In what a path of herbs and flowers men tred
> Which way so e'er they wander. For each street
> Seems now a garden, all as green, as sweet:
> But oh, my soul, my sick, my bleeding heart,
> These are no nuptial strewings. For, O see
> These parts are for the Dead, or such as be
> The half-dead, that do attend them!"

Whole rows of houses were depopulated. Presently the death-rate increased from one, to two, three, four, and even seven hundred a day. At length it passed a thousand.[1] London was in tears. Death became at last so omnipresent that nobody thought of putting on black, or following the usual doleful ceremonial. The metropolis seemed an Aceldama, doomed to destruction. Sanitary orders were issued and, at first, carried out, but by and by they were utterly neglected, and the wildest confusion prevailed.[2] By the middle of August, the scourge

[1] The official return was 1189—the highest number yet reached within the city walls; 2000 died in Greater London without the walled-in bounds.

[2] From the time of Edward III., when some 5700 perished of the plague

seemed to revel in conscious enjoyment of its fell power. In certain streets every inhabitant died. The meat in the markets became infected. Timid folk actually starved to death through sheer fear of "swallowing the plague." Men and women were seen to drop dead in the streets, and in the public squares bodies lay until the rats ate them, because "no one dared bury them." In Smithfield a number of swine which fed on some corpses were swiftly infected, and died at their horrid banquet. Famine, too, was imminent, for the country-folk refused to bring provisions into the city, while all foreign commerce was

in London alone, that fell epidemic seems to have recurred with great regularity, at intervals of about every ten years. In the first year of Henry the Seventh's reign an epidemic which seems to have possessed many of the characteristics of the modern influenza, and known as the "sweating sickness," made its first appearance among us. It seems to have been an exclusively British disease, and unknown beyond our shores. It began in September, and lasted to the end of October, carrying off in that brief space 17,000 persons. It was followed by a visitation of the old-fashioned plague, which swept away a multitude of victims. The "sweating sickness" reappeared in the twentieth year of Henry VIII. and carried off many thousands, and, moreover, spread to every part of the kingdom. In 1532, the plague, broke out so fiercely that Henry VIII. requested Anne Boleyn to leave town and seek safety at Hever Castle. Seventy-five thousand persons died in less than two months. Queen Mary had been four years on the throne when the "sweating sickness," a disease then known as "hot ague," visited the metropolis in conjunction with the plague. An immense number of people—some 25,000—died of these two diseases between the beginning of October and the end of December. In the eighth year of Elizabeth seven Aldermen perished of the plague, together with 6000 ordinary mortals. The worst outbreak of the plague during Elizabeth's time took place in the thirty-sixth year of her reign, when 17,890 persons died of the disease in London and its suburbs. Worse happened, however, in the first year of James I. (1602), when, in the course of a few months, the plague carried off, in London and elsewhere throughout the kingdom, 30,000 people. At the accession of the unfortunate Charles I., there was an even more disastrous outbreak—34,000 people perishing. The plague did not, as is generally asserted, disappear immediately after the rebuilding of the city. In the early part, it will be remembered, of the fifteenth century, London was visited by several serious epidemics, which possessed many of the characteristics of the old scourge. No doubt, however, the widening of the streets, the substitution of stone and brick for wood and cement, and the improved drainage, produced a salutary effect—but, none the less, intramural burial continued, and Defoe tells us that, in his time, long after the Great Fire, the urban churchyards were so overcrowded that the ends of the coffins frequently stuck up out of the ground.

stopped. No ships entered or left the Thames. Families "were fain to dole out their store of bread and cheese for fear it should not last about." The condition of the very poor was appalling, for every kind of work had ceased, and the price of provisions trebled. Hundreds of men, women, and children died of sheer starvation and neglect.

Infected houses were marked with a red cross; but this became a vain precaution, when every house bore the ominous sign.

> "O see the full of crosses, see and weep,
> To see the crosse that like a gangren creepe
> From part to part."

Death-carts, common tumbrels, went round every hour or so for their loads of bodies, and the drivers, who made an enormous profit by the business, were wont to shout, as they drove along, "Bring out your dead! Bring out your dead! And be quick about it!" At this summons, in many cases, the corpses were pitched, stark naked, out of the windows. Rich and poor, men, women, and children, were heaped upon these reeking carts, and driven off to the common pit. There, stripped, often, of every rag, they were cast headlong into an unimaginable sink of horrors. Coffins were no longer used, even for the richest; mourners could not follow the carts; and no prayer was said, no blessing pronounced, over the dead.

During a single September night, four thousand persons were currently reported to have perished in London and the suburbs. Then a madness, almost as dreadful as the plague, seized upon people. Distraught with terror, they tore off their garments, and rushed up and down the streets howling that "the last day had come. One woman was seen running down Leadenhall Street with a babe in her arms. On a sudden she perceived the pest spot on its little breast. Crazed with fear, she tore it from her bosom, dashed its brains out on the stones and sped shrieking along. At the bottom of the street she, too, fell dead, and, the death-cart coming along just then, her body, still warm, was borne to the pit in Aldgate Churchyard. That pit, forty feet long by sixteen wide, and fifty deep, was full of corpses. An old and hoary fanatic, naked to the waist, carrying a wand in his hand on the top of which blazed a quantity of tow steeped

in tar, attracted multitudes to hear him preach the last day from the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral.

In the meantime the church bells kept on tolling incessantly, it being popularly supposed that their clangour helped to purify the air.

> "Hear the bells, how sadly they sound,
> Nothing but forgetful summons to the ground,
> Nothing but call to death, nothing but knells,
> All notes of grief, for all passing bells."

In Dr. Hodges' *Locomologia*, we read that "In some houses carcases lay waiting burial, and in others persons in their last agonies: in one room might be heard the groans of the dying, in another the ravings of delirium, and not far off relatives and friends bewailing their loss."

And again, Echard says: "Death rode triumphant after a very different manner than it does upon the seas and oceans, and with much more melancholy and formidable aspect, terrifying and confounding men of all ages, religions, and professions. It was certainly a dismal thing to see the great emporium of the world desolate, scarce anything visible but dead bodies, and to be continually entertained with the daily cries and groans of 'Pray for us,' and the nightly calls of 'Bring out your dead,' which were thrown into the carts and then into the pits, without count. But it was still more amazing to see the prodigious mixture, both of piety and profaneness at the same time, which was there. In one house you might hear them roaring under the plague of death, in the next, tippling and belching out blasphemies against God."

Desolation was everywhere. Fanatics went about the streets howling "Death and judgment." Blasphemers in troops, joined hands and rushed along, crying out that "God was a fiend." One party of these wretches was so suddenly taken by the plague that they fell in mid-street, as if struck by lightning, and died, in contorted agony, in a terrifying heap. Thieves there were who robbed the dead, and plundered their houses. They held high revel under the reign of this King of Terrors. In the deserted mansions of the rich they found costly wines; they drank, sang, and made merry: but sometimes the pest joined them, and reeling drunk they fell asleep never to wake again. One set

of plague-stricken wretches took it into their crazed heads to give the malady to those who were hale; they rushed about the streets, clutching and hugging such miserable folk as chanced to come in their way, and thus murdered them—for few who touched the sick escaped infection. It is a curious fact that the plague was felt worst in the parishes of Covent Garden and St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and that these two regions should have been the most stricken during the cholera visitation of 1864. That quaint old-world place, Golden Square, was used as a plague pit in 1665, and many thousands were buried there. A vast number of victims of this awful epidemic were also buried in that charmingly picturesque open space now known as Vincent Square, Westminster.

Surely, even if it be not the narrative of an eye-witness but merely the fiction of a brilliant writer, Defoe's description of the plague must have been based on contemporary evidence, so marvellously realistic and grizly are his accounts of its frightful scenes. His description of the ravages of the plague in the district round Lothbury is amazingly vivid—

"In my walks," says Defoe, "I had many dismal scenes before my eyes, as particularly of persons falling dead in the streets, terrible shrieks and screechings of women, who in their agonies would throw open their chamber-windows, and cry out in a dismal surprising manner. Passing through Tokenhouse Yard in Lothbury, of a sudden a casement violently opened just over my head, and a woman gave three frightful screeches, and then cried, 'Oh death, death, death!' in a most inimitable tone, and which struck me with horror, and a chillness in my very blood. There was nobody to be seen in the whole street, neither did any other window open, for people had no curiosity now in any case, nor could anybody help one another. Just in Bell Alley, on the right hand of the passage, there was a more terrible cry than that, though it was not so directed out of the window; but the whole family was in a terrible fright, and I could hear women and children run screaming about the rooms like distracted; when a garret window opened, and somebody from a window on the other side the alley called and asked, 'What is the matter?' upon which, from the first window it was answered, 'O Lord! my old master has hanged himself.' The other asked again, 'Is he quite dead?' and the first answered, 'Ay, ay, quite dead and cold!' This person was

a merchant, and a deputy-alderman, and very rich. But this is but one. It is scarce credible what dreadful cases happened in particular families every day. People, in the rage of the distemper, or in the torment of their swellings, which was indeed intolerable, running out of their own government, raving and distracted, oftentimes laid violent hands upon themselves, throwing themselves out at their windows, shooting themselves, etc., mothers murdering their own children in their lunacy; some dying of mere grief, as a passion; some of mere fright and surprise, without any infection at all; others frightened into idiotism and foolish distractions, some into despair and lunacy; others into melancholy madness."

It must not be imagined, because selfishness, debauchery, and iniquity of every sort took advantage of the prevailing tribulation, and held the high hand in the midst of these horrors, that fortitude, unselfishness, and charity hid in the shade. Far from it. "Many doctors of medicine did a wonderful work, solely for the love and pity of their fellow-beings." With few exceptions, the clergy of every denomination behaved nobly. Many committees, in which men of all classes associated, were formed, and money and eager service were not lacking. Certain gentlewomen, with the fortitude of early Christian martyrs, behaved nobly, "going among the stricken, cheering them, praying with them, decently laying out the dead, and giving abundant alms to the living." And it would be unfair not to mention the zeal of those most worthy gossips Samuel Pepys and John Evelyn, in ministering to the stricken multitude. Mr. Pepys, who had been recognised at a window during the coronation procession by a passing nod from the Sovereign, was now shaken by the hand and thanked by Charles II., and oh, how proud he felt.

The estates round Hampton Court Palace, where the Royal Family and the Court had found a safe refuge, had been supplied early in the epidemic with live cattle and poultry, sufficient to last some months, so that no dweller in the Palace precincts would need to go beyond the limits of the enclosure. Both Charles II. and his brother, James, Duke of York, however, went to London several times, to inspect the city and concert measures for the relief of the people. Charles behaved admirably throughout this disaster. He exhibited not only courage

but unusual common-sense and presence of mind. At his own expense, he housed multitudes of destitute men, women, and children in tents, and the assistance he proferred, often at the risk of his life, was both practical and considerate. Every day the King and the Duke of York received clergymen and various lay deputations from London, and, regardless of the danger of infection, conferred with them, for hours at a time, as to what was best to be done. These worthy folk, on arriving at the Palace, were so fumigated and perfumed that some of them, overcome by heavy odours, fainted away. It must have been an amusing sight to watch how even the guards and servants eschewed their contact. The doors that opened to admit them were pulled by long strings, and if by chance a visitor brushed against the inmates' garments, the contaminated person was instantly sequestrated, and subjected to two or three days' isolation. One very popular method of disinfection was to paint the intruder from head to foot with a solution of sulphur, even the hands and face being smeared with a light yellow coating.

In December, 1665, the plague disappeared with such surprising rapidity that it was universally held to have vanished through the miraculous interposition of Providence. "Nor was this," says a contemporary author, "by any new medicine found out, or any new cure discovered, or by any experience in the operation which the physicians and surgeons attain to: but it was evidently from the secret hand of Him that had sent this disease as a judgment upon us, and let the atheistic part of mankind call my saying what they please, it is no enthusiasm. It was acknowledged by all, at that time, that we were relieved of this awful scourge miraculously."

The total number of victims of the plague in that dreadful year is not at all accurately known. But it is generally supposed to have reached, at the lowest computation, the astounding figure of 75,000, or one in every three persons—out of a population (inclusive of suburbs, or what we should now call Greater London) of little over 250,000.[1]

[1] The population of the city proper was estimated at 100,000—the deaths from the plague within the walls were 9802. Defoe says the plague broke out in a house in Long Acre, and it was precisely in that neighbourhood it continued to exhibit its most virulent form until the end.

The plague had no sooner abated than the town began to fill rapidly again, and in February, 1666, people from all parts of England, and even from abroad, flocked by thousands to London, in the hope of obtaining some of the many vacancies caused by the scourge. Pepys says this influx was so great that the city, which had lost a good 15 per cent. of its inhabitants, very soon appeared as animated and populous as ever.

CHAPTER X

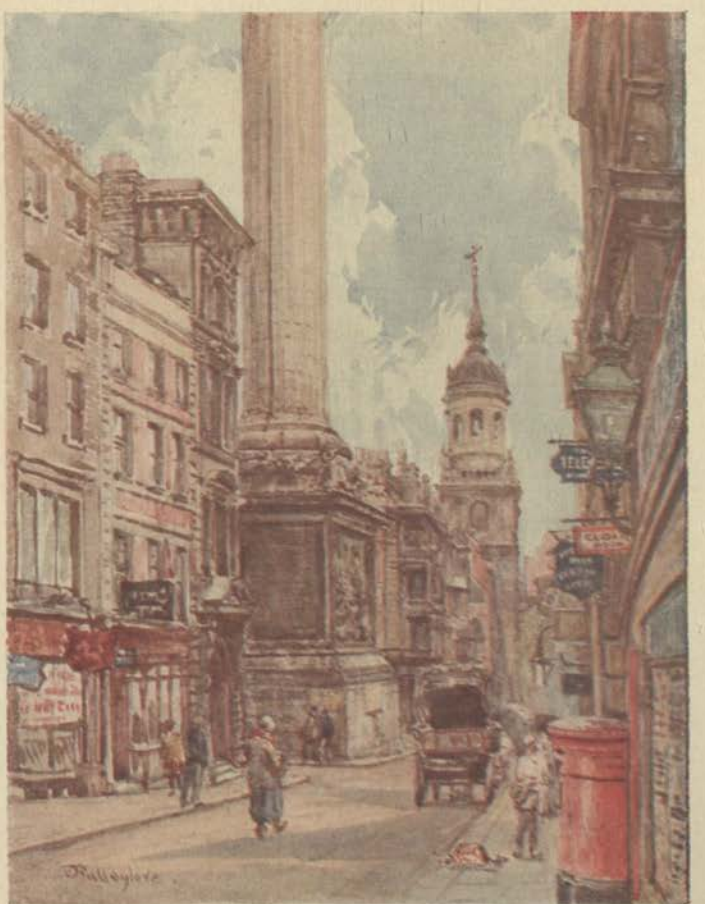
THE GREAT FIRE AND AFTER

ALGERNON SYDNEY, and a number of Republicans, went over to Holland whilst the plague was still raging, and took service in the Dutch Army, at the same time urging the States to invade England and restore the Commonwealth; and, in the meantime, a conspiracy was discovered in London itself, whose alleged object was to seize the Tower and burn the city. Parliament attainted a number of conspirators by name, and summoned every British subject in the Dutch service to return on a fixed day, under heavy penalties. The danger to the throne was, therefore, apparently excessive, but this mattered very little to our "Merrie Monarch" and his Court. The lovely Miss Stuart had recently appeared upon that scene, the brilliance of which even the horrors of the plague had not subdued. Charles had fallen wildly in love with her. "He could not eat his breakfast until he had paid Mistress Stuart a visit." Miss Stuart, however, —who was none other than the fair dame who sat to Rottier, the medallist, for his Britannia on the penny pieces, whereon she still does duty—had no inclination for the darksome, sallow Charles, but preferred the pink-and-white beauty of the young Duke of Richmond, who, as events proved, was both shallow and heartless. All the world knows, or ought to know, the amusing entries in Pepys' *Diary* anent their elopement and clandestine marriage; — how Charles, on discovering a rival, pelted the retreating form of the Duke with oranges, how *la belle Stuart* clung to his Majesty's coat-tails to avoid further mischief, and how, when all was over, the King forgave the pair, and lived long enough to see them separated and the lady most unhappy —ready to die of a broken heart—for the loss of her beauty through small-pox.

Whilst luxury and license, scandal and gossip, were rampant at Whitehall, our sailors, who had fought like sea-lions against the united forces of France and Holland, were going about the streets begging for bread! Pepys tells us that there was little business to be done at the Admiralty, "because of the horrible crowd and lamentable moan of the poor seamen that be starving in the streets for lack of money, which do trouble and perplex me to the heart." It did not "trouble and perplex" the heart of King Charles the "Merrie"! It required something yet more awful to do that, and this fresh horror was near at hand. What the plague could not do, fire was about to effect!

It was between one and two in the morning of September 2, 1666, that a fire broke out in Pudding Lane (near Fish Street Hill, where now stands the Monument), which was to lay the romantic and picturesque London of the Middle Ages in ashes. The house was old, it had a pent roof, and was mainly built of timber. A furious wind was blowing at the time, and before daybreak the fire had spread to the adjacent streets with overpowering vehemence, the houses, owing to the heat and dryness of the summer, burning like paper. Clarendon says: "The fire and the wind continued in the same excess on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, until the afternoon, and flung and scattered brands into all quarters, the nights being more terrible than the days, and the light the same, the light of the fire supplying that of the sun." Street after street was swept away by the exceeding virulence of the onrush of flame and smoke. The people were so taken by surprise, and dazed by the unexpected magnitude of the disaster, that it was with difficulty they recovered sufficient presence of mind to save themselves and a part of their goods. The Lord Mayor, Sir Thomas Bludworth, who presently arrived on the scene, was a person of little character, and soon lost all control over himself and his servants. He endeavoured to have some of the houses blown up with gunpowder, but the Aldermen would not consent, and his men refused to obey him. "Lord! what can I do?" said the poor Lord Mayor to the King's messenger; "I am spent, and my people pay me no heed. We pull down houses, but, oh! Lord! the fire goeth on all the same and burns others before we have done."

The houses on London Bridge caught fire in the afternoon



THE MONUMENT AND ST. MAGNUS' CHURCH, E.C.

of the second day, and the Thames was soon impassable from the number of boats boarded by fugitives. Thousands of people fled to the heights of Hampstead and Highgate, but Moorfields was the principal resort of the houseless. Never before, never since, has London witnessed such scenes of terror as during those two memorable years of the Plague and Fire; and possibly, of the two scourges, the latter was the more terrible, on account of the nature of the element against which the primitive appliances of those days—a few buckets of water slung on poles across a watering-cart—were completely inadequate. For over a week the sky continued to be like a sheet of molten brass, whose gold and red reflections illuminated the black and grey of the rising spirals of smoke that gathered in density whenever some great building, church, palace, mansion, ancient fortress or feudal tower collapsed and fell in with a terrific crash. Now St. Paul's stood revealed against the inflamed sky, roofless, looking, with its broken arches and tottering pillars, like the hulk of a wrecked ship, or the skeleton of some huge prehistoric monster. It was as if the world were ending, and the all-pervading terrors were increased by the confusion, the din, the dreadful noises, the hurrying crowds of terror-stricken people, flying in all directions for safety and shelter; the neighing of frightened horses dragging carriages, waggons, and carts, piled up in disorderly confusion with every sort of goods, across the ill-paved streets, whose stones were hot to the feet and inches thick with cinders and ashes. Everybody was carrying something, and every back had its burden. The confusion was beyond description, but the mob behaved better than it ever had done in the time of the plague. There was less thieving and violence. The nature of the element that had to be mastered, was, in a sense, more awe-inspiring even than the dull fœtid horror of the pest. Fire is so awful that the very sublimity of its devouring power struck home to every heart, and men who, under ordinary circumstances, were callous, softened at the sight of such universal desolation, and performed many a heroic deed of rescue and mercy. Here was a man, known to be one of the worst rascals in the town, who risked his life six times to save some little children, and, when he had brought out the last and placed it tenderly in its mother's arms, re-entered the blazing building to

bring out "a dicky bird" in its cage! Differences of rank were levelled, the rich assisted the poor, and the poor the wealthy. Some went mad from fright, not a few threw themselves into the Thames and were drowned; but when the magnitude of the disaster—the greatest fire on record, far greater than those of Moscow and Chicago—is taken into consideration, the loss of life was extremely small. Not more than one hundred are supposed to have perished. Men who had lived through this terrific catastrophe, declared many years afterwards, when they were old, that they could never quite get rid of the incessant rattle, rattle, rattle of the falling buildings, and the crackle, crackle, crackle of the blazing furnace which filled up that space which, a few days before September 2, 1666, had been the most flourishing and richest city in Europe! In five days the fire had swept over an oblong square of a mile and a half in length and half a mile in breadth, laying bare four hundred and thirty-six acres within, and sixty-three without, the walls. Of twenty-six wards, fifteen were entirely destroyed, and eight half burnt. Besides St. Paul's, eighty-nine noble old pre-Reformation churches and several chapels-of-ease were burnt to the ground. Four of the city gates were levelled; so, too, were the Guildhall, the Royal Exchange, and many other public buildings, with 13,200 houses and four hundred streets. Clothworkers' Hall burnt steadily for three days and nights—its cellars were stored with oil. Had it not been for the presence of mind of the King and his brother, who insisted on having the old houses near the Temple blown up with gunpowder, even that venerable church would have shared the fate of so many others. Westminster Abbey was saved by the Duke of York, who ordered a number of old wooden houses, which had caught fire from the flying sparks, to be demolished without an hour's delay.[1]

A letter addressed to Viscount Conway on September 8, 1666, two days after the disaster, and now preserved in the National archives, contains many curious facts omitted by Evelyn and Pepys. The writer, who lived at Kensington, says that his roof and garden were white "with ashes of paper, linen, etc., and pieces

[1] The Duke of York made himself very popular helping to quench the fire—"handing buckets with as much diligence as the poorest man that did assist."

of ceiling and plaster work, blown thither by the tempest." Then he adds, "The greatest part of the wealth is saved, the loss having fallen upon heavy goods, wine, tobacco, sugar, etc.; but all the money in specie, plate, jewels, etc., was sent into the Tower, where it now lies; the Tower itself has been fired, but that has been saved by beating down the houses about it." In two days this mighty conflagration had passed over the entire city, being aided by a strong east wind, "sent," says Conway's friend, "to help the fire to execute upon the city the commission which it had from Heaven. From Thames Street, it went up Fish Street Hill, into Canning Street, Gracechurch Street, Lombard Street, Cornhill, Bartholomew Lane, Lothbury, Austin Friars, and Broad Street northwards, and likewise into Fenchurch Street and Lime Street, burning down all the churches, the Royal Exchange, and all the little lanes and alleys as it went. From thence, westward, it swept away Friday Street, Watling Street, Cheapside, Newgate Market and the Prison, Paternoster Row, St. Sepulchre's, and so up to Smithfield bars and down to Holborn Bridge. Also all Paul's Churchyard, the roof of Paul's Church, Ludgate Hill, part of Fleet Street, Blackfriars, Whitefriars, and all the Inner Temple, till it came to the Hall, a corner of which had taken fire, and was there most happily quenched, as likewise in Fleet Street, over against St. Dunstan's Church; else, for aught appears, it might have swept away Whitehall and all the city of Westminster too, which is now left standing, together with all the suburbs; viz. the Strand, Covent Garden, Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, Holborn as far as the bridge, and all Hatton Garden, Clerkenwell, and St. John Street.

"Of the city itself, from the Tower unto Temple Bar, remains only Smithfield and St. Bartholomew's, Aldersgate Street, and part of Broad Street—the fire being stopped there before it came to Sir Eliah Harvey's, wherefrom, together with Sir John Shaw's and Gresham College, and so forward, are preserved; all Bishopsgate Street, Leadenhall Street, Duke's Place, and so to Aldgate."

Possibly the greatest loss of all may have consisted in the destruction of the MSS. of Shakespeare's plays, and the works of the other Elizabethan dramatists and poets, which most probably were still preserved in the various publishing and

printing offices in Paternoster Row and Salisbury Square. Many tons of "papers" were stowed away in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, but owing to the great heat from the burning church above, they were found, after the Fire, to have been reduced to ashes. This is the generally accepted explanation of the total disappearance of the precious MSS. in question, and it is by far the most probable.

Two curious houses perished amongst others on London Bridge; the one was that in which Holbein had lived, and the other was the one in which the heads and limbs of political and religious offenders and criminals were systematically parboiled, salted, and otherwise "pickled" before they were publicly exhibited on the Bridge—a gruesome institution, if ever there was one! In Holbein's house there hung a large picture by that artist, containing portraits of himself and his family. It had been there ever since it was painted. Two days before the Fire, Walpole tells us, a rich collector had purchased this inestimably valuable work of art for £100, but it had not been delivered before the fire consumed it. No one can tell how many other works of art were destroyed in the Great Fire, for in those days people thought less of them than they do now, and were, doubtless, more eager to save their beds and bedding than their pictures, books, and bric-à-brac.

Owing to this appalling catastrophe, London lost in artistic beauty and antiquarian interest, but the fact remains that, after the Fire, the plague, which had been an almost permanent resident, rapidly disappeared. When he caused the Pardon Cemetery and cloister of old St. Paul's to be destroyed, Protector Somerset, so his defenders declared, was inspired by sanitary motives and not by a mere mischievous iconoclasm. One thousand cartloads of human bones were then taken thence and driven to Bonhill—"bone hill"—Fields, so called after this remarkable translation of human relics. No doubt these old cemeteries, one to each parish church, were at the bottom of much of the mischief. The drains, too, were wholly inadequate, and sanitary arrangements, even of the most primitive sort, were almost entirely ignored. Wherefore, though we may regret the quaint and picturesque old city which dissolved into the flames during that dreadful week in September, we must reasonably

consider the Great Fire of 1666 to have been a blessing in disguise.

To add to the general horror, it was, as usual, reported that the Catholics were at the bottom of the mischief. There were not less than 20,000 French residents in the city, and they were accused of abetting the "Papists" in the diabolical enterprise of burning down the city. The finger of circumstance was certainly against the Catholics, for Grant, who was a member of their Church, was said to be a partner in the New River Company, and at the beginning of the outbreak it was discovered that the main pipes had been cut off, so that no water could be obtained from that supply; but as a matter of fact, Grant was no longer a partner at the time of the Fire. That, however, mattered little. Everybody believed that he was; and Monsieur Hubert, a mad Frenchman, made things worse by declaring that he himself had been bribed by his compatriots to set fire to the town. But, fortunately, the man's madness was too evident to admit of any doubt, and he was sent to Bedlam. It was, none the less, at the risk of his life that any Frenchman or reputed Catholic dared to venture into the deserted streets. Although it has been satisfactorily proved that the Catholics were innocent of deliberate participation in this awful catastrophe, none the less it is a very curious coincidence that some of the prisoners examined for the conspiracy in April, distinctly confessed that it was intended to burn down the city between September 2 and 3—and on the latter day the Fire actually broke out.

In 1667, the Monument, a column far better proportioned than Nelson's in Trafalgar Square, was erected, after the designs of Sir Christopher Wren, to commemorate the Great Fire. The fine and deeply cut bas-relief on the pediment is by Caius Gabriel Cibber, the father of the dramatist. The inscription was so exceedingly anti-Papist that it was obliterated in James the Second's reign, but re-cut deeper than ever in William the Third's. It was finally erased, not, as generally stated, in 1833, but in 1856, under the Mayoralty of Sir David Solomons, the first Jew who ever occupied the position of chief magistrate of London. It was his suggestion that it should be effaced, and thanks to him, and to the exertions of the City Solicitor, it disappeared for ever, together with the majority of the other

annoying absurdities connected with Guy Fawkes Day, of which only a few childish traces now remain.

Before the fire was completely spent, Sir Christopher Wren had already laid a plan for rebuilding the city before the King, and John Evelyn brought him another. Had either of these been accepted, London would by this time have been the most convenient, if not exactly the handsomest, city in Europe. Wren proposed a series of broad streets, crossing each other at right angles, and leading to some public building. The Cathedral was to have been isolated and surrounded by a wide and handsome piazza. Evelyn's plan included a sort of embankment along the Thames, to replace the irregular wharves of bygone times. But there were difficulties in the way of either scheme—vested and proprietary interests had to be considered; and it soon became evident that the most expeditious method of rebuilding the city was to allow householders to re-erect their houses on the old sites, but this time in brick and stone. Some 13,000 houses had been destroyed, the rents alone being valued at £600,000. The first necessity was to clear the ruins and shelter the poorer inhabitants in wooden sheds hastily erected in Moorfields and elsewhere beyond the burnt zone. The old foundations were, in many instances, still sound, and work was begun without delay. Taking it for all in all, the rebuilding of the city, in something less than ten years, may be regarded as a triumph on the part of its cruelly tried inhabitants.

The seventeenth century was essentially a building age. Not only were two-thirds of the city, within and without the walls, entirely rebuilt, but also the Cathedral, the Exchange, the Guildhall, over fifty parish churches, the Royal Society's House, the Observatory at Greenwich, and Chelsea College besides.

At the time of the conflagration, old St. Paul's was undergoing restoration, and surrounded by wondrous scaffoldings, which probably assisted its complete destruction. Wren's first plan for the rebuilding of the great church was better suited to the purposes of Protestant worship than the one ultimately accepted. Charles II., and his brother, James of York, from the time of their return to England, no doubt entertained the hope of being able to restore the ancient Faith. Both brothers confessed as much to Wren when he showed them his original

design for the Cathedral, which was in the shape of a Greek cross, with an enormous dome in the centre, and so arranged that the congregation could hear every word of the service. The King hastily brushed it aside, saying that he must have a Latin cross, with a stately Chancel and Choir, and hinted that a great change might occur at some future time in the State religion.

Much has been written and said about this famous building, the foundation stone of which was laid on June 21, 1675. It is frequently compared with St. Peter's at Rome, the only other church in the same style of architecture upon so large a scale; and all we need add is, that whilst the interior is inferior to that of the Roman basilica, the exterior is distinctly superior. The dome is altogether the finest of its kind ever erected. Though considerably smaller than that of St. Peter's, owing to its perfect proportions it produces the effect of being of greater height.

The interior of the church is cold and disappointing, and the naves and aisles strike one as being both too long and too narrow. But Wren intended the whole church to be profusely decorated with bas-reliefs, gilding, and other ornamentations, which now, after a lapse of nearly two hundred years, are gradually being introduced. Whether these additions will produce the desired effect it will remain for future generations to decide, if we may judge by the slow rate at which they are at present being executed. The mosaics under the dome, and those in the Chancel, certainly dwarf the proportions of the east end of the church, whilst the reredos, with its Madonna and Child, its crucifix, and its architectural detail in black and white marble, is perhaps hardly in accordance with the accepted "Protestant" view, while it blocks the prospect of the Choir beyond. On the other hand, the general appearance of the Chancel has undoubtedly been greatly enriched by this sumptuous reredos, which sets off to the utmost advantage Grinling Gibbons' marvellous wood-carving—recently declared by a great French critic to be the finest in Europe.

The first service celebrated in new St. Paul's was the Thanksgiving for the Peace of Ryswick, on December 2, 1697,—and the first person buried in it was none other than its eminent architect, Sir Christopher Wren. As often happens in this

inartistic country of ours, he was greatly neglected in his old age by Court and people. George I. thought him too much of a Stuart-lover, and allowed him to be replaced as architect of the Cathedral by an abominable person named Benson, who most scandalously misappropriated the funds entrusted to him and escaped. Wren became very poor, and died almost of want in 1733, in his ninety-first year. He was laid to rest without much ceremony in the splendid church his genius had erected. It is essentially his monument—one which kings might desire and heroes deserve.

The monuments in St. Paul's are, as a rule, a national disgrace, and a disfigurement to the Cathedral. Marochetti's immense tomb to two members of the Lamb family—William, Viscount Melbourne, Prime Minister at the time of the accession of Queen Victoria, and his brother, Frederick, Lord Beauville—is a fine thing of its sort. The two white marble statues on either side of the entrance to the tomb—the Angel of Death and the Angel of Resurrection—are extremely beautiful, but it is none too well suited to the interior of a church of Middle Renaissance architecture.

The Wellington Monument, by Alfred Stevens, by far the greatest sculptor England has produced in modern times, would have won applause in Medician Florence. It is worthy both of St. Paul's and of him whom it commemorates. When the design is fully carried out, and the equestrian statue of the Iron Duke placed on the top, it will be—with the sole exception of the Torregiano monument to Henry VII. and his consort in Westminster Abbey—the finest tomb in England.

Before the death of Charles II., London was the scene of one of those mysterious political events which convulse nations, and even change the order of their destiny. The Titus Oates conspiracy, mainly directed against the Queen, known to be an ardent Roman Catholic, was the forerunner of that revolutionary movement, which, within a few years, was to deprive James II. of his crown. There followed the execution of a number of probably innocent people, among them the unfortunate Lord Stafford, whose trial in Westminster Hall was attended by Queen Catherine in a private box prepared for her accommodation. The Queen, needless to say, sympathised with the prisoners.

The Oates conspiracy resulted in the withdrawal of a number of rich Catholic merchants and tradesmen from London, and plunged England into a civil war. To this day the truth, concerning the plot, remains a mystery. Charles, who was convinced of the Queen's innocence, had the courage of his convictions, and defended her Majesty to the best of his ability; but he behaved abominably to Stafford, and the rest of the unfortunate people who, like Archbishop Plunkett, were involved in this mysterious business. He left them to their fate without lifting a finger to help them.

The trial of Lord William Russell for high treason, which took place at the Old Bailey on July 13, 1683, has left its indelible mark on popular imagination. Russell was, however, not quite the angel he is usually represented to have been by his partisans. He was a man of integrity, but, at the same time, of a somewhat sour and vindictive disposition; and his spitefulness to Catherine of Braganza, which was at the bottom of all his troubles, was unchivalrous to say the least. The immediate charges brought against him were unfounded—even trumped-up by his many political and social enemies. He may have plotted against the King's rule, but he certainly never conspired against his life, although popular rumour undoubtedly accused him of being concerned in the Rye House Plot. That most infamous scoundrel, Judge Jeffries, was the Counsel for the Crown, which means that, from the start, the unfortunate Russell had no chance of obtaining either justice or mercy. The wifely conduct of Rachel, Lady Russell—from whom, as elsewhere stated, the Bedford family inherits their Bloomsbury estates—excited great admiration. She elected herself her husband's secretary, and throughout the trial sat by his side, taking notes, and giving him all the assistance of which so able a woman was capable. She did more; she went to Court, and throwing herself at the King's feet, implored him by the memory of her father, who had been a staunch friend to Charles I., to use the royal prerogative on her husband's behalf. But Charles II. was obdurate, and Lady Rachel had to leave his presence, her mission uncompleted. The obstinate and vindictive monarch had made up his mind that Russell must die, and nothing could turn him from his purpose. Russell's father, the Duke of Bedford, offered, through

the Duchess of Portsmouth, £100,000 for his son's release. Charles refused, and, moreover, when Lord Dartmouth pointed out to him the offence which Russell's condemnation would give to the Bedford family, Charles replied "that if he did not take Russell's life, Russell would soon have his."

The execution took place in the centre of Lincoln's Inn Fields, on the 21st of July, the exact spot being the site of the present bandstand. This unusual proceeding was intended to impress the populace, and this, undoubtedly, it did, but in a manner different from the King's intention. On the scaffold, Lord William Russell, who was attended by Bishop Burnet and Dean Tillotson, handed his written confession, in which he protested his innocence, to the Sheriff of London. But a copy had already fallen into the hands of Lady Russell, who had it quickly printed and distributed as a broad-sheet by newsboys all over the town in the course of the afternoon.

The trial and execution of Algernon Sydney, which took place in the following month of December, was another of Charles the Second's political blunders, not to say crimes. This unbending Republican was a man of higher character than Russell. He passed from the Tower to Tower Hill unattended, except by the two footmen of his brother, the Earl of Leicester, who walked behind him. As he ascended the platform "he looked very haughty, his posture erect, and his step firm." He seemed one who came there rather to command authority than to suffer an ignominious death. "I have made my peace with God," said he, "and now have nothing more to do with men." Then, turning to the executioner, he said, "I am ready to die, and will give you no trouble." With this, he knelt down, prayed for "the good old cause," "and prepared himself to meet his Maker with the dignity of a hero and the meekness of a martyr."

Evelyn, in two passages in his *Diary*, has described the last days of the "Merrie Monarch," who passed away at Whitehall on February 6, 1685, in the thirty-sixth year of his reign, and the fifty-fourth of his age. The first of these entries is dated January 25, 1685, and tells us that the Diarist

"saw this evening such a scene of profuse gaming, and the King in the midst of his three concubines, as I had never seen before. Luxurious dallying and prophaneness."

The second description is a longer version of the first—

"I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and prophanenesse, gaming and all dissoluteness and as it were total forgetfullnesse of God (it being Sunday evening) which this day se'nnight I was witnesse of, the King sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarine, etc., a French boy singing love songs, in that glorious gallery, whilst about 20 of the greate courtiers and other dissolute persons were at Basset round a large table, a bank of at least 2000 in gold before them, upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflexions with astonishment. Six days after was all in the dust!"

That this monarch, who had allowed so many of his Catholic subjects to lose life and fortune in the so-called "Popish Plot," should have died (in 1685) an avowed Catholic, is very characteristic of the man. Charles passed away literally in public, his chamber being crowded night and day by five Bishops, twenty-five peers, and Privy Councillors, besides foreign Ambassadors, six doctors, with their attendants, the Queen, who sat by his bedside on the one side, and the Duke of York on the other, and ten ladies in attendance upon her Majesty. Outside, in the corridor, the Duchess of Portsmouth fluttered, like a gorgeous moth, endeavouring to catch a glimpse of what was happening in the death-chamber, and very anxious about the salvation of her royal lover's soul. She had the decency, however, not to intrude herself into the room, but remained outside, asking everybody who passed in or out, "How his Majesty be, and if he was dying a good Catholic." At last Charles, who was nearly suffocated by the throng, made it known, through his brother, the Duke of York, that the heat of the room was stifling him, and begged his courtiers, Bishops and all, to retire. The order was reluctantly obeyed. Then Father Huddleston, the priest who had saved the King's life thirty years before, after the retreat from Worcester, lifting the arras behind the bed, entered, bearing with him all that was required for the administration of the last rites of the Church of Rome, which Charles received devoutly. When this pious ceremony was over, the Father disappeared as mysteriously as he had come, and the garrulous company was readmitted. On Wednesday, February 6, 1685, came the end. The King was buried at midnight on

February 14 in Westminster Abbey. Owing to the change of religion, the obsequies were of the simplest, but whilst the remains lay in state at Whitehall a waxen effigy, robed in red velvet, with point-lace collar and ruffles, was placed upon the coffin. This is still preserved at Westminster Abbey, a ghastly, but interesting, object, and evidently an exact likeness of the King, the mask having been taken an hour after the spirit had quitted its earthly tenement. King Charles's grave is at the east end of the South Aisle, far away from those of his numerous progeny *de la main gauche*—Charles, Earl of Dorchester, son of Monmouth, Charles Fitzroy, Duke of Cleveland, Charles Fitzcharles, Earl of Plymouth,—translated from Tangiers, where he died for his country—who rest in the royal vault of Henry VIII. Over the "Merrie Monarch's" grave one may well repeat Rochester's cruel lines—

> "Here lies our Sovereign Lord the King,
> Whose word no man relies on;
> Who never said a foolish thing,—
> Nor ever did a wise one!"

For all his faults, Charles was universally mourned—"never was there so much black worn before in England." Evelyn thus describes the manner in which visits of condolence were received by Catherine of Braganza—

"There came over divers envoyes and greate persons to condole the death of the late King, who were receiv'd by the Queen Dowager on a bed of mourning, the whole chamber, cielinge and floore hung with black, and tapers were lighted, so as nothing could be more lugubrious and solemne. The Queene Consort sat under a state (canopy) of black floorcloth to entertaine the Circle (as the Queen us'd to do) and that very decently."

The worthy Diarist is a little mixed when he says Queen Catherine "sat under a state," or canopy; there is no doubt, however, that the Queen of England probably received this crowd of courtiers and officials sitting up in a *bed* hung with black, like a hearse. As the ceremony lasted daily for nearly a fortnight, it is not surprising to learn, shortly afterwards, that "her Majesty was very ill last week." This fashion of draping a house of mourning with black cloth both inside and out lasted

until well into the nineteenth century. When Garrick's widow died in 1830, the house on Adelphi Terrace was swathed in black. The front overlooking the river was hung with strips of black between the windows from the roof down to the ground, and the hall and staircases were made equally funereal with sable trappings, barred with bands of white calico.

James II. ascended the throne amid the fervent hopes of his people that he might prove a more staid monarch than his predecessor, though in Evelyn's *Diary* we can trace the stealthy advance, step by step, of the King's cherished scheme for the restoration of Catholicism—a fact which his supporters seem, at first, to have ignored. James appeared to them in the character of a beneficent sovereign, who even thought of the state of the negroes in the plantations, whom he ordered to be baptized. Mr. Evelyn tells us how he was himself assured that James II. was a prince of a "sincere and honest nature," from which he augurs that "the Church of England may yet subsist." Then, he records how, as the years rolled on, "the growth of Popery" became more and more evident and oppressive: how the public offices were filled with Catholics: how the Protestant clergy were in a state of alarm: in a word, how the over-zeal of James led to his own destruction as effectually as the supineness of Charles I. had brought that monarch to the scaffold. And yet there is no contemporary evidence that James was ever unpopular with the masses; they considered him to be good-natured and affable, which indeed he was. The coronation of James II. and Mary of Modena took place on April 23, 1685, and, according to all accounts, seems to have been nothing like so fine as that of Charles II. It appears that the new monarch had intended to have had a grand procession from the Tower to Westminster, but finding that it would cost more than half the amount he had allotted for the Queen's jewels and robes, he gave up the project, and instead of having the procession, spent £100,000 on her Majesty's costume. The ritual used in the Abbey departed from precedent: James, out of deference, as he said, to the Queen, obliged Sancroft to omit the Communion Service, much to the displeasure of the rigid Protestants, and the Coronation Oath was altered. On the other hand, the sermon, which was preached by Turner, Bishop of Ely, was characteristic of an even

earlier period, and full of quaintness. King James, like his grandfather, was compared with Solomon, Monmouth figured as Adonijah, Joab was a Rye House conspirator, and so forth. It was noticed that, whilst the King paid little or no attention to the service, her Catholic Majesty behaved with the utmost decorum. The ceremony was, however, marred by a number of uncanny incidents: the Royal Standard was blown off the White Tower at the moment that the gun announced the entry of the King and Queen into the Abbey; and the Crown toppled off the King's head and would have fallen to the floor, but for the presence of mind of Henry Sydney, Algernon's brother, who, as he replaced it on the King's head, was heard to say, "This is not the first time a member of my family has saved the Crown."

One of the first acts of King James was the punishment of Titus Oates, who was taken out of prison early in May, 1685, and whipped at the cart's tail from Aldgate to Newgate, and that not being deemed sufficient, he was subsequently whipped from Newgate to Tyburn. Dangerfield, one of his companions in infamy, underwent the same fate, till a blow on the head from one of the bystanders put an end to his misery. Justice was now in the hands of that kindly soul Judge Jeffries, whose atrocious treatment of the survivors of the Monmouth and Rye House Plots fills a shocking page in the history of this weak monarch, who, however well-intentioned he may have been, did not hesitate to sign the death-warrant of Elizabeth Gaunt, a woman who had spent the greater part of her life in the performance of acts of charity, and whose only offence was that she had helped an outlaw, named Burton, to escape. Mrs. Gaunt was burnt alive at Tyburn on October 23, 1685, before a vast concourse of spectators who were apparently quite indifferent to her sufferings.

Undoubtedly, the two most interesting State trials of this reign were those of Monmouth and of the Seven Bishops.

James of Monmouth, "the quondam Duke," as Evelyn calls him, was the natural son of Charles II. by Mrs. Bulmer, otherwise Lucy Walters. He was considered the handsomest man of his time, and, in the halcyon days of his youth, wrought great havoc among Court dames and fair maids-of-honour. The King contrived a brilliant match for him, the bride Anne Scott, heiress

of Buccleuch,[1] bringing her lord not only a splendid fortune and an "honest lady," but a second Duchy into the bargain. This gay gentleman, whose heart was pledged to Lady Henrietta Wentworth, was scarcely the man suited to head a Puritan army, or take a prominent part against the King, his father's brother. Yet he fought gallantly on the Revolutionary side, lost his liberty on the fatal field of Sedgemoor, and his head on Tower Hill. After the battle which decided his fortunes, Monmouth wandered about the countryside for two days and nights, dressed as a peasant, till he was discovered in a dry ditch at Dorchester, near the New Forest, his sole belongings being some peas, his food, some papers, and the George and Garter! From thence he was brought to Vauxhall, and eventually to the Tower. Whilst he was in prison awaiting his sentence, London gossiped a good deal over poor Monmouth—who was, at first, excessively depressed, though he afterwards brightened up. It has been stated again and again that the Duke refused to see his wife before his death, whereas the truth is that he not only had an interview with her and his children, but humbly asked her pardon for his past conduct, which had been the reverse of faithful. His excuse was that he married her when he was a mere lad, and she an infant. He had always considered Lady Henrietta Wentworth "to be his real wife before God." The Queen was very much in his favour, and did all she could to save him, but James, who hated him, was obstinate.

On the fatal morning (July 15, 1685), the neglected Duchess breakfasted with the King, and nearly choked herself in her effort to eat and look cheerful. The condemned Duke himself spent the morning disputing with the Bishops of Ely and Bath and Wells, and with Tenison, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, about his attachment to Lady Henrietta, which he defended as being quite right and proper, whilst, needless to say, the Bishops were united in holding a contrary opinion. She was "a religious, godly lady," he urged, "and that he was sure he would go to

[1] Anne, Duchess of Monmouth and Buccleuch, who was very small and graceful, was considered the best dancer at Court. She was married to Monmouth when he was a lad of fifteen, in 1663. This lady was one of the most respectable women of the Court, and deserved a better fate than to be married to such an indifferent husband.

God." On the scaffold, Monmouth was attended by the above-named Bishops of Ely and Bath and Wells, who continued to exhort him to repent. Just before he knelt down he sent a message to Lady Henrietta, together with his "picker," or gold toothpick-case, and his ring and watch; he gave the headsman six guineas, and four more to a person near by who was to give them to the fellow afterwards if he did his duty well. The Bishops continued in prayer beside him to the last; Monmouth was at first unwilling to join in that for the King, though after a little hesitation he did so. The executioner struck a weak blow, and the Duke, raising himself up, turned, and, although desperately wounded, looked reproachfully at the man, who only severed that "beautiful head" from the body after four attempts to hack it off—a piece of clumsiness which so excited the people that they would have torn the unfortunate headsman to pieces had not the guards defended him. Lady Henrietta Wentworth was so afflicted by the death of her lover that she died a few months after. As for the people, both in London and the country, they considered him to be a sort of martyr to the Protestant cause; while many refused to believe that it was really the Duke who had been captured and executed. Later when the story of the unknown "man in the iron mask" became known in England, there were those who held that that mysterious personage was the true Duke of Monmouth, and that a substitute had suffered in his place on Tower Hill.

The revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685, had considerable effect on the commerce and industries of this country. No doubt, the Huguenots were not only a religious body, but also a turbulent political party, and their expulsion from their native land, however intolerant and objectionable in itself, achieved the object of the absolute monarchy which Louis XIV. had established, to his own advantage, though scarcely to that of France. As to the exact number of the Huguenot families that sought refuge in England, and especially in London, it would be difficult at this date to speak with any certainty, but their quality was undeniably high. They were, with a few exceptions, an honest and industrious people, who served their adopted country admirably. They were well received, and requited our hospitality with the courtesy of gentlemen, merging, in a few

generations, their nationality in our own. At Canterbury, Ipswich, Norwich, and London they added their commercial talents and abilities to those of the English, and introduced new industries, or improved by more practical methods those which were already established. Spitalfields welcomed them with open arms, and, thanks to their assistance, that outlying district soon became a flourishing centre of the silk industry. They introduced the weaving of lustrings, alamodes, brocades, satins, paduasoys, damasks, taffetas, and black velvets. In less than twenty-five years, Spitalfields was able to add silks and satins, as good as any made in France, to the commerce of the metropolis. In one year, 1719, over £300,000 worth of silk scarves and hoods for women were made in London. In the reign of Anne, the Spitalfield weavers numbered 50,000 persons, of whom the majority were English men and women working under the guidance of Huguenots, and the looms varied between 14,000 and 20,000 in number. From these honest Protestant exiles are derived many surnames still in use amongst us, such as Guillebaud, Desormeaux, Chabot, de Londe (Ipswich), Merceron, Dubois, Chauvet, Mortmeaux, Tourquand, Leroys, Foudrinier, Meux, etc. Others were rudely translated into English, such as Leblanc — White, Tonnellier — Cooper, Lejeune—Young, and Lenoir—Black, etc. There must be hundreds of thousands of the descendants of these Huguenots amongst us to-day, who are barely cognisant of the fact that only two hundred years ago their ancestors were absolutely French. The silk industries of Spitalfields have, in our day, fallen on bad times—owing, mainly, to competition, and the vast importation of cheaper silks. In ancient times, even before the arrival of the French, the weavers used to sing whilst busy at their looms, a fact which has not escaped the notice of Shakespeare, who makes Falstaff say (*Henry IV.* Part 1. Scene ii.)—

"Would I were a weaver; I could sing all manner of songs."

James the Second's cherished scheme for the re-establishment of Catholicism in the Kingdom was so ill-conceived, and so clumsily managed, that the momentary encouragement it gave to the adherents of the old religion only retarded, for over a century,

their ultimate emancipation and restoration to the privileges enjoyed by their Protestant fellow-citizens. At first, the extent of the royal attachment to Catholicism was not realised by the popular mind, but ere long it became evident that the Royal Family were "showing open favour" to "Papistry." At the last moment, the "Merrie Monarch" himself had "saved his soul," —as that fair vestal, the Duchess of Portsmouth, was pleased to put it to a French correspondent—a fact King James was so anxious to impress upon his subjects that he actually distributed pamphlets on the subject from the windows of the royal coach as he drove through the streets! The Dowager Queen, Catherine of Braganza, had, indeed, gone back to Portugal, but Mary of Modena was a pious Catholic, and this was quite enough to prejudice the people against her. Even in "good King Charles's golden days," when Catholicism was lying dormant, the Londoners were immensely displeased at the Duke of York's alliance with a "Popish" princess. Evelyn speaks of the proceedings in the city on the occasion of the marriage of James, then Duke of York, and Mary of Modena—

"5 November (1673). This night the youths of the Citty burnt the Pope in effigie, after they had made procession with it in greate triumph, they being displeas'd at the Duke for altering his religion and marrying an Italian lady."

But not very long after he came to the throne it became an open secret that James was in reality an ardent Catholic, and the Court was henceforth considered a "hot-bed of Popery" and "a nursery of Jesuitical teaching." The Catholics were, not unnaturally, greatly elated at all this, and Mass was said in a number of newly established chapels in the heart of the city. In 1686, the Elector Palatine opened one with great pomp in Lime Street; and in 1687 the Papal Nuncio was received by the King at Windsor in tremendous state. The appointment of that very indifferent Roman Catholic, the Earl of Tyrconnel—"Lying Dick"—to the position of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was another tactless mistake. The anti-Catholic feeling became almost universal, the Nonconformists joining their "Established" brethren in the agitation against what they considered their common enemy. Even the election of "that very odd, ignorant

person,"—as Evelyn called Sir John Shorter, the Anabaptist,—to be Lord Mayor in 1688, failed to give satisfaction to the more uncompromising of his party. He was, if we err not, the first Lord Mayor who had not belonged to the Established Church; but none the less he was well received, and the King and the Papal Nuncio, with a number of priests, appeared at his inaugural banquet. Though Shorter resented the intrusion of the Catholic element, the feast passed off quietly. This Shorter was the maternal grandfather of Horace Walpole, and met with a singular death. In the third month of his mayoralty he proceeded in state on horseback to open Bartholomew Fair, Smithfield. It was the custom in those days for the Lord Mayor whilst on his way to the Fair to call upon the Keeper of Newgate Gaol and receive from him a tankard of ale. Whilst Sir John Shorter was drinking, the lid of the tankard flapped down with such a noise as to startle his horse, which threw the Lord Mayor to the ground with such violence that he died the next day.

Needless to say, those amongst the clergy of the Established Church who were not of "High" principles, did not submit quietly to "this imposition of Popery." On April 27, 1688, a "Declaration of Indulgence, abrogating all laws against Nonconformists and Catholics alike," was published. In this document King James laid stress on his determination of character, and pointed out how all those who had opposed his will had suffered; and ordered that this Declaration should be read from the pulpits of all the London churches on 20th and 27th May, and in the country parishes on other dates. This was practically—even if it was not actually so intended—a demand on the clergy of the Established Church to join in the work of advancing Catholicism; at least, so it was interpreted by the worthy prelates themselves. The excitement in ecclesiastical circles was great, and a meeting of the Bishops was held at Lambeth, at which the High Commissioner was present to report the proceedings to the King. Nothing was done whilst he was there, but no sooner had he departed, than a resolution signed by seven of the Bishops was passed, by which it was decided not to allow the Declaration to be read in the churches on the appointed days. The result of this was that on both the

occasions when it should have been generally recited, the order was obeyed in only four London churches. In one place the clergyman read the obnoxious Declaration after everybody had left the church, and in another the entire congregation with one accord rose and walked out the moment he began to do so. James was furious, and the Seven Bishops who had signed the resolution that brought about this result—Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, Lloyd of St. Asaph, Ken of Bath and Wells, Turner of Ely, Lake of Chichester, White of Peterborough, and Trelawney of Bristol—were called upon to attend a Privy Council, at the conclusion of which they were told they would be brought before the King's Bench. On June 8, they were conveyed from Westminster to the Tower by water, the banks of the Thames being packed with sympathetic spectators. Hard by the Tower landing-place, the people waded into the water to get closer to the prisoners and receive their blessing. On the 29th of the same month the trial took place at Westminster, and lasted from nine in the morning till six in the evening. The jury, which was composed of Middlesex, but not London, men, was locked up all night, and finally decided to acquit the Bishops. The news spread like wildfire from Westminster to the city, and gave rise to scenes of tumultuous enthusiasm. Bonfires were lighted, and the people rejoiced exceedingly. James was hunting at Hounslow when a messenger arrived to inform him of the result of the trial, and the unwelcome news elicited from him an ugly, unrepeatable oath.

The anti-Catholic feeling and agitation—which had been accelerated by the trial of the Seven Bishops—came to a climax when later in 1688, it was rumoured that the Dutch Fleet, with the Protestant Prince of Orange on board, was lying near at hand off the English coast. Vainly did the King and Court hope against hope that the rumour that the Dutch had been annihilated might prove to be true. It was quickly dispelled when it became known that (on November 4) the Prince of Orange had effected a landing at Torbay, without a shot being fired from the British Fleet under Lord Dartmouth—on account, so he said, of the heavy sea that was running at the time. On November 17, King James left London for the military camp on Salisbury Plain, to take command of his troops in person.

Mary of Modena remained, in the meantime, at Whitehall, whilst the infant Prince of Wales travelled with his father as far as Windsor, whence he was taken to Portsmouth in order that he might be safely conveyed to France. Whilst the King was absent, it was rumoured in London that the Irish regiments were to be egged on to massacre the Protestants. This notion, ridiculous as it was, but fostered by fanatical agitators, and coming so soon after the Waldensian massacres, terrified the people, and anti-Catholic riots took place all over the town. James, absolutely crestfallen, returned to Whitehall to make arrangements for sending the Queen abroad, the infant Prince being brought back from Portsmouth to allay suspicion. December 9 was fixed as the day for the escape of the Queen and the Heir-Apparent to France. By a curious coincidence, that day, although a Sunday, was the occasion of one of the most violent anti-Papist demonstrations of this turbulent period. Catholic chapels were wrecked, the congregations ill-treated, and the houses of the more wealthy "Papists" burnt. Her Majesty, although greatly alarmed, begged the King to allow her to stay with him. She would, she declared, prefer to remain and share his dangers, "it was more womanly, and, above all, more queenly"; but James would not hear of such a sacrifice. At last, Mary of Modena accepted her consort's advice and agreed to withdraw secretly.

On the appointed night, the royal couple retired to bed as usual at ten o'clock. Two noble Frenchmen, M. le Comte de Lauzun—who afterwards married, much to the horror of the Court, James's maternal cousin, Mdlle. de Montpensier—and M. St. Victor, of Avignon, whose father had been saved by King James when he was Duke of York, contrived the plan of escape, and constituted themselves the Queen's escort. Towards midnight these gentlemen passed quietly into the royal apartments at Whitehall, having gained admission by a secret staircase, M. St. Victor being disguised as a common sailor. To him and to M. de Lauzun, James confided his wife and child: and her Majesty, who was dressed as an Italian washerwoman, followed by two nurses bearing the sleeping Prince, and the French gentlemen, passing down the great gallery and through the postern gate into the Privy Gardens, quitted

Whitehall for ever. It was an awful night; the rain poured in torrents and the sky was as dark as pitch, whilst the Thames was exceptionally high and turbulent. The little party, although challenged at the gate, passed safely into King Street, in a dark corner of which, outside the Holbein Gate, they found a coach awaiting them. The Queen, the nurses, and the sleeping infant, entered the carriage with Count Lauzun, whilst M. St. Victor seated himself on the box to direct the coachman. At "the place called the Horseferry," the coach stopped, and the party embarked on board a little boat which was in danger of being capsized at every moment, owing to the strong current. By some unfortunate mistake, another coach which should have been waiting on the opposite bank to convey the fugitives to Gravesend was not there, but stationed at an inn at some little distance. M. St. Victor accordingly hastened to fetch it, leaving the Queen and her infant under the care of de Lauzun, the whole party standing out of the rain in the shadow of the wall of old Lambeth Church. What a subject this eventful scene would make for a painter! The trembling Queen, with her infant in her arms, impatiently endeavouring to catch the distant rumble of the coach wheels, and dreading lest her child might wake and attract attention. The coach conveyed them to Gravesend, where the fugitives found a yacht, officered by three Irish captains, waiting to convey them to France. On board this boat were a few faithful ladies who had elected to follow their royal mistress into exile, and had preceded her on board The ship put off immediately in tolerably calm weather, but had barely reached the Downs when a violent wind sprang up, and the captain was compelled to drop anchor. The poor Queen, who, with her ladies, was lying in the stuffy hold, without any comforts, and terribly sea-sick, received no special attention from the sailor who acted as steward. He thought she was merely a washerwoman, an error which was the more pardonable since she carried the infant Prince of Wales under her arm, "packed up to represent a bundle of linen." At last, however, this dolorous voyage came to an end, and the Queen of England and her friends landed in safety at Calais on Tuesday, December 11. On the 13th, her Majesty moved to Boulogne, and on the 20th of the same month settled herself

for a time at that delightful old-world place, Montreuil-sur-Mer.

The moment his consort was safe, King James fell into deeper depression than before. Even if the troubles of this unfortunate monarch do not command our respect or sympathy so readily as do those of his father, we must not forget that he had to contend with even greater difficulties. His queen was gone, his partisans departed, and the few who still affected to rally round him were mere sycophants, "whom he had but to ask money of to send them flying." At last the lonely King decided to abdicate and fly the country.

James followed on this occasion nearly the same course as had been pursued by his queen. On the evening of December 10, his Majesty retired as usual, but at midnight he rose secretly, dressed in the plainest of black clothes, and, attended only by Sir Edward Hales (the Lieutenant of the Tower), descended the same secret stairway that the Queen had traversed. At the Privy Gardens a coach was waiting, and the two fugitives were rapidly driven to the Horseferry. Here they crossed the river by boat and reached Vauxhall, where horses were standing, ready saddled. Whilst on the water a curious incident occurred. James had brought with him the Great Seal of England, but in the midst of the passage he threw it far from him into the stream, to sink for ever in the dark waters. What induced him to commit this act of petulance was never known. From Vauxhall the King and Sir Edward rode to Woolpeck, where a relay of horses awaited them, and by ten o'clock they reached Elmley Ferry near Faversham in Kent, where they embarked on a Custom-House hoy. Unfortunately, the water being rough, the boat ran ashore at Sheerness, and Sir Edward Hales, whose seat was in the neighbourhood, took the opportunity to send his servant up to the Faversham post-office. His livery being recognised, the man was followed to the waterside by a party of ruffians who were waiting about to plunder and molest such of the Catholics, flying from the metropolis to France, as might pass that way. They did nothing to the royal fugitive at the moment, but just as the hoy weighed anchor at about eleven o'clock the same night, this gang of thieves, armed with swords and pistols, rushed on board and seized both his Majesty and Sir Edward Hales.

They had not, it appears, the least idea of the identity of one of their captives, but imagined the King to be either a chaplain of Sir Edward Hales's, or else the famous Jesuit, Father Petre. Sir Edward tried to bribe the leader of the gang, one Ames, with fifty guineas to allow them to escape, but whilst he consented, he also demanded that the King should pay his share. Accordingly, the ill-used monarch had to part with three hundred guineas, which was all the money he had with him, and his watch, only succeeding in saving his coronation ring and three diamond bodkins belonging to the Queen. Ames took the hoy up to Faversham, and placed his Majesty and Sir Edward in an inn for the night, the villagers greeting the "Papists" with execrations and hisses. The following morning a sailor who had served under James when Duke of York, recognised him and begged to be allowed to kiss his hand. The ruffians who had captured him were utterly amazed to find who their prey was, and wanted to return the money they had stolen; this James refused to allow them to do, and only consented to take back his sword and watch. The people of the town, too, were so taken aback as to manifest the most fervent loyalty to their ill-used Sovereign. This was a crucial moment, and had James still possessed the energy of his earlier years he might yet have done much to retrieve his popularity. But troubles and dangers had so told on his mind that he did nothing to sustain the growing enthusiasm of those around him, but only gesticulated and talked vaguely of "a piece of the true Cross which he had lost," and "of the relics of saints"; till at last he collapsed on the ground, bleeding at the nose. During all this time, Londoners were in complete ignorance of the whereabouts of their King. The wildest rumours were rife; and it was not until December 13, that a Kentish peasant appeared at Whitehall with a letter from the King to his Council informing them that he was at Faversham, and required an escort to bring him back to the metropolis. Instantly the royal carriages and the guards were despatched by the few remaining loyal ministers to bring James II. back to his capital, and on the 16th his Majesty re-entered London and proceeded to Whitehall, amid the loud cheers of the people and the ringing of the church bells, preceded by a volunteer guard of honour composed of Court gentlemen; whilst at night the streets were illuminated and there

were bonfires all over the town. The Londoners were not, as it might seem, hypocrites. There is nothing in history to show that the people disliked James personally, and there is everything to hint that he gave great promise of being a really good King, but the people, staunch Protestants as they were, could never stomach his zeal for his own particular religion.

James's day was soon over. His Majesty spent the 17th at Mass and in "touching for the evil." That same night he was roused from sleep to be informed that William of Orange had sent a messenger to inform him "that it was thought convenient for him to leave his palace by ten o'clock the next morning." The poor hunted King's very natural objections to so sudden a dismissal were overruled by the infamous Lord Halifax; and accordingly, on the morning of December 18, 1688, Londoners witnessed the curious spectacle of their Sovereign, attended only by five British noblemen, and although not formally a prisoner, yet escorted by Dutch guards to the Royal Barge, in which he was conveyed to the ship that bore our second James out of his rightful inheritance. The day was stormy and the rain fell in torrents, but every point of vantage was filled with spectators eager to see the strange sight. Universal sympathy was expressed for the King, and numbers were weeping. Good old Royalist that he was, John Evelyn declares it to have been "a sad sight." Owing to the Dutch guards being slow in embarking, James had to sit in the Barge for a long time in the drenching rain, until they were all on board; but the same evening the King reached Gravesend. Even then Lord Dundee, who was one of the faithful few, begged the King to allow him to raise an army to drive the Dutch Prince and his foreign invaders from the throne; but James would not hear of it,—it would, he said, produce civil war, and he preferred that his people, "whom he loved," should be left to see their errors for themselves. On December 22, James II. drew up his formal abdication in the inn at Rochester: it is an almost pathetic document, which betrays none of the intolerant harshness so generally attributed to the last Catholic King of England. On the day following, he embarked on a poor fishing-smack, and reached Boulogne on Christmas Day, December 25 (O.S.), 1688, never to set foot on these shores again. After some years of quiet and dignified existence at

St. Germains, James II. died in Paris at "three o'clock in the afternoon, with a smile on his countenance" (September 4, 1702). A few days later his body was conveyed with scant ceremony to the Church of the English Benedictines in the Rue St. Jacques. It was not buried, but rested in one of the side chapels. Mary of Modena, who attended her husband during his last weary illness, died in the Convent of Chaillot on May 7, 1718, in her sixtieth year. She was a most excellent woman, as beautiful in mind as in person. If Agnes Strickland had never written another line of history than the Biography of this Queen, she would still have the right to rank among the great historians. It is a masterpiece of research and grace. The writer once recommended Robert Browning to read it: a few days later he wrote, "Thanks for your suggestion. The life of Mary of Modena by A. S. is quite delightful—far, far superior to any historical novel I have ever read, unless, indeed, it be *Kenilworth* or *Ivanhoe*, and infinitely better because it bears the impress of truth on every page. Thanks again." The remains of our Stuart Princes and Princesses in Paris were barbarously treated during the Revolution.

In the interregnum between the abdication of James and the entry of William of Orange, the Londoners, as was to be expected, amused themselves by anti-Catholic rioting. They first attacked the chapels, or, as they called them, "Mass Houses"; those in Bucklersbury, Lime Street, "St. James's, near Smithfield," and Sardinia Street, suffering the most. After that they went on to damaging the houses of the wealthier "Papists," and burnt three hundred reams of paper at a Catholic printer's in Blackfriars. They plundered the Spanish Ambassador's mansion (Wild House), destroying papers, and stealing money and jewels indiscriminately. In the West End also the mob did much havoc; they were very anxious to attack the Nuncio, but he had already discreetly retired from the city. At the Florentine Ambassador's in the Haymarket, the ruffians were fired on by one Captain Douglas, who in his turn was "shot in the back, of which," they said, "he lyes languishing." After the mob had been allowed to disport themselves in this fashion for four days, an order was issued threatening penalties on anyone who attempted to riot, "since which time," we learn, "they have been very quiet."

While King James was absent from the metropolis, on his first flight, another attempt to escape was made by one with whom nobody of any shade of opinion had the least sympathy—this was Lord Chancellor Jeffries, Baron of Wem, the author of all the horrors in the West of England. He was believed to have escaped with the King, but was recognised by a clerk in Chancery whilst lolling out of a window in Wapping in the disguise of a sailor. The trained-bands were sent for, and amid the howls of the mob, this "fiend incarnate" was dragged before the Lord Mayor, who was so affected at the idea of having to sit in judgment on the "Nero-cum-Caligula," that he was seized with an apoplectic fit and died shortly afterwards!

Jeffries just evaded the scaffold. A combination of terror at his downfall, fear—for he was an arrant coward—and drink, of which he was allowed large quantities, did the executioner's task, more slowly, but quite as effectually. For a man who had held so much power and who had so brutally abused it, it must have been most galling to go in constant fear of his life, his enemies never ceasing to remind him of his humiliation and his peril. One day, when he thought himself quite forgotten by his friends, a barrel, ostensibly containing oysters—his favourite dish—was brought to him. Rejoicing that one at least had remembered him in his affliction, the quondam judge unpacked his gift, and, lo! found, not what he looked for, but—a halter! The man who had sent so many to cruel deaths, soon disappeared—drowned, so to speak, in "the oceans of Hollands," he was permitted to absorb. The warrant for his burial in the Chapel of the Tower reads as follows: "George, Lord Jeffries, Baron Wem, died 19th April, 1689, at thirty-five minutes past four in the morning." Jeffries' body, which rested for a time in the Tower Chapel, was eventually handed over to his family, and re-interred in the Church of St. Mary Aldermanbury, where the coffin—a handsome one with a large brass plate, bearing a simple inscription—was seen, during alterations in this church, in 1810.

CHAPTER XI

WILLIAM III. AND QUEEN MARY

ON the very day that James II. finally left the metropolis (December 18, 1688), his nephew, the Stadtholder of Holland, William of Orange, entered London and took up his residence at St. James's Palace; and on February 12, 1689, William III. and Mary II. were officially recognised by Parliament to be King and Queen of these Realms. Everyone knew that the right of both Sovereigns to the Throne was altogether apocryphal, had that claim been urged at all; but, as a matter of fact, it was very carefully brushed aside. The usual services in the churches on the 30th January in commemoration of King Charles the First's execution, were omitted this year, or the prayers were curtailed. The new monarchs were not particularly popular, and the King became still less so as the masses grew familiar with his personal appearance, for he was small, shrivelled, and ill-tempered looking, whereas her Majesty was a tall, well-proportioned, and distinctly handsome woman of good manners. There was plenty of outward rejoicing at the course of events, but a good deal of unpleasant comment in the taverns and other like public places, and, indeed, even in the houses of the great. Many of the clergy, too, although opposed to James's "Popery," did not care for the new King and Queen, and, after entering their protest against the revolution, the Archbishop of Canterbury retired to Lambeth and made no appearance at Court for some weeks. There was another reason which, no doubt, influenced the clergy to alienate themselves from the King; William, whilst Prince of Orange, had distinguished himself as a brave soldier, but his private life could not bear close investigation—a fact which is made sufficiently clear in the Memoirs of

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, FROM LUDGATE CIRCUS

"Madame," Duchess of Orleans, the lady who, after the unfortunate Henrietta Anne Stuart, daughter of Charles I., had been poisoned, succeeded her in the uncomfortable position of Monsieur's wife. Then, again, the new King was ungracious,—Evelyn says he was "wonderfull serious and silent,"—spoke English with a horrible accent, and from the first showed that he hated all men who were not Dutch. On one occasion, at a Newmarket race meeting, King William so far forgot himself as to strike an English gentleman, who rode before him by mistake, with his horsewhip; an action which was wittily described as "the only blow he had ever struck for supremacy in his Kingdoms."

The Queen, too, offended common decency and good taste the first moment she got inside Whitehall, by ransacking the cupboards and drawers, looking into every nook and corner to see what she could find, and even lifting the quilts to test their quality. Evelyn thought her Majesty "to be of a good nature, though she takes nothing to heart." Sarah of Marlborough, who was already the best friend of the Princess Anne, tells with considerable bitterness the story of the new Queen's behaviour on her first entering Whitehall; Burnet, on the contrary, makes the best he can of it. People who had read or seen *King Lear* began to liken the Queen and her sister to Regan and Goneril—and, like those two viragos, Mary and Anne were at daggers drawn and remained so to the end. Anne was the worst of the two, being the less able and reticent. She industriously did her best to spread the report that her brother, the Prince of Wales, was illegitimate, and to ruin the good fame of her exiled stepmother, Mary of Modena. Anne, apparently, cared very little as to what became of her father and his wife, whereas Mary never ceased to occupy herself about their creature comforts at least, though this did not prevent her acceptance of their Throne and Crown. The clergy soon began to find another grievance against "Dutch Will and his wife"—their ultra-Protestantism. On the second Sunday after their arrival in London, they issued an order condemning the violins, the harps, and the singers that had hitherto proved so inspiring during Divine Service in the Chapel Royal. The King went a step further, and insisted upon wearing his hat in church, after the Dutch fashion. Finally, he

used to go to sleep and snore during the sermon. When it came to "touching for the evil," he refused to join in "such silly superstition," and went off to Hampton Court to avoid the function; whereupon some three hundred afflicted people followed him to his retreat and clamoured to be admitted into his presence. "Tell the poor wretches," said his Majesty, "I can no more cure their evil than I can fly; and give them some money." The Queen, it seems, was less obdurate, and "touched" in the chapel at Whitehall some of the poor people who came back on purpose. The coolness existing between the clergy and the Crown at this time is further suggested by the fact that the only ecclesiastical function of any splendour in this reign was the Thanksgiving for the Peace of Ryswick in St. Paul's (December 2, 1697), which was the first service that took place in the new Cathedral.

The coronation of William and Mary on April 11, 1689, was a quaint function, and was attended by many mishaps. The usual procession from the Tower was omitted, and, indeed, the two Sovereigns did not leave Whitehall simultaneously. In the middle of Queen Mary's toilet arrived the news of her father, James the Second's, landing in Ireland, which so affected her Majesty that she straightway fainted. William, however, did not wait for his distressed consort, but started off at ten o'clock in the morning in his Royal Barge, being rowed from Whitehall to Parliament Stairs, whence he proceeded to an apartment known as the "Prince's Chamber," which was always used as a robing-room on these occasions, where he awaited the Queen. By the time Mary had recovered from her faint an hour had elapsed, but she arrived at last, having been carried in her chair, wearing her robes and a circlet of gold and precious stones, through the Privy Garden and Cannon Row to the state room in Westminster Hall, where she rested till all was ready for the ceremony. Their Majesties then proceeded to the "Painted Chamber," where the heralds called over the peeresses, the peers being named in the House of Lords at the same time. The number of the aristocracy present was very small, and only five bishops and four judges appeared. The Archbishop of Canterbury was still "sulking" at Lambeth, so his place was taken by Compton, Bishop of London, supported by the Bishop of St. Asaph and

the Bishop of Rochester, the Bishops of Durham and Bath and Wells, the other usual supporters being absent. Besides the few peers present, the entire House of Commons attended for the first time: George of Denmark headed the nobility, and Princess Anne, a stout, uncomfortable-looking figure in crimson velvet, was also present. It is said that the Princess remarked to the Queen, "I pity you, Madam, your fatigue must be great." "Bah!" quoth the Queen, "a Crown, sister, is not as heavy as it seems."

The ceremony opened with a ridiculous muddle, for when the King and Queen knelt at the altar rails to make the usual offertory of twenty guineas presented in a silk envelope, it was found that, though the silk purse was there all right, the money was not. There was an awkward pause, as the Treasurer looked at the Lord Chamberlain, and the Lord Chamberlain found he had no money, as neither had the King nor the Queen, and the gold plate was about to be returned empty, when Lord Danby produced the required amount from his own purse and the difficulty was thus overcome. After both Sovereigns had kissed the Bible simultaneously, Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, preached a sermon, or, rather, a fierce diatribe against the Queen's father! William and Mary were not anointed together, but the Bishop of London poured the holy oil on the head of the King first, and on that of his consort afterwards; indeed, his Majesty appropriated to himself all the pomp of the ceremony, Queen Mary being neither invested with the sword, the spurs, nor the armilla, to which, as Queen Regnant, she was entitled. When the sword was offered at the altar, however, it was borne by both the monarchs, a spectacle which rather amused than impressed the onlookers, as Mary was tall, stout, and well-built, William was diminutive, and the sword was immense! His Majesty had to content himself with a newly-made coronation ring, as James II. had carried off the ancient one.

What with the delay occasioned by the Queen's fainting-fit, and the mistake about the offertory, it was about four o'clock and almost dark by the time the Court re-entered Westminster Hall. There was some mysterious incident connected with the Champion's challenge at this coronation. A rumour was current

in London that when Dymoke[1] threw down his gauntlet, an old woman on crutches came out of the crowd of spectators, picked it up, and replaced it by a lady's glove, containing an answer to the Challenge, and appointing Hyde Park as a *rendezvous*. Whether this was really the case none could say, but it is very certain that some such occurrence took place, for Lamberty, the Chronicler of this coronation, says that "as the light in Westminster Hall had utterly failed, no person could distinguish what was done." The Londoners even went so far as to say that a well-armed gentleman paced up and down on the scene of the supposed place of meeting from two to four on the following day, but as the Champion did not put in an appearance, he was obliged to retire without bloodshed.

William III. had no artistic sense whatever, and cared little for painting, music, or drama. His only recreation was his garden, which he cultivated in the Dutch style, "very formal." Of Mary, also, it is said that she did not know one picture from another, and had little or no ear for music. She patronised the Court painter, Sir Godfrey Kneller, it is true, and, remembering that her sister, Princess Anne, had been instrumental in obtaining Lely to paint the beauties of Charles the Second's Court, she got Kneller to portray those of her own; but she managed it unskilfully, and mortally offended those ladies omitted from her list. Being informed that it would be becoming of her to patronise the great composer, Purcell, the Queen invited him to play before her. He brought with him Mrs. Robinson, the greatest singer of the day, and together they favoured their royal patroness with some of the very choicest harmony. The unmusical Queen found this wearisome, however, and asked Purcell to play a jig, and Mrs. Robinson to sing a ballad.

The best index to the artistic instincts of William and Mary are the various commemorative medals issued in their reign. Some of these were painfully realistic, for even towards the end of her life Mary did not object to being represented exactly as she was—very *embonpoint*, and with a tremendous double chin! On other medals, William appeared as a lion catching and scattering the feathers of the Gallic cock, and even of a number of hens!

[1] Sir Charles Dymoke, William and Mary's Champion, was either the son of James the Second's, or else the same individual; it is not clear which.

The most extraordinary medal of all, however, was one struck in Holland to commemorate the execution of Grandval, who conspired aginst "Dutch Will" in his native land; it was widely distributed in England also. The obverse depicts William in his wig surrounded by laurels; but the reverse is ornamented by a vivid representation of the traitor's death! The executioner is seen standing over Grandval with a knife in his hand, whilst at the victim's head and feet are fires, in one of which the heart is to be burnt. The front of the scaffold bears the inscription and date, the rest of the medal being garnished with the head and fore-quarters of the traitor. It is, in all, a ghastly work of art never equalled in pagan times!

His inartistic Majesty hated Whitehall and St. James's Palace from the first, and soon cast about for another and more convenient residence, with, possibly, less unpleasant and intimate memories. Finding no London Palace, not even Somerset House, to his taste, he bought an old mansion with twenty-six acres of ground attached to it, situated in the suburb of Kensington, and belonging to Daniel Finch, second Earl of Nottingham. Evelyn, who saw the house after William had bought it, described it as "a patch'd (up) building." It was all burnt down in a brief but very fierce fire in November 1691, with the exception of the royal apartments, where the King and Queen were at the time; when William first heard the roar of the fire, he thought some enemies, probably the "Papists," were attacking the Palace, and he was about to gird on his sword and fly to the rescue, when he was informed that a bucket of water would be of more use than his presence. Mary lived a great deal at Kensington Palace, but she did not abandon Whitehall; she delighted also in Hampton Court, which still retains some relics of her botanical collection, especially a certain venerable Agave, *Americana variegata*, or "Century Plant," which, after having persistently refused to bloom for nearly two hundred years, put forth flowers in 1889. There is a bower, too, at Hampton Court called after Queen Mary. Her consort, also, favoured Hampton Court to such an extent that he destroyed Henry the Eighth's beautiful and interesting part of the Palace, and rebuilt it in Dutch style after the designs of Wren. He added to the gardens, and there is a curious drawing extant of his wonderfully formal tulip plot; some "William

III." "screens" of handsome ironwork have lately been re-erected in that part of the grounds which overlooks the Thames. Whilst we may question the taste of the *ensemble* of the rebuilt Hampton Court, there can be no doubt that the details are excessively fine; Grinling Gibbons carved the stone, William Emmett the wood work, and Gabriel Cibber was the sculptor, whilst Largillière painted the "Labours of Hercules." Far more beautiful, either than these or the ironwork already mentioned, were Jean Tigou's twelve glorious wrought iron "screens" and gates, possibly the finest in Europe, unless those by Amour in the Grande Place at Nancy surpass them. These are now in the South Kensington Museum, whence, let us pray, with learned Mr. Ernest Law, author of the *History of Hampton Court Palace*, that they may be speedily removed, once more to adorn the place they were originally intended to. It is true they were taken thence with a purpose; the nascent Museum was in want of fine works of art to justify its existence; but there is now no earthly reason why they should remain there any longer.

During this reign, London sustained one of its greatest losses, from an antiquarian point of view, this was the burning of Whitehall, of which we have already spoken. The first fire, which took place in 1691, and resulted from a servant throwing down a lighted candle-end, destroyed the Stone Gallery, which formed the east side of the Privy Garden, and the apartments which had belonged to the Duchess of Portsmouth, in Charles's time; it blazed from eight in the evening till four the next morning. The second fire, which left us only the Banqueting Hall as the relic of the Palace of the Tudors and Stuarts, broke out on January 2, 1698, owing to the carelessness of a Dutch laundress who left some clothes to dry in front of a fire, and it lasted seventeen hours. The damage done was irreparable, many parts of the Palace being blown up to prevent the fire spreading: over a thousand royal apartments—including the Guard Room, the Wardrobe, the Treasury, the Privy Council Office, the Secretary of State's office, and the Chapel—were completely burnt out. Besides this, numerous pictures and relics of bygone monarchs disappeared, with over one hundred and fifty houses or lodgings of the nobility; and twelve persons, including the woman whose foolishness caused the conflagration, are supposed to have

perished. Of all the vast mass of buildings which had been the scene of Wolsey's pomp, the "Merrie Monarch's" gaieties, and James the Second's "Papistry" and flight, only the Banqueting Hall remained. As Evelyn put it in his Diary—

"2. January. Whitehall burnt: nothing but walls and ruins left."

If there was but little pageantry or pomp in the reign of William and Mary, there was, on the other hand, great commercial activity. The East India Company received much help from the King; and in 1693, a Bill was passed regulating its trade, and incorporating with the older organisation a new and more vigorous Company. Under the old *régime* this important corporation had been a sort of monopoly in the hands of five members, one of whom, the celebrated Sir Josiah Child, managed to extract therefrom not less than £20,000 per annum. The new Company enlarged its sphere of action and introduced a great number of shareholders, with the result that it produced, in ten years, an increase of nearly 50 per cent. per annum on the value of the original stock. In the next century the name of Child became familiar in the banking world, and the family, by its alliance with the Winchesters, poured part of its immense wealth into the pockets of the Earls of Jersey.

The Bank of England came into being under William and Mary. Its foundation was proposed by Mr. William Paterson, a Scotchman, in 1691, and being financed by a company of Whig merchants with the King's sanction, it was incorporated on July 27, 1694, Paterson being a Director for the first year only. At first there were fifty-four persons employed, the Governor being Sir John Houblon, whose house and gardens stood on the site now occupied by the Bank itself. Business was transacted, in the beginning, at the Mercers' Hall, then in the Grocers' Hall, and next in the Poultry. Even in 1757, the Bank premises were small, being surrounded by St. Christopher-le-Stock's Church, since pulled down, and some other buildings. In 1766, a scheme was started for erecting a structure worthy to house "the richest and most important monetary establishment in the world," and to Sir John Soane was entrusted the designing and completion of the present building, whose plan, oddly enough,

was suggested by the Temple of the Sun and Moon at Rome, and by that of the Sybil at Tivoli. The entrance to the Bullion Yard is copied from the Arch of Constantine, and is enriched with allegories of the Thames and the Ganges, reminiscent of those on the Tiber statue at the Vatican. In a word, the Bank, which is too low to be imposing, is a sort of classical *pot-pourri*, suggested by many fine things, but equal to none of them!

King William does not appear to have favoured the city proper with his august presence very frequently; one of these rare occasions being after his return from the Battle of La Hogue, in 1692. Money was scarce after the war, and it was deemed advisable to keep on good terms with the city magnates who had the disposal of it; accordingly a grand banquet was arranged at the Guildhall on November 11, at which both their Majesties were present. Shortly afterwards, also, there was another banquet to both monarchs at the Tower, in the now destroyed armoury, which, commenced by James II., had just been completed. The notable fact about this festivity was the appearance of the chief architects and their workmen in Masonic costume, with white aprons and gloves.

If Mary II. made an undignified entry into Whitehall by behaving herself like "a common housewife in search of household scraps," she left this world *en reine*, passing away with more than dignity—with majesty. On November 9, 1694, the Queen went to Margate to meet William, fresh from his Continental triumphs, and bring him to London amid a veritable ovation that lasted all the way from the seashore to Whitehall. Within a week, Tillotson, Archbishop of Canterbury, died suddenly, and Dr. Tenison was appointed in his place. Nothing had so disturbed Mary for many years as the death of the former prelate, who had been a good friend to her; and after making an unsuccessful effort to get her favourite, Dr. Stillingfleet—who was too "High Church" to please William—nominated for the Archiepiscopacy, she fell into a languor, which made her realise that her end must be near, especially when it was discovered that her disease was really the small-pox, then raging in London. Her sister Anne, with whom she had been at daggers drawn for years, offered to come to her, but she entreated her not to run the risk; she herself was childless, but Anne had at least one son living

of that numerous progeny who sleep with her in Westminster Abbey. The Queen spent an evening burning all her papers, and prepared for death with splendid dignity. The King, who had been none too faithful, never left her bedside now, and so passionate was his expression of grief at her "happy departure" that he fainted three times in one hour. It was even feared he would lose his reason; yet through all their married life he had treated the poor lady very coldly,—"as if she had been a stranger." Mary died on December 28, 1694 (O.S.), at Kensington Palace, in the thirty-third year of her age, and the sixth of her reign. The entire country went into external mourning with all the vigour with which such sad events were usually commemorated in those days, and the theatres were closed for six weeks.

Whilst preparations for the funeral were being made, her Majesty's body lay in state, as we learn from a broad-sheet which was sold in the streets on the day of the funeral, and which is now in the author's collection. This states that "the Queene leying in stoite who departed this life the 28 December, 1694, to the great greefe of all good Subjects" was the "gudliest loidye that ever lived." Being assured of this fact we shall, no doubt, peruse the following "complaynte" with interest:—

"With mourning pen and melting oise
With bleeding arts and sobbin cries
Here lament the lorse of one,
Who was the brightness of the throne.
Our lors is her eternal gain,
And yet we cannot but comploin
As having lorst the sweetest Queen
As ever in this Realm was seen."

Above this effusion is a wood-cut representation of Mary's effigy, in her royal robes, crown on head and orb in hand. The catafalque is of classical design, with eight pillars and four huge tufts of black plumes at the corners. An iron rail surrounds the erection, and on either side are two tall candles in big candlesticks, and five mourners, one of whom has ascended the steps and is thus able to contemplate the figure at leisure. The sheet is printed and "sould" by John Overton "att the White Horse without Newgayte."

Mary's funeral, on March 5, 1694–95, was the first ever

attended by both Houses of Parliament, as well as by the Lord Mayor and Corporation. Some idea of the magnificence of the scene inside Whitehall during the lying-in-state, may be derived from the statement that there were 300 glass chandeliers, with 100 wax candles in each suspended from the roof, and that there were nearly as many more round the catafalque. No doubt the whole pageant was suggested by the kind of elaborate funerals which took place in France under Louis XIV., of which we possess many engravings, and which frequently cost immense sums of money. Dr. Tenison preached the funeral oration in the King's presence; the Princess Anne headed the many mourners, among whom several thousand yards of black cloth were distributed. Two hundred poor old women in mourning walked in the procession, each of whom received a black gown. A pretty incident is related of this funeral; a robin redbreast, fluttering into the Abbey, and settling itself on the hearse of the departed Queen, refused to leave it.

There was one incident in this otherwise rather dreary joint reign which roused Londoners to the greatest excitement: this was the Jacobite plot of 1696, by which time William III. was reigning alone. As early as 1694, two emissaries of James's party had come to London, seeking to contrive the overthrow of "Dutch Will" in favour of their master, but before they could effect much mischief they were both promptly sent to the Tower. In 1695, the Duke of Berwick, James's son, and Sir George Barclay, a rather feeble conspirator, arrived on the same nefarious mission. The assassination of William would have resulted in an interregnum, during which it was intended that a French army should invade England and restore James II. to his heritage. The Duke of Berwick concerned himself solely with the latter proposal, but Barclay set about making arrangements for the King's murder; to which end he consulted a Catholic named Charnock, formerly an officer in James's army, who introduced Sir John Friend, a wealthy Jacobite brewer. He in his turn produced a drunken bully named George Porter, who, together with a curious collection of men — amongst whom were a Captain Fisher, who lived in King Street, Westminster, a French gambler named De la Rue, and Thomas Keyes, a bugler in the Blues, the most strongly Jacobite regiment—formed a group of

conspirators united under the leadership of Barclay. This gentleman usually met them at the Piazza, at Covent Garden, then a disreputable spot; hence this conspiracy is sometimes termed the "Covent Garden Plot." After a great deal of discussion as to how the murderous act should be carried out, it was at length decided to do it on Saturday, February 15, 1696, when, it was ascertained, the King was going hunting, and would return in his coach, crossing the river at Turnham Green in the ferry-boat without leaving his carriage, and would drive from the water-side unguarded, until his escort overtook him. The conspirators, some thirty-five strong, were to be placed on the north bank of the river in detached companies, so as to intercept his Majesty when his guards were still behind and he could make no defence; Barclay himself was actually to do the deed. Meanwhile, the preparations for the invasion were going successfully forward; the Duke of Berwick had a fleet lying off Calais, ready to start for England the moment the King's death should be announced by beacons from the Kentish Hills. But on the evening of the 14th, a Catholic gentleman from Hampshire, named Pendergrast, who was acquainted with Porter,—the latter having asked him to join in the regicidal scheme, an offer he immediately rejected,—appeared before Lord Portland, and begged him to dissuade the King from hunting on the following day, as, he said, he knew of a plot against his Majesty's life, although he could give no names or details; only, "it was against his religion to see a murder done, without giving a warning." When, on the Saturday, the conspirators learnt that William was not going out, they were considerably alarmed, but as the Government very wisely made no attempt to find them, their fears were soon lulled, and they decided that the assassination must take place on Saturday, 22nd February, the next occasion on which his Majesty would hunt. But on that day also he did not go forth, and the plotters perforce stayed at Porter's lodgings, drowning their growing fears in deep potations, and drinking to "the squeezing of the rotten Orange."

Their hopes were never fulfilled; for that very night three of the leading conspirators—Charnock, Rookwood, and Bernardi—were arrested in their beds, and next morning seventeen more were taken by the King's officers in various parts of London,

together with three of the disaffected Horse Guards; Barclay himself fled to France. All was now over; George Porter, the bully already mentioned, turned King's evidence, and another plotter named Knightley was discovered in a garret dressed up as an old lady. On Monday, February 24, the King drove to Westminster and announced the plot to the assembled Lords and Commons, for up to this time both the Parliament and the people had been unaware of the striking events which were taking place in secret under their very noses. The excitement was immense, the people, who had disliked the Dutch King at first, now rallying round him as their sole safeguard against James II. and "Popery"; as Evelyn says, "Tho' many did formerly pity King James's condition this plot was like to produce a more perfect establishment of William." On March 11, Charnock, Keyes, and a man named King, were tried at the Old Bailey and found guilty, being executed at Tyburn on the 18th. On April 3, Sir John Friend and Sir John Perkins suffered on the same spot, and divers other conspirators soon followed; as people said at the time, "there never was such a Temple Bar till now"—in other words, the Bar had never been so fully garnished with human remains. A curious occurrence took place at the execution of Friend and Perkins, for on the scaffold, the famous Church of England clergyman, Jeremy Collier, went so far as to give the two conspirators full absolution of their sins; this being against the tenets of the Established Church, gave rise to considerable trouble, which ended in Collier's outlawry.

On February 21, 1702, nine years after his consort's death, and after he had done much good work, but blurred his otherwise good fame as a monarch by his conduct in the affair of Glencoe, William III., whilst riding to Hampton Court was thrown from his horse, sustaining a broken collar-bone and other injuries. He was taken on into the Palace, where the bone was set, but, instead of resting, his Majesty insisted on riding back to Kensington Palace, where, as he had many Bills to sign and his hand was much swollen, he was obliged to use a stamp. Amongst these Bills was one for the attainder of the Prince of Wales, otherwise the Pretender. On Sunday, March 8, William III. passed away in his fifty-second year, and the thirteenth of his reign. When the corpse was opened it was found that he had suffered from

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an adhesion of the lungs to one side, and that when he fell from his horse, they were violently torn away, with fatal result. Again Princess Anne behaved abominably. Says the Duchess of Marlborough, "When the King came to die, I felt nothing of the satisfaction which I once thought I should have had on this occasion; and my Lord and Lady Jersey's writing and sending perpetually to give an account to Princess Anne as his breath grew shorter and shorter, filled me with horror." William had heaped honours on these ghoulish messengers of Anne Stuart, and this the Duchess doubtless remembered. Bishop Burnet was with the King to the end, praying and reading to him—he needed praying for; so he made a good end, thanking his servants for their services, and bidding good-bye to Bentinck, Duke of Portland, and to Albemarle, and the Duke of Ormond, as if he was going on a journey; and so he was—only he never returned. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, his funeral, which took place on April 12, costing as many hundreds of pounds as his wife's had cost thousands. William sleeps in the same vault as Charles II., but no monument marks the place, as none was ever erected over any of the sovereigns of the House of Stuart, save only Mary Queen of Scots.

Throughout the entire seventeenth century, and, indeed, up to comparatively modern times, anti-Catholic demonstrations were never absent for long from the London streets, though generally—when there was no particular need for violent actions, such as chapel breaking and house wreckings—they were peaceful enough, merely affording a capital incentive to "true blue Protestant" rioters. Even when James was Duke of York he did not escape the popular dislike for "Popery," though, as we have said elsewhere, the full extent of his intentions was not then understood. Thus, in the days of Charles II., on November 17, 1680, the anniversary of Queen Elizabeth's accession, a grand procession was organised in London in mockery of the Arch-Traitor, James, (afterwards King James II., and then Duke of York), and the head Ingineer, (the Pope), not only of our civil combinations, but also of the lamentable firing of this famous mother city of our country." The procession opened with the Captain of the Pope's Guard on horseback, followed by ten pioneers in red coats and caps, who with staves and truncheons cleared the

way for the main body. A bellman followed, crying in a thundering voice, "Remember Justice Godfrey." Then—according to a contemporary pamphlet entitled, *The Solemn Mock Procession, or the Tryal and Execution of the Pope and his Ministers on the 17th of November at Temple Bar*, 1680—came the "dead, bloody corpse of Sir Edmund Bury Godfrey on horseback," followed by "a Jesuit with a bloody dagger in his hand." Next, carried by "two personages" came a banner representing the "Jesuits at Wild House (the Spanish Embassy) all hanging on a gibbet." This was succeeded by an "abhorrer" on horseback, with his face to the tail, and another man bearing a banner with the words, "We Protestants in masquerade usher in Popery." The second part of the show represented four Franciscan Friars, two being Capuchins in grey russet gowns and long cowls, the other two being Minorites, "a diminutive species of these Franciscan birds," as the old book has it. Then, two Dominican "bouncing" Friars and four Jesuits "in black hoods and garb suitable to their manners, with high collars, mounting up about their necks like a pasty crust." Next marched two Archbishops and two Bishops "in full *pontificalibus*." The third pageant represented "two patriarchs and two Cardinals in pure scarlet vestments, being next cousins to the scarlet —— of Babylon." Then came his Holiness' Master of the Ceremonies, bearing the Pope's triple cross, distributing indulgences and crying aloud, "Here you may have Heaven for money." The fourth pageant represented "Anti-Christ himself"—*alias* the Pope—in his triple crown, inscribed in front, "Mystery," holding two keys, and "pretending to be of a place he is never likely to get into." Kings and Princes lay at his feet, together with the "many crowns and sceptres that he arrogates the disposal of." The procession closed with a representation of the Inquisition, "a poor martyr condemned before them, dragged to a stake environed with faggots to burn him, the space round about strewed and hemmed with racks and instruments of torture." "In this fatal pomp" the procession set out from Whitechapel Bars and on through Bishopsgate, Cornhill, Cheapside, and Ludgate, till it came to Temple Bar, where the Pope was condemned to be burnt "with all his fry before Queen Bess's throne." There had been a somewhat similar procession, with the same ending, in

the preceding year, but it was not so long, the only notable thing being a number of devils who were represented as flitting about the Papal throne.

Seventeenth-century Lord Mayors' shows were very curious functions. Some, it is true, were highly artistic, but, on the other hand, others would not be tolerated at the present day, they were so utterly ridiculous. Such a show was that which took place in 1674, when there was a pageant in which St. Dunstan, in his "prelatical dignity," appeared seated on a platform, whilst behind the holy man stood Orpheus and Amphion, and on either side "the Cham of Tartary and the Grand Turk"! Near by was a group of goldsmiths at work, the pageant being organised by that Company. The Devil suddenly appearing on the scene, St. Dunstan took up a pair of tongs and caught him by the nose, whereupon the goldsmiths set to work, "singing and beating time on the anvil." Their merriment brought up some "Roman lictors," who were followed by "green men, swabs, satyrs, and attendants innumerable,"—in all, about the most incongruous collection ever seen together on a platform!

But by far the most imposing municipal pageant of this century was organised in 1680. At an early hour on the appointed day, a number of gentlemen-ushers in velvet coats, a detachment of the King's trumpeters, javelin-men, pensioners, and poor persons in "azure gowns"; "foyns bachelors," "budge bachelors," the City Marshal, "all Lord Mayors in the potential mood" (whatever that may mean), the Aldermen and the new Lord Mayor, assembled in the Merchant Tailors' Hall, from whence they proceeded to the Guildhall, where they picked up the retiring Mayor and went on in procession to the Three Cranes Wharf, whence they took boat to Westminster. After the newly-elected Mayor had distributed alms here, he returned to Blackfriars, being there greeted by a volley from the Artillery Company "in their martial ornaments." A procession was then formed and marched back to the Guildhall; halts being made *en route* to witness various pageants. The first, in Cheapside, consisted of a stage on which "Indians in golden robes and coronets," mounted on "lively carved camels," represented Treasure and "Traffic." Another pageant, exhibited Royalty; a figure with black curled hair, an Imperial crown, and collar of SS. depicted Sovereignty,

whilst near by stood Nobility, Honour, and Integrity. At a little lower stage was "an Ancient English Hero" with a quiver of arrows and a spear. The pageant in Milk Street consisted of a richly attired Indian Prince, as the representative of Power. He was attended by "a seraphim-like creature," whose beauty must have been quite beyond description, since the old writer tells us nothing of it. Here, too, was "Harmonia, a lady of great gravity, with a masculine aspect, gowned in a green velvet robe," —in fact a sort of classic New Woman! Other pageants represented "a ship called Patience," and a triumphal Ionic arch forming "the Palace of Pleasure," in which sat several ladies "in perspicuous situations," who depicted such contrasting passions as Jollity, Violence, Emotion, Tumult, Peace, Slaughter, etc. Near by was a man with "a tunable voice," who sang some verses in praise of the Merchant Tailors' Corporation, to which the new Lord Mayor belonged. One verse ran—

"When Adam and Eve out of Eden were hurl'd,
They were at that time king and queen of the world:
Yet this royal couple were forced to play
The Taylers, and put themselves in green Array:
For Modesty and for Necessity's Sake,
They had Figs for the Palate and Leaves for the Back:
And afterwards clothing of Sheep-skins they made.
Then judge if a Tayler's was not the first Trade,
The oldest Profession: and they are but Raylers,
Who scoff and deride men that be Merchant Taylers."

After parading the streets, the company proceeded to the Guildhall, where "a sober person with a good voice" sang such inspiriting compositions as "The Protestant's Exhortation," and "The Plotting Papist's Litany," which latter began with the following verse:—

"Joyntly then wee'l agree,
To sing a Litany,
And let the burden be,
Ora pro nobis."

There were ten stanzas of this sort of thing, and not one whit better!

But nothing can have equalled the quaintness of the pageant organised by the Skinners' Company in James the Second's time,

when Mr. Thomas Pilkington[1] was installed Lord Mayor. This consisted of "a wilderness, haunted with all manner of wild beasts and birds, as wolves, bears, leopards, and beavers: likewise dogs, cats, foxes, and rabbits, which, tost up now and then into a balcony, fell oft upon the company's heads, and by them again tost into the crowd, afforded great diversion: melodious harmony likewise allayed the fury of the wild beasts, which were continually moving, dancing, curvetting and tumbling to the music." The reader will remember that a like show of "beasts" was represented at the coronation of Richard II.; one fancies they can only have been "wild" after the manner of the famous "live lion stuffed with straw" which used to appear at country fairs to frighten old women and excite childish wonderment.

Sometimes, even now, in out-of-the-way city streets, you may see a group of youngsters playing at hobby-horse—the boy-horse bedecked with a sort of calico petticoat, and its rider wearing a helmet made out of an old newspaper and plentifully decorated with tissue-paper feathers. Does the Liliputian horse or its rider realise that it is reproducing, in a minor key, those hobby-horse parodies of a tournament that so delighted their remote forebears? The urchins who, at Christmas time, beseech the passer-by to "remember the gwoter" little dream that the "gwoter" or "grotto" was originally meant for the Stable at Bethlehem—and belongs to a pretty custom played by little Londoners long before Martin Luther was born or thought of.

The seventeenth century witnessed the introduction in our midst of the immortal Punch and Judy show, which Mr. Evelyn witnessed for the first time on August 21, 1667, and described as "the famous Italian puppet play." To-day Punch, proudly boasting royal patronage, is more frequently seen at garden-parties than in blind lanes and no-thoroughfare alleys. Still he survives the ravages of time to become in his old age exclusive—even aristocratic; so that Dog Toby now looks down disdainfully on a plebeian audience, and reserves himself for a sylvan parterre of duchesses, histrions, and millionaires in the Botanical Gardens,

[1] This Mr. Pilkington was knighted at the coronation of William and Mary, at the same time that two notable personages were raised to the peerage —Mr. Bentinck being created Earl of Portland, and John Churchill Duke of Marlborough.

or even in those of Marlborough House or Buckingham Palace. With the seventeenth century, too, came to these foggy lands the illustrious Italian quartette of Harlequin, Pantaloon, Clown, otherwise *Brighella*, and Columbine. They first appeared in Paris with amazing success, and wandering northward, took London by storm early in Charles the Second's reign. Since those bygone times, they have elected to remain with us, and although their laughter-provoking antics have been considerably curtailed of late, their coming is still anxiously awaited by the little ones. Long may they endure to bring pleasant memories to the old, and laughing jollity to the young!

In a more material manner, also, the seventeenth century was an era of improvement. Shortly after the Great Fire an ingenious plan for the illumination of London was inaugurated, mainly at the instance, and, indeed, at the expense, of Mr. Edmund Heming, to whom Charles II. granted Letters Patent "for the enjoyment of the profits that should arise thereby." He placed a light in front of every tenth house, on each side of the way if the street were wide enough, otherwise, on one side only. By the end of the century, the whole town was fairly well lighted by Heming's successors, and, consequently, "dangerous nocturnal attacks and adventures, and robbers," were greatly diminished, both in number and violence.

The regulation of ferries, and the hire of boats to convey passengers across the Thames, were reorganised in William and Mary's time, when, independently of fifteen ferries, there were three thousand boats of various sizes plying for hire at the stairs, or landing-places, on the river banks. The prices varied, but the average fare seems to have been 6d. a mile for each passenger, and 1d. across the river from shore to shore. To go from London to Gravesend cost 4s. 6d.; from London to Richmond, 5s.; and from London to Hampton Court, 7s. per passenger.

After the Fire, a system of insurance for houses was introduced with considerable success. The rates were as follows: for a brick house, 6s. per £100 per annum for one year, 18s. for three years, and "double that amount for a timber house." If the house was wholly destroyed, the amount it was insured for was to be handed over to the owner within two years,—"as per agreement,"—but if it were merely injured, the insurance office paid

for its renovation. The capital of our earliest insurance office was £60,000. The Great Fire also brought about the creation of a fairly well-organised Fire Brigade, but the "machinery and engines"—though much praised by the Press of the period for their "ingenuity"—were very primitive and clumsy, as, indeed, such appliances usually were until well into the nineteenth century.

More remarkable yet was the organisation of a practical system of coach, carrier, and waggon communication, "to and from the metropolis and every important city in the Kingdom." The coaches and "carriers" were exclusively intended for passengers, light luggage, and parcels; the waggons for heavy goods. The *London Intelligencer* for 1673 informs us that "Mr. Samuell Wibber's coach will leave the 'Three Cups' in Bond Street on Tuesdays and Fridays for Bristol, and the return coach will arrive at the said 'Three Cups' on Wednesdays and Saturdays." Other coaches and waggons left for the same destination twice or three times a week from Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, and the "King's Arms," Holborn Bridge. There were about four hundred coaches and about five hundred waggons running on the high-roads through the country. Six coaches went regularly from London to York, starting from the "Black Swan" in Holborn, the "Bear" in Basinghall Street, the "Red Lion" in Aldersgate Street, and the "Three Tuns" in Bishopsgate. At York the passengers for the North were met by other coaches, which conveyed them through Durham and Berwick to Scotland, as far as Edinburgh, the journey taking about a week from start to finish. For gentlemen riding in haste, there was yet another mode of locomotion, that is, by the post-horses, which, being used as relays by the post-boys, were always ready at certain inns at a charge of 3d. a mile.

Two means of conveying letters were established in the metropolis in the reign of William and Mary,—the General Post, which dealt with the correspondence for the provinces and the Continent, and the Penny Post, which undertook the delivery of letters in the London district only. The General Post Office—which maintained fourteen officials, besides a Postmaster-General—stood in Lombard Street. The posts left London for France on Mondays and Thursdays; for Germany on Mondays

Tuesdays, and Fridays; for Italy on Mondays, Thursdays, and Fridays; for Spain on Mondays and Thursdays; for Belgium (Flanders), Mondays and Fridays; for Holland, Tuesdays and Fridays; Sweden and Denmark, Mondays, Tuesdays, and Fridays; for Kent "and the Downs," Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; and for the rest of Great Britain and Ireland on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. Letters were "returned from all parts of Great Britain every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday"; from Kent, every day; "but from other parts more uncertain, in regard of the sea." The charge for a whole sheet of paper was 2d., for two whole sheets 4d., and for a letter weighing an ounce 8d., if conveyed eighty miles. Over that distance, a letter of one sheet was charged 3d., two sheets 6d., and one ounce 1s. The charges for transmission to Dublin were 1s. for an ounce; the charges for the Continent were—to Paris, one sheet 9d., double sheet 1s. 6d., treble sheet 2s. 6d.; to Hamburg, Cologne, and Frankfort, 2s. per ounce; Venice, Genoa, Rome, Naples, and all Italy, viâ Venice, 2s. 8d. an ounce; to Smyrna, Aleppo, and "all parts of Turkey," a single sheet 1s., double 2s., 1 oz. 2s. 8d. The charges were somewhat disproportionate; it was, for instance, more expensive to send letters to either Nuremburg, Leipzig, or Dantzic, than to send them to Constantinople—the fee for the former towns being, ¾ oz. 3s., 1 oz. 4s. There were about two hundred Deputy Post-masters in Great Britain, who received the letters, which were conveyed by post-boys, who rode so "swiftly" that it took, we are assured, but five days to get an answer from a place three hundred miles distant from the sender of a letter! Letters from the Continent for delivery in the London radius were dealt with by the Penny Post department, whose "receiving houses" also took in the letters for the Continent, there being no sort of pillar-boxes.

The Penny Post was, as we have said, exclusively confined to what is now the County of London, and was founded in 1680 by Messrs. Murray and Dockwra; but, as a result of a law-suit, it was annexed to the Crown as a branch of the General Post Office. It had six offices in London,—Cornhill, Newgate Street, Chancery Lane, St. Martin's Lane, near St. Mary-Overy in Southwark, and near East Smithfield,—and several "receiving houses," where

letters were brought to be posted, and the sorting took place. These offices supported a comparatively numerous staff, consisting of twelve clerks, two to each office, a hundred messengers, or postmen—each of whom gave £50 to the Government as pledge of his honesty—and the heads of the Department, who were the Comptroller, the Accountant, and the Receiver. A letter could not exceed 1 lb. in weight, and could only be sent for a penny within a fifteen miles' radius.

It is impossible to dismiss this account of London in the seventeenth century without recalling the great services the most unlucky of our Kings rendered England by reviving the artistic sense of the nation which the iconoclastic spirit of the Reformers had deadened to a piteous extent; Charles I. was essentially a *virtuoso*. Like Henry VIII., who even on his deathbed was buying pictures and works of art, Charles, even when his finances were lowest, purchased art treasures. Mention has been made elsewhere of his magnificent collections and his bric-à-brac; but it was the honours he heaped upon Rubens and his patronage of Sir Anthony Van Dyck which conferred the greatest ultimate benefit on British art. England had certainly possessed many excellent native-born painters in pre-Reformation times, and especially under Henry VIII., the names of twenty, at least, appearing in the household expenses of that monarch. But the great Italian and Flemish painters accredited to the Tudor Courts do not seem, so far as we can ascertain, to have inspired young Englishmen to emulate them. It was otherwise with Van Dyck. From the moment of his advent amongst us stretches the chain of illustrious English painters which remains unbroken to this day. His favourite British pupils, Dobson and Stone, were succeeded by Lely and his two pupils, Greenhill and Buckshorn. Then came Sir Godfrey Kneller and Hudson, the latter the master of Sir Joshua Reynolds. In the work of all these masters Van Dyck's influence is paramount. From him they derived their admirable gifts of dignified pose, their graceful manipulation of drapery, and their fine sense of colour.

Van Dyck came to England on the invitation of Sir Endymion Porter, but really at the request of Charles I., who knighted the artist three months after his arrival. So great was the number of commissions he received that he was eventually

obliged to entrust many details to his pupils and imitators, notably to Dobson and Stone, who also made countless replicas of his chief works. Meanwhile a fellow-student of Sir Anthony's in Rubens's study—Jamison—had established himself in Edinburgh, and, in a sense, founded the Scottish School of Art, which, at the end of the eighteenth century, gloried in the name of Sir Henry Raeburn. Sir Anthony Van Dyck married the granddaughter of an English peer, Lady Mary Ruthven, and thereby considerably raised the social importance of the profession he adorned. He died at his house in Blackfriars in 1641, after a short illness, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.[1] Under the Commonwealth, Dobson continued, though sorely hampered, the traditions of his illustrious master. Then, with Charles II. came Sir Peter Lely, a Dutchman by birth but an Englishman by choice, who painted the "beauties"—and not a few of the "frights"—of the "Merrie Monarch's" lively Court—a task afterwards repeated, as we have seen, by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Towards the end of the seventeenth century, the influence of French art in furniture and decoration became apparent, and our great country houses are still rich in the highly gilded tables, ormolu clocks, stupendous arm-chairs, crystal chandeliers, Roman busts, and heavy and large-designed Italian brocades, which charmed Louis XIV. and were the delight of Charles II. and his followers. At this period, also, thanks to our increased intercourse with the East, we became the possessors of our finest Oriental China. No great house was considered complete without its giant "Chinay jars," in *famille rose*, *noir*, *jaune*, or *verte*—jars in which one of the Forty Thieves might easily have hidden—and its noble specimens of deep blue "Canton" and "Yaller Nankeen." It was, æsthetically, a singular epoch, in which architecture took on an Italian, not to say Roman, aspect, that assorted ill with rococo decorations, and with the most unclassic, if not the very ugliest, costume ever invented. Apollo's beauty would have been tried by a ponderous periwig hanging almost down to his waist, and a coat that flounced out like a woman's skirt; while Venus would never have consented to hide her charms beneath the stiffened skirts, the interminable waists, and

[1] His remains were eventually translated to the Church of St. Jacques at Antwerp.

ugly hair-dressing, which, even now, so greatly diminish the beauty of Sir Godfrey Kneller's admirably painted portraits. Masks, too, were constantly worn, not only at the theatre, but in the Mall and the Park. The fair widow of that arch-rascal, the Duke of Tyrconnel, being in reduced circumstances in James the Second's time, sold laces and pins in the "Pawn" at the Royal Exchange in a white mask and domino.

The London which rose phœnix-like from the ashes of the mediæval city destroyed by the Fire of 1666, although not perfect from either the æsthetic or sanitary point of view, was, none the less, more commodious, and, being built of brick, less likely to be burnt down. There still exists enough of it, in the courts and narrow alleys of the city proper, to give us a fair idea of its appearance, and some of these relics of Annian and Georgian London are exceedingly picturesque and worthy of inspection. It is a curious fact that whereas the Londoner, when abroad, like the hero of Lever's capital story, *The Dodd Family*, is for ever poking his nose into every nook and corner of a Continental city, in the eagerness of his search after the curious or the antique, should take not the least trouble over the relics of the past history of his own metropolis. The West End knows scarcely anything about the East, and thousands of highly-educated and artistic Londoners, who are intimate with the interiors of every one of the hundreds of churches of Rome, Florence, or Venice, have never had the curiosity to spend a summer afternoon among the remaining old city churches, where so many celebrities of the past worshipped and where their tombs are still to be seen. The writer can truly say that, although he has travelled far and near, he has rarely experienced greater pleasure or interest than in his numerous pilgrimages among venerable and often very handsome city churches, surrounded by peaceful graveyards, over-shadowed by a few old trees, and with, occasionally, half-opened doors, through which we obtain a glimpse of the silvery sun of London vainly endeavouring to brighten up the dusty, deserted, interiors. Many of these churches were rebuilt after the Fire, yet a few, like Great St. Helen's, St. Andrew's Cree, All-Hallows' Barking, and St. Giles' Cripplegate, date back to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Wren's churches are admirably designed for the purpose for

which they were intended, for the Divine Service of a Church which demands that every word of the clergyman or preacher should be heard. They are well-proportioned and exceedingly rich in splendid wood-carving and furniture. The stonework is more often than not from the brilliant chisel of Cibber, the father of the dramatist, Colley Cibber; and the woodwork is the equally unrivalled handicraft of the greatest carver of wood of any age or country, Grinling Gibbons. These Caroline churches often contain fine monuments, beautiful iron and stone work, and occasionally one or two good pictures. The noblest of Wren's numerous churches is St. Stephen's Wallbrook, unless we give the palm to its neighbour, St. Mary's Woolnooth. St. Stephen's, with its grand Corinthian columns, its perfect proportions and its noble roof, has one of the finest interiors of any church in Europe. It was particularly admired by Richard, Earl of Burlington, who was himself a *dilletante* of great knowledge, and no mean architect, since he designed and built Burlington House. Many a great man sleeps herein; amongst others, Sir Thomas Pym, the statesman so well known to students of the reigns of Henry VIII. and Mary, while in the vaults are the remains of Vanbrough, the dramatist and architect. St. Mary's Woolnooth is quite as fine, but hardly, perhaps, so well proportioned. Not far off, in Cannon Street, is the interesting Church of St. Swithin, rebuilt in 1680, in the exterior of which is still to be seen that palladium of London—the Stone—frequently mentioned in the early chapters of this book. Here Dryden was married in 1663 to the Lady Elizabeth Howard. From this place we turn into Leadenhall Street, and there, still standing, in spite of the encroachments of that relentless wretch, "the modern improvements" man, is the interesting church of St. Katherine Cree, which dates from 1101, and retains a few fragments of its Gothic past, since it partly escaped the Great Fire. Inigo Jones had a hand in its reconstruction, but Wren after the Fire came to the rescue, and made a Gothic-cum-Corinthian hash of it which is not wholly ineffective. Hereabouts, in some obscure corner or other, rest the bones or dust of the greatest painter of Henry the Eighth's day, Hans Holbein. He died of the plague under the neighbouring roof of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, in 1543, a date which renders his painting of

a good half of the portraits of Edward VI., Lady Jane Grey, and others, usually attributed to him, quite impossible. Philip, Earl of Arundel, who was a genuine lover of art, proposed to erect a monument over the remains of Holbein, but being unable to find the coffin, relinquished the design. Sir Nicholas Throckmorton lies here under a fine canopied tomb. And here, on any 16th of October, you may hear a sermon preached to commemorate the rescue of Lord Mayor Sir John Gager from a lion, whilst travelling in the Sultan's dominions in 1640. He left a sum of money for the purpose. The consecration of this church on January 16, 1630–31, was one of the indirect causes of Archbishop Laud's unpopularity and downfall. Rushworth describes the exceedingly ritualistic nature of the ceremony, which was, he says, "near akin to Romish, with its throwing of dust from the ground and bowing and scraping." Not far off is St. Andrew's Undershaft, which is even more ancient than St. Katherine's, dedicated to the patroness of spinsters. It contains a good many old monuments, that of Simon Barton, citizen, who died in 1595, and another to Thomas Levison, who was Sheriff in 1534, and who is said to have been a Jew, or, at least, of Hebrew descent, being conspicuous among them. Sir Thomas Offey's monument is extremely fine, and so is the superb double tomb dedicated to the memories of Sir Hugh and Lady Hammersley. Very interesting, too, is the monument of John Stow, the antiquary, to whom London owes a deep debt of gratitude for the able and studious manner in which he rescued her earlier history from utter oblivion. An iron rail fences this worthy's effigy in; and, indeed, it needed such a rail to protect the image of one who was persecuted even after death, for his actual remains were rudely plucked from their grave, to make room for those of some obscure person, whose name is forgotten Peter Anthony Molteaux is also buried in this church; he was the ancestor of that interesting and curious individual, "Old Molteaux," who at one time owned Sandringham, and who left it in his will to Lady Palmerston.

In Cornhill is St. Michael's, a famous and gaudily restored church, with a fine tower, erected in 1720 after the original one, which perished in the Fire. The windows are very fine, and the church is not without a certain picturesque charm. It looks old,

even if it is not. Here are the tombs of Fabian, the Chronicler of London, who died in 1511; of Thomas Stow, the father, and Thomas Stow, the grandfather, of our worthy friend, the antiquary, of the same name. Nearly opposite St. Michael's was established in 1652 the first coffee tavern ever opened in London, by one Bowman, coachman to Mr. Hodge, a Turkey merchant. The original handbills read thus: "The vertue of the coffee drink first publiquely made and sold in England by Pasqua Rosee in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, at the sign of his owne head." Pasqua was a Greek in the employ of Mr. Bowman, who, judging from the frequency with which he is mentioned by the Genoese merchants at Constantinople and Smyrna, was, in his day, an exceedingly wealthy and influential man.

There is not much to see in St. Peter's Cornhill—a church built on the site of the oldest erected in London, to which were removed some of the monuments formerly in St. Benet's Fink when that edifice—also designed by Wren—was demolished some years ago. The interior is dark and heavy. Better luck awaits the explorer at St. Olave's, west of Old Jewry, which was designed by Wren in his best style. Before the Fire, it contained the tomb of Robert Large, mercer and citizen, and master of Caxton; and a tablet records the fact that Alderman Boydell, the engraver, lies here. St. Lawrence Jewry, recently restored, is also a fine church by Wren, with a ceiling, representing the martyrdom of the Saint, by James Thornhill. Here, near his grandfather, Geoffrey Boleyn, who was at one time Lord Mayor of London, was buried Thomas Boleyn, Earl of Wiltshire, the father of Anne Boleyn. Tillotson, more fortunate than the Boleyns, has his monument intact; he was both married and buried in this church. In St. Botolph's Bishopsgate lie the remains of good Sir Paul Pindar, who never imagined, when he built it, that a large fragment of his house would figure one day in a museum as a curiosity. Near another St. Botolph's, that of Aldgate, is a queer tomb, inscribed with Persian characters—that of "Hodges Shanghsware" (as Stow spells Hadji Shanghiwan), who came to England in the reign of James I. as secretary to the first Persian Ambassador that ever visited these realms, and who was buried, "out of Christian burial," in an unconsecrated part of St. Botolph's churchyard known as Petty France. Wren's

much loved sister, Jane, is buried in the church of St. Dunstan in the East, a church with an exceedingly fine tower and spire, supported on four arched ribs, that makes an imposing appearance from the Thames. At the other side of the city proper, not far from St. Bartholomew's the Great, is the very interesting church of St. Giles' Cripplegate, partially rebuilt in 1545. It escaped the Great Fire and the Cripplegate fire of 1897, and still contains many interesting monuments and tombs. Here is buried John Milton, under a very simple monument consisting of a bust of the poet by Bacon, R.A., set up by Samuel Whitehead in 1793. The entry in the parish register is very curious: "12 November, 1674. John Milton, gentleman, consumpceon, chancell." Some members of the Lucy family of Charlcot are buried in this church, one of whose tombs, that of Mrs. Margaret Lucy, represents a lady rising from the dead. The great Frobisher also sleeps hereabouts under a poor tablet commemorative of the fact that he was our earliest Arctic explorer. The register records the marriage of Oliver Cromwell and Elizabeth Boucher, August 20, 1620.[1]

Oh! pilgrim to the old churches of London, as you pass up Crutched Friars look into St. Olave's! How ancient are the name and the site, stretching back to the days when the Crutched Friars, who gave the locality its title, were lords of the soil, four hundred years before the Reformation swept them away! There is a fine tomb here to Sir John Radcliff, with a full-sized figure in armour upon it, dated 1582. But the little church owes its chief interest to the fact that in its vaults rests that "sweetest lady," Mrs. Pepys. She—whose husband, by the mere fact of being himself and freely saying whatever he had to say, was to immortalise nearly a whole century—has only a tiny black marble tomb; but, oh! the memories that scamper through the brain as one looks upon it and thinks of the thousand delightful scenes which Pepys' name conjures up. Alas! the pretty lady was only fourteen when Mr. Samuel led her to the altar of this very church as his child-bride: at twenty-nine she died, and was laid to rest within the darksome walls of this little fane. It

[1] Great St. Helen's and Bow Church have been noticed elsewhere in these pages, together with other old city churches, every one of which deserves at least a brief visit.

was in this church that, on November 4, 1660, Mr. Pepys tells us, "My wife seemed very pretty to-day, it being the first time I had given her leave to wear a black patch"; and again on January 30, 1661, Mr. Pepys and his wife came hither to hear a Mr. Mills preach on the text "'The Lord forgive us our former iniquities,' speaking excellently of the justice of God in punishing men for the sins of their ancestors." On June 4, 1703, Mr. Pepys himself, being aged seventy, was laid to rest in St. Olave's at the east end, close to his wife and brother. And yet there are vandals who would pull down this tiny fane, even as now they are threatening to destroy the ancient church of Austin Friars. There seems indeed no reverence, no lingering memories of the past, left now, or fear of God in whose Name these old churches were built, and in which He has been worshipped for ages.

When you have explored the churches, there are the Halls of the great Companies; the Mercers', for instance, where you may still see fine tapestry, and an original portrait of Mary Stuart, and James I. as a child, the latter a quaint little man. In the Hall of the Worshipful Company of Painter Stainers, Rubens, Van Dyck, and Inigo Jones, dined more than once; and here there are some very fine pictures by Hogarth, Dahl, Scott, and Canaletti. At the Saddlers' Hall you will be shown a most sumptuous mediæval funeral pall of velvet and gold; at the Fishmongers', a wealth of gold and silver plate that would have astonished Haroun-al-Raschid; and at the Stationers', many fine prints and curious books. And so forth, through a good round dozen of these Halls, which mostly date from the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries.

Then there are the streets. Good reader, believe me that not even Nuremburg or Venice can boast of streets more picturesque than the deserted thoroughfares of the city of London on a fair moonlight night, when the varied and beautiful skylines of the irregular buildings which line them compensate for their lack of finished detail. Then, under the mellow rays of an August moon, the narrow alleys and courtyards, often bordered by modern buildings of architectural magnificence—banks and insurance offices—assume an illusionary charm worthy of Rome, Florence, or Verona. Here is an over-

INTERIOR OF ST. STEPHEN'S, WALBROOK

hanging balcony, on to which a Juliet might step, and there are the rustling branches of some fine old tree, the sturdy remnant of a garden, which might still serve to shelter a Romeo. Down yonder darksome court an old-fashioned public-house, the glow from whose red lamp falls on the upturned faces of a group of half-drunken, noisy, belated workmen, who have just been turned out for riotous behaviour, suggests a splendid background for some picture representing the beginnings of a mediæval street brawl. There is a reproduction of a Flemish town-hall close to Copthall Chambers which produces, by moonlight, a superb effect that transports one, in a twinkling, to the days of the early Renaissance. Watch you yonder noble doorway that looks so mysterious in the contrasting chiaroscuro. The moon, lighting fully the graceful windows and balconies above, leaves this particular arched entrance in the gloaming. Surely it will presently open and we shall see gallant young poet Surrey, and with him Anne Boleyn's brother, George Rochford, steal forth, followed by Ned Pickering and half a dozen other roysterers of King Harry's time, intent on love adventures, that will take them across the bridge to Southwark, where dwell those fair doves whose plumes are soiled. Alas! it is only the policeman advancing out of the shade, after examining the locks of an up-to-date insurance or company promoter's office. The moon renders everything possible in this strange, deserted city—the busiest by day, the loneliest by night. It is a labyrinth of palaces, Italian, Gothic, Renaissance, and modern, a *pell-mell* of architectural odds and ends, that bend forward or lean backwards to hide or disclose the steeples of old churches, even the white dome of the Cathedral itself—which looks, in the softened radiance, as grand as ever does St. Peter's at Rome.[1] And when you have wondered sufficiently at the strange and chiaroscuropic effects of this unrivalled city of illusion, go down the narrow streets of warehouses—near the Thames—by Billingsgate, which, in the blackness of the deep shadows cast

[1] These curious and suggestive effects of light and shade in the city by night have been somewhat marred of late by the introduction of strong electric light in the principal thoroughfares, but even this has not entirely spoilt the extreme beauty of the city on a summer's night by the light of the full moon.

by their dizzy heights, recall the very dungeons of the Inquisition itself, and you will suddenly find yourself opposite the imposing silhouette of wall, tower, and bastion of the Tower of London, moulded into silver by the all-transforming moon. If with your imagination stirred by the lurid memories which the spectral form of the ancient palace and prison-house of our kings evokes you should go yet a little farther afield, on to the Tower Bridge, away below seaward, you will discern the Pool of London, with its deep fringe of ships at rest in the dusk along either shore, with their lace-like rigging and forest of masts, anchored on a sheet of diaphanous mist, broken by the ebony black of ponderous barges, and dashed with drops of quick-silver, wherever the moon falls on its gently heaving surface. Yet more marvellous is the view towards Westminster—the Thames circles softly along, rippling against its irregular bank-line, from out of whose greyness rises a phantom city with steeples, domes, towers, strangely shaped blocks of buildings, shadowy masses of dwellings, spangled with sparks of light, over all of which presides the sovereign dome of St. Paul's. Down the centre of the shivering river slowly steals a procession of coal-barges linked together, and looking for all the world like an antediluvian, amphibious reptile with rows of blinking red and green eyes. The wondrous scene is like a vision of some mystic city, but, all enchanted as it seems, it is neither the Babylon of the past, nor the New Jerusalem of the future, but London, the metropolis of the present, settling to sleep after the day's labour is done.

CHAPTER XII

LONDON IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

QUEEN ANNE, who "first mingled counsel with tea," and whose name adorns an era of exceptional political literary and artistic brilliance, was herself almost illiterate. Suffering from weak eyes, she could scarcely read a page without blinking, and took little interest, indeed, in anything save her passionate female friendships, the pleasures of the table, and her many charities. Dean Swift had no reason to love a Queen, who, learning "he was not even a Christian," refused him a bishopric; but he has described Anne as a motherly sort of woman, of a kindly nature—"with the best manners of any lady he had ever met." Motherly, in a sense, Queen Anne certainly was. The few who have visited the royal vaults of Westminster Abbey must have realised that fact, for her coffin, the biggest of the group, unless indeed it be that of her enormous consort, George of Denmark, is surrounded by no less than eighteen little caskets containing the remains of her numerous offspring, one of whom, only, the Duke of Gloucester, survived infancy, and he died in early youth.

A tall, portly woman with a flushed but by no means plain face, "good Queen Anne," like most indolent people, was completely under the influence of those who flattered her and saved her any exertion, which was rendered burdensome by the excess of flesh from which she suffered. So ponderous was she that at her coronation it was necessary to carry her from Westminster Hall to the Abbey in a chair, and from the door of the church to the Sanctuary she was supported by the Duchess of Somerset—the wife of the "proud duke"—and Lady Elizabeth Seymour. Her purple velvet train was exceedingly

long and was borne by eight young ladies—one of them Lady Mary Pierpoint, afterwards celebrated as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. At the Abbey, the Queen, who was assisted by the Bishop of Durham and the Bishop of Exeter, was crowned by Archbishop Tenison with all the time-honoured ceremonial. The sermon was preached by Dr. Sharp, Archbishop of York. The Prince Consort paid homage in the same form as the nobility.

The ordeal of the Westminster Hall banquet gave poor gouty Anne good cause for anxiety. The Jacobites were restless, and Dymoke, the Champion, who was of that party, had made himself objectionable at the coronations of her late sister and brother-in-law, so that his function was consequently suppressed. The very tall and abnormally bulky Prince Consort, took no part in these gorgeous functions. He had a convenient attack of asthma, and the Queen, a little later, took him to Bath, thereby bringing that watering-place into fashion. With the royal party went the "great Sarah," Duchess of Marlborough, this time on the pinnacle of her power and wonderfully insolent and arrogant.

At no period of her reign was the Court of good Queen Anne otherwise than dull—Dean Swift sums it up in a little pen-and-ink picture which is characteristic both of the Queen and the wit—"The Queen sits in a circle of twenty visitors with her fan in her mouth, saying three words about once a minute to those about her, and then upon hearing that dinner was ready going out at once." If Anne had no conversation, she invariably had a prodigious appetite. The French Ambassador was at a loss to know where she stowed away so much solid food, and wondered she did not *crever*—the word is expressive enough but difficult to translate, with delicacy.

On February 6, 1703, Anne celebrated her first birthday as Queen. She was then, with her husband, residing at St. James's Palace, where "command" plays were acted before her. Nobody knows exactly where the stage was erected—most probably in the present throne-room. One night, the "Queen's servants" performed Dryden's *All for Love*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*, and on the following evening, "the 8th of February, *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, was given in honour of the Prince Consort. Mrs. Leveridge, as Ophelia, with songs." Some violin sonatas

by Signor Gasperini were also performed, and "several new entertainments of dancing by Monsieur Revel, Monsieur Cherrier, Mrs. Mayers and others."

Anne never attended the public theatres—probably her size inconvenienced her—but the players frequently acted before her at St. James's and Whitehall. When they did so, the public was informed of the fact precisely as in our own time, thus: "These are to give notice that, the Queen's servants being detained for a performance at Court, tickets for to-night will be available for to-morrow night."

Queen Anne went several times to St. Paul's to attend Thanksgiving Services. In 1704, the Queen was carried to the Cathedral accompanied by the whole Court, to return thanks for the Unity of the Kingdom, the day being observed as a general holiday throughout England and Scotland.

Anne's political existence is fairly well illustrated by a grave incident which occurred during the greatest pageant of her reign,—the Thanksgiving at St. Paul's on the occasion of the victory of Oudenarde on August 17, 1708. By this time the Prince Consort was dead, Sarah of Marlborough's tyranny rapidly waning, and with it the supremacy of the Whig party. Abigail Masham's star had risen already high above the horizon, and the Tories were rejoicing accordingly. There had been a grand function at St. Paul's after Blenheim, but the Oudenarde Thanksgiving was a far more important affair. From end to end, London was bedecked with flags and tapestry and the time-honoured cloth-of-gold, now getting very rusty and out-of-date. The Queen went to the Cathedral in "tremendous state," in a coach[1] covered with "mythological incidents" and blazing with scarlet and gold. Eight horses dragged the gorgeous but unwieldy chariot, in which, beside her Majesty, sat "the awful duchess." The "closest of friends" had not passed far along the Strand ere the Duchess of Marlborough perceived to her indignation that her Majesty had forgotten her jewels. Quick as lightning the jealous lady interpreted this negligence on the part of the Sovereign as an intentional slight to the hero of

[1] Timbs is of opinion that the present Lord Mayor's coach is none other than Queen Anne's state carriage. The "mythological incidents" are by Cipriani.

the hour, offered to his wife at the instigation of "that huzzy Abigail." Her Grace's rage broke out like fire from a furnace. "It was all the doing of that rascal Abigail. Was ever great man so insulted by his Queen before? *Her* 'Mrs. Freeman,'" —so she called the Queen in intimacy, she herself being "Mrs. Morley,"—"had smitten her to the heart." Suddenly roused to responsive anger by these taunts, the usually docile Anne gave her rebellious Duchess a piece of her mind, in tones so loud that the populace could, and did, hear her. The storm raged on after the Queen and her Mistress of the Robes had alighted from their coach. It gathered in intensity as they proceeded up the nave of St. Paul's—the Queen's voice rising again and again. On arriving at the altar, Sarah of Marlborough turned on her Majesty, and, regardless of consequences, flatly told her to "hold her tongue." Thus was "the greatest friendship that ever was" broken up, and thus the hated Abigail and the Tories secured the Queen and triumphed over the Whigs to the end of her reign.[1]

Anne's fame rests not on her own deeds, but on those of the men of her times. In this respect she was almost as fortunate as Queen Elizabeth. Hers was, indeed, an Augustan age of literature, and, in a sense, of art and science too. Military progress was represented by Marlborough and Peterborough; that of the navy by Orford; politics by Godolphin and Somers, Harley, Walpole, and St. John. Newton and Berkeley philosophised and experimented; painting was represented by Kneler, Hudson, and Thornhill; whilst Swift, like later Juvenal, lashed the follies of the day, and Prior and Pope, Addison and Steele, Arbuthnot and Defoe, curbed the freedom of the tongue of Shakespeare and Milton with a classic bridle, as elegant as it was artificial.

Anne herself lived quite outside the intellectual life which was

[1] The failure of Duchess Sarah to keep Anne in her hands must have been a bitter pill for her to swallow. She had surrounded her Majesty with members of her own family, and they betrayed their trust. The Duchess' sister, the Duchess of Tyrconnel, had quarrelled with her and was in reduced circumstances, and, therefore, of no use, but Abigail Hill, who was her first cousin, had captured the royal fortress and ousted the kinsman who had presented her to the Queen. "Never trust your own family," quoth Duchess Sarah bitterly one day, "they'll be the first to betray you."

thus shaping the fate of the nation over which she ruled. Even the domestic architecture, the pretty chairs and tables, the plate and china called after her, never received her approbation, belonging indeed, for the most part, to a later period than Queen Anne's.

She died of apoplexy, after a somewhat tedious illness, on Sunday morning, August 1, 1714, in her fiftieth year. The last intelligible words she uttered on her deathbed were, "My brother, my poor brother"—alluding to the Pretender, whom she hoped might be her successor, and upon whose birthright she had cast a malicious and unjust slur when he was born. By a curious coincidence, on the very day the Queen expired, the Lord Mayor, who had recently called at Kensington Palace to inquire after her Majesty, issued a proclamation, setting a price of £5000 sterling on the head of the Pretender, dead or alive. Anne's coronation had made a great to-do, but her funeral was very unpretentious, though enormous crowds went to see her effigy lying-in-state in Henry the Seventh's Chapel. This waxen presentment is still in existence in Bishop Islip's chapel. Contemporaries pronounced it not half stout enough. The kindest thing said of the dead monarch came from Lord Chesterfield, and it was quite true: "As to her privy purse, it was the poor's box, a perpetual fund of charity."

Marlborough, who came back to London before the Queen was buried, offended the people by making a triumphal entry, attended by hundreds of gentlemen on horseback, and by the nobility in their coaches,—whilst the corpse of the sovereign who had been his earliest patron, was scarce cold. The Jacobites were delighted to learn that the back wheel came off the General's coach as it passed through Temple Bar.

When good Queen Anne gave up the ghost, Great Britain, and especially Scotland, was in a state of incipient rebellion. The Queen on her deathbed had intimated her wish that her brother, Charles Stuart, the Pretender, should succeed her, and the Tories and the Jacobites were thereby greatly encouraged in their plotting and counter-plotting. Unfortunately for them, their Prince and his cause resembled that of the youthful potentate in the fairy-tale to whose christening all the propitious fairies had been invited except two—Commonsense and Punctuality, and it was the Prince's lack of these good qualities that

saved us from a Stuart restoration. London was never Jacobite. The masses had been well trained to look upon the Pope as their arch enemy, and the fact that Charles was a Catholic was enough to frighten the majority out of their wits, believing, as they did, that on assuming the Crown, Bonnie Prince Charlie would regale them with an over-abundant supply of thumb-screws, faggots, Jesuits, and Inquisitors. Thus it came about that no opposition was offered to the victorious Whigs when they hailed George of Hanover King of England on the strength of his mother's connection with our ancient line of kings. She was Sophia, Electress of Hanover, and daughter of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, and grand-daughter of James I. The Electress, who was a clever, shrewd woman, had fallen down dead in a fit in the gardens of the royal palace at Hanover a few weeks before Queen Anne passed away, by her timely decease clearing the road for her son George's accession. Never in the history of these Realms has a more odd monarch landed on our shores than this the first of our four Georges,—a lank gentleman with a vermilion complexion, a shelving forehead and a receding chin, and colourless eyes, the whole enshrouded by a light ginger-coloured wig. He entered London with a train of German secretaries, attendants, and guards, one or two negroes, and, instead of one Queen, two of the most hideous mistresses man ever loved, Melusina von Schulenburg and Sophia von Kilmansegg, soon to adorn the British peerage, the first as Duchess of Kendal, and the second as Countess of Sunderland. Melusina was a tall, lean giantess who was immediately nicknamed the "Maypole"; Sophia was short and abnormally stout, and as soon became popularly known as the "Elephant." The obvious presence and position accorded to the worthy "Maypole" and the graceful "Elephant" did not prevent His Grace of Canterbury and all the Bishops and prelates in the Kingdom from falling down on their knees to do homage to a head of the Church who was never able to master even the First of the Thirty-nine Articles. These prelates were, probably, better acquainted with the wretched story of the King's consort, the unhappy Sophia Dorothea of Zelle, than the people who shouted so lustily, "Long live King George!" That was a tragedy, if you like. This young Princess had been forced to marry her

cousin, George, against her inclination; and he, although she was beautiful and accomplished, hated her from the very first time they ever met; she had, it seems, none of the vulgar joviality that so distinguished her rivals, the "Maypole" and the "Elephant." Being naturally very impulsive and romantic, and moreover grossly neglected by her husband, Sophia Dorothea fell a victim to the blandishments of Philip Königsmarck, a Swedish rascal of good birth, a brother of that other notorious scamp, Carl Johann von Königsmarck, who was a favourite of Charles II., and who murdered Lord Tom Thynne of Longleat. Thanks to a bundle of old love-letters found many years afterwards in the Library of the University of Upsala, we learn that the Princess loved her Philip to distraction, and that he at least pretended to reciprocate her passion, and that their intrigue lasted undiscovered for some five or six years. Philip's affections were, however, divided between the Princess and a certain frightful old Countess Platen, who had been very intimate with our first George's father, the old Elector Ernest of Hanover. The Countess, at last, became jealous, and discovering that Königsmarck and Sophia Dorothea had arranged to elope to France, betrayed their secret, with the result that Philip was assassinated in the corridor leading to his Princess's apartments. No sooner was the breath out of his body than the harridan rushed out of her hiding-place—whence she had witnessed the murder—and planted her high-heeled shoe on the dying man's mouth. King George was away at the time of this murder and may, therefore, be exonerated from any share in it. Sophia Dorothea, who should have been Queen of these Realms, was forthwith relegated to the Palace of Ahlden, where she lived, under the title of Princess of Ahlden, until her death thirty-two years later.

Court life in the reign of George I. was dull, formal, and so vicious that the question has been often asked, whether it contained a single virtuous man or woman. The very clergy were tainted by the pagan atmosphere that surrounded a King who invariably talked his loudest German during an English sermon, so that it became a struggle between his Majesty and the preacher as to which of the two should be heard. If the reader wishes to see for himself the sort of social life led in England at this period, let him take up his *Tatler* and his

Spectator, and some of the countless memoirs and collections of letters of that age, in whose amusing pages he will learn all the gossip of the Court and be able to peep into all the theatres and bagnios, coffee-houses and taverns of the town. To this practical course of reading let him add a close perusal of the prints of views of London and life, by Hogarth and other contemporary artists: and he will end by persuading himself that, in some previous state of existence, he has actually lived in the days when George I. was King. The said George had the wisdom to understand that, in England at least, he was only a constitutional Sovereign, and that if he wished to enjoy in peace the great revenues and the state of our monarchy, he must leave our politics strictly alone. When at last he was gathered to his Electoral forefathers, his son George, poor Sophia Dorothea's only boy, became our King. The father had died abroad, at Osnaburgh, on June 10, 1727, and Prince George was fast asleep at Hampton Court when burly Sir Robert Walpole woke him up and informed him that he was King of England. "Dat is one big lie," shouted the Majesty of George II.—a very small, ugly, red-faced, white-eyebrowed monarch, with an awful temper and an egregious German accent. He was married to a Princess who adored him and was both beautiful and accomplished; as Queen Consort of England, she richly deserved the title of Caroline the Illustrious. George, however, did not worship at her shrine. He inherited his father's taste for ugly old women, and the idol of his fickle heart was Countess Walmsden, whom he also created Countess of Yarmouth, a shocking, godless heathen, who sold bishoprics for £5000 and lied and intrigued until the "man in the street," knowing all about her iniquities, was wont to shout ugly names at her as she passed him by in her coach and six.

Both George I. and George II. kept out of England as much as they dared; Osnaburgh and Hanover had attractions for them which London had not. At his palace of Herenhausen, a sort of Hanoverian Versailles, with leaden statues instead of marble ones, and squirt fountains in lieu of the Grandes Eaux, our second George led quite as unorthodox an existence as the very Grand Turk himself. He was pirouetting at a masquerade ball in the guise of Sultan Bajazet, with old Yarmouth disguised as

Roxalana, when poor Caroline of Anspach yielded up the ghost, but although he knew his Queen was dead, he went on jiggetting as if nothing had happened! Twenty years later he himself joined the majority—he fell down in a fit, and like a broken china image past repair, all the King's horses and all the King's men could not pick him up again. He left an injunction in his will, that the sides of the Queen's coffin should be opened and that a side of his own should not be closed so that his ashes and those of poor faithful Caroline might mingle in death and rise together on Judgment Day. The two coffins were placed side by side in one huge stone sarcophagus, which stands under the centre of the middle aisle of Henry the Seventh's Chapel. Dean Stanley tells us that when the vault was last opened the abstracted planks from the two coffins could still be seen resting up against the wall. No monument commemorates either George I. or his Queen, who certainly richly deserved one, for she was the most distinguished and discriminating patroness of letters of any of our Queens.

Walpole gives a whimsical account of the funeral of George II., which took place on November 11, 1760. The Abbey was such a blaze of light that you might easily have imagined it once more a Catholic Church in the olden times. "I walked with George Grenville, to keep me in countenance. When we came to the Chapel of Henry VII., all solemnity and decorum ceased; no order was observed, people sat or stood where they could or would; the Yeomen of the Guard were crying out for help, oppressed by the immense weight of the coffin; the Bishop read sadly, and blundered in the prayers: the fine chapter, 'Man that is born of a woman,' was chanted not read, and the anthem, besides being immeasurably tedious, would have served as well for a nuptial. The real serious part was the figure of the Duke of Cumberland, heightened by a thousand melancholy circumstances. He had a dark brown adonis, and a cloak of black cloth with a train five yards long: his leg extremely bad, yet forced to stand upon it near two hours: his face bloated and distorted with his late paralytic stroke, which has affected too one of his eyes, and placed over the mouth of the vault, in which in all probability he must himself so soon descend; think how unpleasant a situation. He bore it all with a firm and unaffected countenance.

This grave scene was fully contrasted by the burlesque Duke of Newcastle. He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back in a stall, the Archbishop hovering over him with a smelling-bottle; but in two minutes he got over his hypocrisy and ran about the chapel with his glass to his eye, to spy who was there—spying with one hand and mopping his eyes with the other." And thus was laid to rest the last British King ever buried in Westminster Abbey.

After Anne, the pageantry of the eighteenth century lost much of its grandeur; partly on account of the ugly costumes prevalent during the reigns of the two first Georges and also because George III. was extremely shy, and disliked official pomp and ceremony. A very interesting drawing by Canaletti, at Lambeth, represents part of the coronation procession of George I. The dresses are hideous—but the draughtsman's art is superb. There is nothing new under the sun, and, with the enormous prices demanded for seats to see the original, postponed, coronation procession of Edward VII. fresh in the memory, it may be a consolation to know that £10 and £20 were the prices paid for single seats on the stand near the Abbey door at the coronation of George I. Horace Walpole's mother, so her famous letter-writing son tells us, paid £40 for a dining-room, scaffold, and bed-chamber to view the coronation of George II. Three hundred and fifty guineas, he informs us, were paid for the same chamber, in 1761, on the occasion of the coronation of George III. The platform erected round St. Margaret's sold for 2400 guineas, and people paid ten, and even twenty, for a place in the Abbey. In imitation of a French fashion, Westminster Abbey was hung with countless chandeliers filled with lighted wax-candles, which, though very effective at first, burnt out before the ceremony was half over. The gossiping Horace assures us again that, "at George the Third's coronation, the peeresses were so proud of their robes that they graciously exhibited themselves for a whole day before all the company their servants could invite to see them." And did not a peer and peeress similarly exhibit themselves, at sixpence a turn, for a public charity, in 1902?

Queen Anne was extremely fond of Kensington, and often

resided in the palace formed by her predecessor, William III., out of old Nottingham House, purchased for £18,000 from the second Earl of that ilk. The gardens were not more than twenty-four acres in extent in those days, but Anne had the gravel pits between the Palace and the Bayswater Road, filled in and converted into "blooming gardens,"—a hundred men being employed in the task of converting what Addison called "an unsightly hollow" into "a beautiful area." Wise laid out Queen Anne's thirty acres of extra garden, and did his duty by the royal order he received to make them beautiful.

The presence of royalty made Kensington fashionable; even in Elizabeth's time it had been known as a desirable place of residence for Court folk, "very handy to London." In James the First's reign, Campden House was built by Sir Baptist Hicks, afterwards Viscount Campden. And here, in the first year of Charles II., the third Lord Campden entertained the Merrie Monarch for fifteen days and nearly ruined himself. Anne hired the house in 1691 for her son, the Duke of Gloucester. After being tenanted by the Countess of Burlington and her son, the Architect-Earl, Campden House became, in the early part of the eighteenth century, a fashionable boarding-school, under the management of the celebrated Miss Terry, who included the beautiful Lady Diana Beauclerc among her pupils.

There is no doubt that Queen Anne "made" Kensington—for the finest of its squares and mansions date from her reign; but its most handsome historical building—Holland House—was erected in 1607, after designs by Thorpe, who built it for Sir William Cope. The mansion and park passed by marriage with the heiress of the Copes to the Rich family, and hence its connection with Oliver Cromwell, one of whose daughters married Richard Rich—a fact which accounts for the tradition that the scene of the famous Conference between Cromwell and his most trusted generals took place on the lawn in front of the house. The property passed from the Richs' to the Edwards' (first Barons Kennington). Then it was purchased by Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland of that name and father of Charles Fox. This beautiful old house, even now that it is shorn of half its erstwhile splendid park, is worthy, in point of architectural fineness, of its wide renown, and its fascinating associations. Soon

after Anne's death, Addison dwelt there with his violent-tempered spouse, Lady Warwick; and there he passed away, having summoned the profligate young Earl of Warwick to his bedside to "see how a Christian can die." This "awful scene," as Johnson calls it, took place on June 17, 1719. He was buried in the far east of Westminster Abbey, and thus he who chastened our language and our thought, sleeps separated from Congreve who befouled both and who rests in his patroness Henrietta Godolphin Duchess of Marlborough's vault, in the far west of the Church. From those days down to our own, Holland House has been the haunt of noble company. The beautiful alleys of its diminished park, its gardens and meadows, its library and its saloons, are thronged with memories of almost every illustrious man and woman of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Of Holland House Macaulay wrote: "The time is coming when perhaps, a few old men, the last survivors of their generation, will in vain seek, amidst new streets and squares, and railway stations, for the site of the dwelling, which, in their youth, was the favourite resort of wits, and beauties, of poets and painters, of scholars and statesmen. They will remember how the last debate was discussed in one corner, and the last comedy of Scribe in another; whilst Wilkie gazed with modest admiration at Sir Joshua's Baretti, whilst Mackintosh turned over Thomas Aquinas to verify a quotation, whilst Talleyrand related his conversation with Barras at the Luxemburg, and his ride with Lannes on the field of Austerlitz." The writer of these pages well remembers, on more than one occasion in his youth, enjoying the hospitality of Holland House, and especially, how he met there at a luncheon party, the charming authoress of *Le Recit d'une Sœur*—Mrs. Augustus Craven —with a Catholic priest, Mademoiselle Hortense Demaine, the distinguished French actress, and her lovely and unfortunate niece, whose tragic death at Vienna may still be remembered —a curious combination, which in the skilful hands of that kindly hostess, the late Lady Holland, who must not be confounded with her caustic predecessor, resulted in a most delightful entertainment. The memory of that pleasant day still lingers in the mind, as the aroma of faded roses hangs about an ancient china bowl. No railway station, as yet, thank God! replaces

INTERIOR OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

the grand old structure, within whose walls, the present Lady Ilchester gave, some years since, a masquerade that had much of the "great air" of the eighteenth century about it, and, for a few hours, brought back the palmiest days of Holland House.

The introduction of carriages, and especially of those huge and gorgeous state vehicles adorned with mythological figures and symbolical emblems of which a few still linger with us—the King's coronation coach and the Lord Mayor's for instance—did as much to modify public pageantry as the advance of education. A long file of Cinderella-like chariots, drawn by horses half-hidden in scarlet and gold finery and led by footmen in sumptuous liveries, was in itself enough to please the multitude, especially as the royal carriages were—and still are—escorted by a troop of dazzling horse-guards. There was now no further need for novel and ingenious devices to keep up the Court's reputation for magnificence. The cavalcades of olden times required "support," and doubtless the people of Elizabeth's day did not think it at all out of place for the Queen to go in state to the Cross at Spitalfields, preceded by a band of morris-dancers beating time with their sticks; the quaint procession closed, as our readers will remember, by two highly-educated Polar bears and their keepers, who waited patiently outside till divine service was ended, and then, to the delight of the groundlings, escorted "Gloriana" and her courtiers back to Whitehall, where they performed "anticks," and were afterwards baited, to her Majesty's great satisfaction! In a word, after the first quarter of the seventeenth century, pageantry, so far as the Court was concerned, was simplified and dignified by the elimination of this circus element, which was left exclusively to the Lord Mayor, that august functionary having retained the privilege of keeping up the old-world glories to our own day. In justice to his seventeenth and eighteenth century predecessors, it must be admitted that the processions they arranged were far superior to the tawdry exhibitions which still continue to damage our reputation for good taste. The Lord Mayors of old spent enormous sums of money — many thousands of pounds — on their inaugural processions.[1]

[1] In the Print Room of the British Museum there is a portfolio of designs for cars for a Lord Mayor's Show of Charles the Second's time, which

The "circus" or spectacular element in the Lord Mayor's Show was first suppressed in 1867 and again in 1888. On the former occasion, the Common Council passed a resolution requesting the Lord Mayor to use the old State coach, but he declined, and went to Westminster in his semi-state carriage. The water procession was discontinued in 1857, the City Corporation no longer being the only conservators of the Thames. On three occasions, within the last hundred and fifty years, the Lord Mayor's procession has been altogether omitted, —in 1765, in consequence of the death of the King's uncle, the Duke of Cumberland; in 1806, owing to that of Princess Amelia, only surviving daughter of George III.; and in 1817, on account of the death of Princess Charlotte. In 1827 the Lord Mayor's train boasted Waterloo heroes and a detachment of Life Guards wearing the cuirasses taken at Waterloo.

In point of fact, what we now term a state procession would have been looked on, a hundred and fifty years ago, as a very ordinary affair. Their Majesties, George III. and Queen Charlotte, when they honoured the metropolis with their presence, invariably came in semi-state—in a richly gilded coach drawn by four horses, with four and even six footmen in scarlet and gold liveries with long ebony and gold batons in their hands, hanging on behind. Outriders cleared the way, and an escort of Guards preceded and followed the royal carriage. When on a Sunday afternoon, the King and Queen were pleased to attend divine service at some neighbouring church — St. Anne's, Soho, St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, the Chapels Royal at Whitehall, St. James's, or Somerset House—they frequently walked from the palace. First came an escort of foot-guards, then a contingent of the royal servants in full livery, the pages-in-waiting, the Gentlemen of the Royal Household, the Rod-in-Waiting, and last of all his Majesty, with the Gentlemen-in-Waiting, the Master of the Ceremonies, one or two Chaplains, and the great Officers of State. The procession was closed by another detachment of Guards. Occasionally the little Queen, with her wide-spreading hoops and her powdered wig, and her ladies just as fine, walked solemnly by the King's side, but more often her Majesty had a little

must have been quite magnificent, and were evidently the work of good artists.

procession of her own, which followed his at a short distance. This stately promenade was one of the great objects of a country cousin's visit to town, and their Majesties indeed were sometimes incommoded in the Mall, by the eagerness of their liege subjects to behold them.

Even King Edward the Seventh's coronation procession was but a shadow of that of his great-grandfather, when he went to open his first Parliament. The cortège then took an hour to pass any given spot on the line of route. The funeral procession of Queen Victoria took considerably less than half as long—while that of Mary II. was five full hours between Whitehall and Westminster Abbey! Another sight which was a delight to country visitors was their Majesties' dinner and supper, of which, especially in summer, they usually partook in public. The press was sometimes so great on these occasions that the guards found it very difficult to keep the people from breaking through the barriers. This publicity at meal-times appears to have fallen out of fashion very soon after the accession of George III., save when their Majesties were at Kew or Hampton Court.

Besides the frequent State processions and the annual civic function, the good people of the eighteenth century had plenty of opportunities for enjoying themselves in the streets. City folk kept almost all the Church holidays, fifty-one in the year. On these days all the Banks and Public Offices were closed. The Public Offices made holiday also on Shrove Tuesday, Ash Wednesday, Good Friday, Easter Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Ascension Day, Whit Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Christmas Day, and the day following. Shopkeepers and their assistants had no regular holidays except Christmas Day, Easter Monday, and, towards the last half of the century, Good Friday, but most of the leading firms gave their young men a week in the summer time. The hours were long, but business was light compared with what it is at present. Nobody outside the aristocracy ever dreamt of going into the country "to spend a few days"—but it must be remembered that plenty of open country lay within walking distance of London, and young men and women could easily escape from the stuffy and dirty streets for a long Sunday afternoon stroll among green lanes and meadows, and be home again for supper.

The prettiest of the numerous civic festivals of our immediate forebears were held on May Day and Queen Elizabeth's Day—both evidently new names for old Catholic festivals dedicated to the Virgin Mary. Restoration Day was also kept as a sort of holiday. This fell on May 29, and then, as on May Day, the streets and houses were decorated with boughs and garlands of oak and evergreen. "Each street," says Herrick, "was a park. Families vied with each other in getting the largest boughs, which were ranged side by side, converting the street into an avenue." These boughs, whenever possible, were of oak, and ornamented with coloured ribbons and paper, and even with garlands of birds' eggs. Under these leafy canopies boys and children paraded all day long blowing horns and generally "having a good time." In pre-Reformation days, and indeed as late as the middle of the seventeenth century, the Court and aristocracy took part in the May Day sports and "went a-maying." But in the eighteenth century, although the May-poles were as numerous and as gay as ever, those who danced round them were of the humblest class, and, before the hundred years were out, sweeps and milkmaids were the sole representatives of Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, Jack in the Green, and Maid Marion. The 19th of November was Queen Elizabeth's Day, so called on account of the "glorious accession" of the Virgin Monarch. The church bells were rung, and anti-papal and anti-Jacobin demonstrations took place. Of these a faint trace still remains in the Fifth of November celebrations, which eventually superseded the Elizabethan. But that was not till George the First's throne was firmly established, and there was no further need to sing—

> "God bless good Queen Anne, the nation's great defender,
> Keep out the French, the Pope, and the Pretender!"

Fireworks, mostly imported from Italy and France and managed by Italians, were extraordinarily popular at this period. The Duke of Richmond once, in 1712, gave a superb display of sky-rockets in front of his mansion in Whitehall when the Thames was covered with boats and barges, several of which capsized and nearly drowned their crews.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century the population

of London exceeded 595,000,[1] including the parishes of the city of Westminster, the Borough, and the outlying districts of Finsbury, Hoxton, Shoreditch, Norton Folgate, Spital, Whitechapel, Mile End Old Town, Bethnal Green, Stepney, Poplar, Limehouse, Blackwall, Shadwell, Wapping, Smithfield, St. Katherine's, Minories, Lambeth, St. Clement-Danes, Strand, Charing Cross, St. Giles-in-the-Fields, Bloomsbury, Marylebone, Portpool, Saffron Hill, Kensington, Bermondsey, Horsleydown, Rotherhithe, Chelsea, Paddington, Islington, Hackney, Bow, and Deptford. Also, Clerkenwell, Limehouse, Ratcliff, the Hermitage, St. James's, Knightsbridge, Soho, St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Vauxhall, Kennington, Newington Butts, Bermondsey, and the Grange.

The approaches to the city were still ill-kept and dangerous roads, which had been but slightly improved since the Middle Ages. It was no uncommon sight to see a felon's corpse dangling from a tree on the high-roads, and London Bridge and Temple Bar, continued, up to near the dawn of the next century, to be decorated, or otherwise, with the heads of "traitors."

After the Great Fire, a few gabled houses, sturdy survivors of olden days, that had by fortune escaped the conflagration, broke the monotony of the rows of square, toy-box-like dwellings that crowded round them. The tradespeople were allowed to obstruct the footway with their bow windows and great glass doors, and, as each citizen had a right to pave or not to pave the space in front of his own house, at his pleasure, the new streets were quite as inconvenient as their predecessors, though somewhat better drained. The few wide ones were roughly paved with freestone, and as all vehicles from state coaches to carts were bulky and ponderous, and rarely drawn by less than four and sometimes by even six and eight horses, the roadways were constantly blocked—much as they are at present by traffic. Sometimes, the "block" was so prolonged that even great ladies were obliged to get out and walk to their destination, leaving their gilded coaches, their Jehus and footmen, to wrangle among themselves and struggle along as best they could. The number of sedan-

[1] Defoe in his *Tour Through England* says the population of London in 1720 was 1,000,000.

chairs in use in London until the end of the first decade of the nineteenth century exceeds belief—everybody who had the least pretension to fashion, or even to moderate circumstances, had a chair of his own, and sometimes two, while hundreds plied for hire. In 1750, there were 6000 chairmen in the city. Says Gay—

> "Let not the chairman with assuming stride,
> Pass near the wall, and rudely thrust aside.
> The laws have set him bounds, his servile feet,
> Should ne'er encroach where posts defend the street."

To add to the structural discomfort of even the principal thoroughfares they were rarely, if ever, swept or watered—nature had to do that sort of work. After a rain-storm, pedestrians walked ankle deep in rich black mud, and in dry weather they were smothered in dust.

> "I've seen a beau in some ill-fated hour,
> When o'er the stones choaked kennels swell the show'r,
> In gilded chariot loll: he with disdain
> Views spattered passengers all drench'd in rain.
> With mud fill'd high the rumbling cart draws near,
> Now rule thy prancing steeds, laced charioteer!
> The dustman lashes on with spiteful rage,
> His pond'rous spikes thy painted wheel engage,
> Crush'd is thy pride, down falls the shrieking beau,
> The slabby pavement crystal fragments strew,
> Black floods of mire th' embroidered coat disgrace,
> And mud enwraps the honours of his face."

Although the City and the growing West End were fairly well lighted, the suburbs, including the two most fashionable, Chelsea and Kensington, remained, after sundown, in Egyptian darkness, so that people coming up to town to a theatre or going to a party even in their own neighbourhood, had to avail themselves of the services of torch-bearers and link-boys, for the extinction of whose smoking torches, most house-doors boasted elaborate wrought-iron extinguishers. Some of these may still be seen in St. James's Square, in Queen Anne Street, and in parts of Mayfair and Bloomsbury.

The streets were dreadfully rough, and the rattling over them of coach and cart was terrible enough to have interrupted the sleep of the fabled Seven of Ephesus. It would be unsavoury to

describe the contents of the mysterious vessels emptied out of the windows even in broad daylight, let alone after dark, or to account for the unpleasant odours in even the most fashionable thoroughfares. During the lengthy period when hoops were in fashion, gentlemen were often pushed into the mud by the passing fair; and it is on record that, in 1770, one lady at least, in her endeavours to escape from a chimney-sweep's boy, threw up her skirt, which, to the intense amusement of the crowd that quickly assembled, caught on a hook over a shop-window. She became the heroine of a famous print, entitled "The Lady's Disaster."

"A nymph in an unguarded hour,
(Alas! who can be too secure?)
Dire Fate has destin'd to be seen,
Entangled in her wide Machine,
While carmen, clowns and gentlefolks,
With satisfaction pass their jokes!"

To the filth and inconvenience of the streets by day, with their heavy, noisy, and very miscellaneous vehicles, should be added the horrors of the night. Until quite late in the first half of the last century, until, indeed, Sir Robert Peel organised his immortal brigade of "Bobbies"—whose successors are still our civic guardian angels—the streets after dusk were handed over to respectable, but very unintelligent watchmen, who were accommodated with resting-boxes, the overturning of which was considered a good joke by the "sparks" of the time. Young gentlemen of "quality" going home from their club or tavern, thought nothing of playing a trick or so on the watchman, and it is on record that more than one unhappy man was beaten to death by these drunken scamps. The Duke of Monmouth and a band of heedless young fellows one night, in a drunken frolic, killed the Watch in a narrow lane off Holborn. The matter created a "stir" at the time, but the "quality" of the offenders got them off with a fine.

The Watch called the hours, and in addition informed those he awakened from their slumbers of the state of the weather—

"Half past one and a clear night!"

The graveyards round many churches were so full that you might sometimes see the tops of the coffins sticking out above

the ground — tempting baits for "resurrection" men. Most funerals took place after dark, and as the good people of this period had a mania for pompous interments, the gloomy spectacle of a mourning procession passing through the ill-lighted streets, accompanied by a band of torch-bearers and mutes in sable cloaks, with silk "weepers" round their hats, must have added not a little to the "alarms of the night." If the deceased happened to be a maiden, white was used instead of black, which must have had quite a ghostly effect. The girl's hearse was followed, when it was not actually carried, by a train of young women in vestal white. Funerals were very costly affairs indeed, for in addition to the usual expenses, there were those of draping the deceased's house from top to bottom in black cloth, the distribution of crape "weepers" and rich silk scarves to be worn by the female mourners, black gloves and sprigs of rosemary, without which, and a substantial meal after all was over, with hot meat and wine, no decent-minded person thought they had done their duty by their dead, running more often than not heavily into debt to gratify this pathetic vanity.

Even fashionable streets like Grosvenor, Hanover, and Cavendish Squares—built between 1660 and 1750 expressly for the aristocracy—were so egregiously paved that coaches were constantly being overturned, and sedan-chair bearers dropping their load, one or other of them having slipped and sprained his ankle, whilst the footgear of ordinary pedestrians got so dirty that it was usual for a gentleman to have his shoes cleaned three or four times a day, in consequence whereof, the shoeblacks became legion. Macaulay says that, as late as 1785, Grosvenor Square was so ill-kept that the enclosure had become a popular receptacle for the dead cats and dogs of the neighbourhood. In St. James's Square, which, by the way, dates from the time of Charles I., there was a fish pond with a squirt-like fountain, the rendezvous of the urchins of the parish, who there floated their paper-boats and fished for newts with a bent pin. Golden Square, at the back of Regent Street, where poor Miss Angelica Kauffmann and her kindly old father lived in 1786, was the best kept in London. Its enclosure was protected by wooden palings, and lighted by no less than six oil lamps!

Of all the public ways, Pall Mall, alone, was comparatively

comfortable and clean. Says Gay, apostrophising this particular street, which, in 1700, was becoming exceedingly fashionable—

> "O bear me to the paths of fair Pall Mall,
> Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy smell!
> At distance rolls along the gilded coach,
> Nor sturdy carmen on thy walks encroach;
> No lets would bar thy ways were chairs deny'd,
> The soft supports of laziness and pride;
> Shops breathe perfumes, thro' sashes, ribbons, glow
> The mutual arms of ladies and the beau."

In Golden Square, Miss Kauffmann must have often walked, "in maiden meditation" indeed — but scarcely "fancy free." Oh, Miss Angel, pretty Miss Angel, wherefore did you close your heart to honest Sir Joshua Reynolds, to open it so wide as to admit a scurvy knave who pretended to be an Ambassador and who was only his valet, as you found out too late, after you had clandestinely married him? The *dénouement* of this tragi-comedy took place at Windsor, whilst Miss Angel was painting a likeness of Queen Charlotte. The little Queen wondered why her Angel was so *distraite*—for surely her gracious Majesty's presence was enough to cheer a whole Academy, let alone a single artist, and yet Miss Angel was nearly in tears, for 'twas only two days after the marriage. Presently a pompous gentleman-usher announces His Excellency the Swedish Minister, and forthwith Miss Angel's brush and palette fell to the ground and Miss Angel too, in a dead faint. That evening all London knew of her mishap—Sir Joshua among the rest! A few days later, in that front parlour in Golden Square, Miss Angel and her false Ambassador, who was a still falser swain, met, never to meet again, and shortly afterwards the heart-broken lady took the faithful Sir Joshua's advice, left London and went to Rome, where she married her true love, Signor Zucchi, and where she lived and died greatly honoured and much respected. Miss Kauffmann's adventure ante-dated that of the *Lady of Lyons* by a hundred years, and that of the *Lady of Leeds* by nearly a hundred and fifty.

The light employed to illuminate London before the introduction of gas was derived from whale oil of the very worst and most evil-smelling quality, enclosed in opaque glass globes, with

bits of cotton-waste for wicks. These lamps were either stuck up on poles at long intervals on either side of the leading streets, or else jutted out horizontally, on iron rods, from the corners of shops, and private houses, and only served to make the darkness visible. The *Gazettes* and journals of the period contain some curious accounts of the numerous accidents occasioned by the lamp-lighter spilling his oil on the heads of unlucky pedestrians, or even dropping the globe itself on passers-by, in which case, the said journals and *Gazettes* would inform their readers that "the unfortunate gentleman's head was much damaged by the clownish clumsiness of the clod-hopping fellow employed in lighting the street."

London after dark, in Georgian days, must have been a most unpleasant place, especially of a rainy night. The lamp-lighters, the linkmen, and the watchmen were all more or less in league with the footpads, and the unhappy pedestrian was frequently robbed and beaten into the bargain. To quote Gay's *Trivia* once more—

> "Though thou art tempted by the linkman's call,
> Yet trust him not along the lonely wall,
> In midway he'll quench the flaming brand,
> And share the booty with the pilfering band."

The enormous size and number of the sign-boards had been considered more or less of a nuisance even in mediæval London, but in the eighteenth century they had grown preposterous. Some few were well painted, even such artists as Hogarth condescending to their decoration—but so noisily did they flop from the ends of the iron rods on which they were suspended, that of a windy night the perpetual rattle was likened to "the branches of skeleton trees," or "the clappers at a Roman Catholic *Tenebræ* service." In the great storm of 1703, one of the most terrific on record, these sign-boards, the barbers' poles and the huge gilded balls—three times the size of those still in use—over the pawnbrokers' shops, came to terrible grief. The streets were so thickly strewn with them that the city looked as if it had been besieged. Their creaking added not a little to the terrors of a night of which Dryden wrote—

> "Never was known a night of such distraction,
> None so confused and dreadful."

"Confused and dreadful," indeed, must have been that memorable night—November 26, 1703—when the shipping in the Thames was wrecked in harbour, the river was filled, for days, with "heads and sterns," the streets were choked with smashed sign-boards, fallen chimney-pots and loosened tiles; and nearly every roof in London was stripped, even the leaden one of Westminster Abbey, which fell in a mass into the churchyard. Forty persons were killed, and two hundred maimed and injured; and it was well over a year before the damage was completely repaired, and the ruins cleared away.

If storms of wind and rain have often ravaged London, our chief city has also had its share of earthquakes. Setting aside the legendary one recorded by the Monk of St. Albans, in which he tells us, but on no definite authority, that a Temple to Apollo on Thorney Island was overthrown, several well-authenticated earthquakes are recorded, about the worst occurring on April 6, 1580, in the reign of Elizabeth, when considerable damage was done to St. Paul's and other prominent buildings. On February 8, 1750, a violent shock was again felt in London, the undulations being unpleasantly evident beyond Richmond. The motion was sufficiently alarming to induce thousands of people to seek refuge in the streets and squares. A few days later, a crazy Guardsman went round the town prophesying that at the same hour, a month later, another shock would utterly destroy the town, whereupon thousands of panic-stricken people left for the country, and those whom business detained, had their carriages driven into the parks and turned them into bedrooms, wherein they passed the night in anticipation of a calamity that never came. No recurrence of the phenomenon taking place, the timid presently returned to their homes, and all London clamoured for the punishment of the false prophet, who was arrested and sent to Bedlam, a very terrible fate in those days.

It was considered effeminate to carry an umbrella, even in a downpour, and although that useful article had already been introduced, it was exclusively used by elderly people, who, if really aged and weak, must have found it very heavy to carry, for an umbrella of the early eighteenth century, which is now in the South Kensington Museum, weighs something over six

pounds. Umbrellas had been known in England as early as the sixteenth century. Ben Jonson mentions them, and Swift thus describes a little milliner in a shower—

> "The trick'd up seamstress walks with hearty strides,
> While streams run down her oiled umbrella's sides."

The reader who desires to see for himself what London streets were like between 1700 and 1800, has but to turn over a set of the interesting and often reproduced works of Hogarth, for the first half of the century, and those of Rowlandson for the last. Therein he will find a rich pictorial storehouse of information, a little exaggerated, probably, for artistic effect, but still accurate enough for his purpose. Hogarth delineates the changes in costume from 1710 to 1760 with microscopic precision,—not a detail is omitted. In early Georgian times, the fair sex not only wore enormous hoops, but panniers, or basket-work bustles on the hips, whence the skirt hung, without a pleat, in unsightly monotony. From the shoulders at the back, however, the Watteau sacque fell in rather graceful folds. The waist was very long, and the body seems to have been cased in a sort of cuirass of whalebone, which must have been as uncomfortable as it was unsightly. The head-dress was usually a plain mob-cap of white muslin edged with lace, hiding the greater part of the hair which was very plainly dressed and but slightly curled. In Anne's time, a high-standing framework of lace rose a foot or more above the head, the hair being dressed "*à la Maintenon*," *i.e.* over a high comb, with two curls depending on either side of the neck. Hogarth's men are even worse dressed than his ladies. Their long dun-coloured cloth, stuff, or velvet coats with huge flaps over the pockets, tight breeches, white stockings and square-toed shoes, the whole surmounted by the Brobdingnagian wigs, in the drawing of which the great artist took an almost demoniacal delight, must have been frightful indeed. To add to the general hideousness of street and drawing-room, the ladies and gentlemen embellished their faces with black sticking-plaster, cut into various devices—a full moon, a star, or even a coach and horses—some of the patterns having a political significance!

It was not until the middle of the century that costume

became tolerable — improving especially during Madame de Pompadour's brief reign in France. It was she who set the fashions and, within limits, she was a dainty artist. Dress now became elegant—almost unnaturally so, for to look well with powdered hair, it was necessary to paint the cheeks, however blooming Nature might have made them, and to darken the eyebrows and even the eyelashes. In spite of the prodigious width of the hooped skirts, the rich brocades spread over them—some costing as much as six to ten guineas a yard, so closely were they woven with gold and silver thread—the delicately shaded and admirably shot silks, the costly velvets, edged with satin, the tip-tilted Turkish shoes, the wonderful display of priceless lace, the delicate shades of the flowers selected to relieve the low-cut bodice, constituted an absolutely beautiful costume, which Gainsborough and Reynolds ever found to their liking, and to which Lancret, Watteau, Pater, Nattier, Boucher, Drouet, Greuze, and Decrais have done ample justice. A little later, an exaggerated style of hairdressing, towering a yard high and sometimes surmounted by a garland of roses, a bird's-nest or a frigate in full sail, provoked the derision and even the ire of the people and the satire of the caricaturists.

The beaux were not behind the belles in matter of elegance: their satin, silk, and velvet coats, their embroidered waistcoats, their knee-breeches and silk stockings, and jabots of costly lace, their gold-headed canes, their jewelled eye-glasses, their sable muffs, and their priceless snuff-boxes were quite in harmony with their powdered hair, arched eyebrows, and slightly-tinted cheeks. Their manners, too, though artificial and finicking, suited their appearance, and the stately minuets and gavottes which they danced with such an elaborate grace.

Created in Paris by that clever Venetian lady, Catherine Pisani, Marquise de Rambouillet, that pleasant intercourse between men and women of quality, or, in our age, of education and fortune, which we call "Society" had, under Charles II., gradually become acclimatised in England. We can trace its beginnings in the *Diaries* of Pepys and Evelyn and their contemporaries, and note its rapid evolution in the Letters of Horace Walpole and Chesterfield, many of which read as if written but yesterday.

Society, in the days of our great and great-great-grandfathers, was divided into three or four very distinct circles. At an earlier period, the younger sons of the aristocracy had been apprenticed to city merchants, and, in Plantagenet, Tudor and Stuart times, the great London merchants were on a fairly equal footing with the nobility, many of whom are descended from rich tradesmen. In the eighteenth century, however, incessant warfare abroad, and civil war at home, led younger sons of patrician and county families, both in England and Scotland, to choose the army rather than the counting-house as a road to fortune. Thus was dug the gulf between the West End and the City which existed till a quite recent date. Very few eighteenth-century merchants sent their sons to Eton or to the Universities. They received their education, for the most part, at the four great London schools, Charterhouse, Grey Friars, St. Paul's, or Westminster. The merchants still lived in the city, above, or very near to their offices and warehouses, and city Society itself was strictly divided into two sections, wholesale and retail; oil and vinegar mingling more easily than the merchant's family with the shopkeeper's. The merchants occasionally gave grand dinners and supper parties. Their ladies wore the richest brocades and satins, and the finest jewels, the costliest rings and brooches, that money could procure. There was a great deal of "Sir"-ing and "Madam"-ing before the company proceeded, processionally, to the dining-room, where the substantial banquet was set out in solemn state amid a great display of costly plate, fine linen, and beautiful cut glass. The succulent, but heavy, meal was despatched in awful silence, and woe betide the unfortunate interloper from that other and greater world, who ventured on a joke, or told an equivocal story, which would have won the applause of Horace Walpole and sent the old Marchioness of "T" into fits of laughter. The dread frown of his host, or the threatened hysterics of his hostess, soon subdued him into silence. The ladies rose soon after grace, and filed in order of precedence to the drawing-room, where they played cards among themselves. The worthy alderman or sheriff who gave the entertainment remained behind, and, if the dinner was given early in the day —the usual hour for a formal dinner-party was two o'clock— he spent an hour or so with his friends, drinking port-wine and

stronger liquors, smoking churchwarden pipes and telling tales. Then, after a stroll in the garden, if it was summer-time, the gentlemen joined the ladies and had a dish of tea, which cost thirty shillings a pound and was rightly considered a luxury. At eight o'clock there generally was a second meal or supper, after which the gentlemen did not rejoin the ladies, and were generally found next morning by the servants fast asleep under the table! The entertainments of the nobility were carried out in much the same manner but on a grander scale. There was heavier plate and a regiment of "fellows" in livery and powder. On the other hand, the intercourse was a good deal more sociable and the conversation more lively. The great ladies were a trifle better educated than their city sisters, some had travelled, not a few were wits and brilliant conversationalists, and no aristocratic dinner-party was considered complete—especially in the last half of the century—unless its guests included at least one literary or artistic celebrity.

Dancing and gambling were the two favourite amusements of the fashionable world. There were dances in the afternoons which lasted till supper-time, and balls after supper which were kept up till daybreak. There were not only an immense number of private balls, "hops," and "drums," but a great many public subscription balls, such as Almack's and those in masquerade organised by the notorious Mrs. Cornelys at Carlisle House in Soho Square. These latter were invariably in fancy dress. The decorations of the magnificent rooms, with artificial flowers, flags and bunting, and their illumination by countless glittering chandeliers filled with French wax-candles must have been extremely elegant. La Cornelys, who had been a singer, was a woman of great taste who had travelled a good deal, and had engaged the best artists money could procure to carry out her scheme of embellishment. Royalty, as well as all the more worldly aristocracy, went to Mrs. Cornelys', and besides, a large contingent of wealthy would-be fashionables from the city. But after a time, some disreputable company managed to insinuate itself into the assembly, and worthy Mrs. Cornelys, whose fame and fortune had gone up like a rocket, fell like the proverbial stick. She got into debt, and died, in prison, at an advanced age, so completely forgotten by her former

friends and admirers that she was written of as dead whilst many years of unhappy existence yet lay before her.

Horace Walpole in one of his letters to Sir Horace Mann (February 27, 1770) describes a Soho ball in his usual vivacious manner. It seems that the ball in question was given on the invitation and at the expense of four wealthy bachelors. The bishops opposed it on the ground of its being sinful, whereupon four of these worthies were represented, to their horror, by their wives! The Duke of Norfolk, who was a Papist, scandalised the handful of Catholics present by appearing as a Cardinal. The beautiful Lady Waldegrave, Walpole's left-handed niece and wife of the Duke of Gloucester, figured as Elizabeth Woodville. Horace Walpole in a domino went in Lady Hertford's coach, with her two daughters. The mob pressed round the vehicle and obliged its inmates to let down the windows so that they might the better view their finery. "They were very polite and good-natured" and asked Walpole "if he was for Wilkes"—his pet abomination!

Polite Society in England owes a great deal more than it realises to Beau Nash, the broken-down bankrupt, who recovered his fortune and fame by making Bath the first watering-place in Europe. He had the courage boldly to repress the least breach of etiquette, and even publicly to scold a Duchess who refused to give her hand to a Squire's wife in a country dance. The effects of the Draconian rules and regulations framed by Nash for the benefit of the fashionable world, which was badly in need of a reform of its manners,—not to mention its morals,—eventually spread to London and the rest of the country, and with the increase of communication with foreigners, ended by modifying much that was objectionable, and rounding off many sharp social corners. Towards the middle of the century, a man who could not make an elaborate bow would scarcely be considered a gentleman, and a lady was barely considered of "quality" who did not know how to curtsey to the ground. It took months for a young gentleman who had just left the Universities or returned from the Grand Tour, to acquire the art of snuff-taking and the management of his "box." It may be a satisfaction to some to know that our scandals compare favourably with those which delighted Queen Charlotte, and interested

Horace Walpole. The great ladies of a hundred and fifty years ago, nearly crushed each other to death in their struggles to witness the Duchess of Kingston's trial on a charge of bigamy in Westminster Hall. But have not their descendants done the very same thing quite recently when one of their friends got into a nasty pickle? It is fashions that change after all, not human nature!

In the London of the eighteenth century, the sexes lived almost entirely apart. There were a few salons indeed where ladies and gentlemen met for conversation, but, as a rule, the women played cards amongst themselves, whilst their husbands gambled at their clubs. Gambling was the pet vice of the age. Everybody who was anybody gambled; but in this respect, if we may credit the voice of gossip, we are not much better off than our great-grandfathers and mothers. If they played faro and piquet from morn till night, we play bridge and roulette from night till morn. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, card-playing gained even a footing among the servant class, and mistresses sometimes found it difficult to get the dinner cooked because the servants had a card-party below-stairs.

Next to Venice, where there were forty-eight *casini* and *ridotti*,—official gambling-saloons where faro and roulette were played from two in the afternoon until three next morning,—London was justly held to be the greatest gambling centre in Europe. "Society was one vast Casino," says Trevelyan, in his *Early Life of Charles James Fox*, "on whatever pretext and under whatever circumstances half a dozen people of fashion found themselves together—whether for music, or dancing, or politics, or for drinking the waters or each other's wine,—the box was sure to be rattling, and the cards were being cut and shuffled."

In 1724, there were not less than thirty-five well-known gambling houses or clubs in London. Towards the end of the century this number was doubled. Four ladies of the highest quality—Lady Buckinghamshire, the beautiful Lady Elizabeth Luttrell, Lady Archer, and the Countess of Mount-Edgcumbe, a quartette familiarly known as "Faro's Daughters" — were brought before Lord Chief-Justice Kenyon in 1797, and threatened with the pillory for keeping a quasi-public gambling

saloon! They were let off "for this time," with a fine of £50 each, while Henry Martindale, Esq., was fined £200 for keeping the "bank" at Lady Buckinghamshire's.

Nearly all our most respectable West End clubs were originally gambling houses. The "Cocoa-Tree" which still flourishes as a club at 64 St. James's Street, was one of the first opened. There was a cast at hazard here, one night, rather late in the century, the difference on which was £180,000. That present pink of perfection, White's, was at one time perhaps the worst of all gambling "hells." "The young men of the age," says Walpole, "lose there ten thousand, fifteen thousand, and twenty thousand pounds in an evening." The play at this club was only for rouleaux of fifty pounds each, and there were generally some ten thousand pounds in gold on the table. The gamesters began by pulling off their embroidered clothes and putting on frieze garments; or else turned their coats inside out for luck. They donned pieces of leather to save their lace ruffles, and to guard their eyes from the light; and, to keep their hair untumbled, they wore high-crowned straw hats, with broad brims, and sometimes even put on masks to conceal their emotions. Hogarth has a picture representing a gambling bout at White's, where the players are so intent upon their game that they pay no attention to the fact that the house has caught fire and is in a blaze. "White's" was burnt down in 1733, the date of this spirited but probably exaggerated engraving.

Almack's in Pall Mall, not to be confounded with the mixed club and assembly rooms of the same name in King Street, St. James's, though owned by the same proprietor, and afterwards known by the significant name of the "Goose-Tree Club," was another "hell" of which Pitt was one of the most constant frequenters, and there his adherents met. Gibbon, the historian, was another member of Almack's, as indeed were most of the leading men of the day. The plays and memoirs of the eighteenth century are full of gambling stories. There is none better than that of Jemmy Lumley, a well-known rake of the period, who had a card-party one night at his house, to which he invited Mrs. Lucy Southwell, and Mrs. Mackenzy, two of the professional beauties of the day. Losing £2000 at the table without winning a rubber, his suspicions were roused and he

refused to pay. A few days later he received a letter from Mrs. Mackenzy inviting him to dinner at Hampstead; this he accepted. The hostess received him with the utmost friendliness, but when he was well inside the inner hall of the house, she asked him for the £1000 he had lost to her on the previous evening. "No indeed, I shan't pay, I shan't. Your servant; Your servant, Madam!" cries he. "Shan't you?" retorted the virago, and seizing a horsewhip from beneath her hoop, she whipped the unhappy Jemmy like a schoolboy's top, till he agreed to sign and give his cheque. Then Madam sent him out to cool on her doorstep. And, la! how folk did laugh when they heard of the adventure! At Lady Buckinghamshire's, one night, a peeress was caught cheating, whereupon the other ladies held her down and chastised her soundly with a slipper. The tale is a hundred and thirty years old and more, but was it not repeated some twenty years ago in a prominent ladies' club in London?

The Lottery, a Government institution, was another form of gambling, exceedingly detrimental to the moral tone of the lower classes, who were as inveterate *lotto* players as any Neapolitan or Venetian. A good story is told of a great lady who insisted that the rector of her parish church should ask the prayers of the congregation for the success of her lottery ticket! The State Lottery was only abolished in 1828, and its suppression cost the Government an annual loss of at least a quarter of a million.

Throughout the eighteenth century, duelling, which almost invariably accompanies high play, was rampant. The principal localities for fighting duels were Covent Garden, Lincoln's Inn Fields, the Ring in Hyde Park, the Field of the Forty Footsteps, Barnes Elms, and Wimbledon Common. The Field of the Forty Footsteps, in the waste land behind Montague House, Bloomsbury, was so called from the results of a duel fought there by two brothers, in the seventeenth century, about the time of the Monmouth rebellion. These duellists, like the Kilkenny Cats, killed each other, and over the marks of their bloody footsteps it is said the grass would never grow. The most sensational of the numerous duels of the eighteenth century was that in Hyde Park on the morning of November 15, 1712, between those deadly enemies, the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun. It

was "all for the love of a lady," and must have been a fierce affair, for Mohun was killed outright, and the Duke of Hamilton died a few moments afterwards. This incident suggested one of the most thrilling episodes in Thackeray's finest novel, *Esmond.*

The eighteenth century was eminently the age of the coffee-house, the tavern and the club. Of the coffee-houses, many of which eventually developed into clubs, numbers were built on the same plan, and managed on more or less the same principles, as the cafés of Venice and Paris. Large and airy, with lofty windows, their numerous tables were enclosed in rows and rows of wooden boxes, such as may still be seen at Simpson's old-fashioned dining-room in the Strand, or in the working-man's coffee-shops round Covent Garden and Holborn. An admission fee of one penny was charged, a cup of tea or coffee cost twopence (cheaper than now, although coffee and tea were ten times as dear), and the guest was "franked" for the perusal of the journals. Smoking was tolerated, and the Lady Superintendent was a person to be courted and treated with respect, even as the Parisian *dame du comptoir.* Regular customers had their allotted seats reserved. The coffee-houses opened at nine, closing sometimes as late as two o'clock next morning, and were crowded, day and night. Letters could be written and addressed to correspondents, a custom of which very good use is made in the comedies of the period. Truby's and Child's Coffee Houses in St. Paul's Churchyard, were the two patronised by the clergy, the Army frequented the "Old Man's Coffee House" at Charing Cross, Whigs went to the St. James's Coffee House in St. James's Street, or else to the "Smyrna" in Pall Mall, Tories were faithful to the "Cocoa Tree," in which a cocoa tree carved in wood and "painted to the life" may still be seen. Artists haunted "Old Slaughter's," in St. Martin's Lane, and lawyers loved Nando's in Inner Temple Lane, whilst merchants and "jobbers" used Lloyd's, Garraways, or Jonathan's, in Change Alley, immortalised by Swift in his scathing ballad on the "South Sea Bubble." Scots tarrying in London sipped their Mocha at "The British," and "frog-eaters" at "Giles's." Ambassadors, foreign consuls, and strangers in general, resorted to Mrs. Rochford's, or else to Robin's; whereas the wits and literary men assembled in all

their glory at John's, Child's, Button's in Covent Garden, Will's in the Strand, Dolly's and the "Chapter Coffee House" in St. Paul's Churchyard, or at the "Rose" in Temple Bar. In summer, the literary world frequented Don Saltero's Coffee House in Cheyne Walk. Other notable establishments were: "Serle's Coffee House" in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and "The Grecian" in Devereux Court, held in repute by such learned folk as Sir Isaac Newton and Dr. Sloane, which figures largely in the pages of the *Spectator*, "The Turk's Head" at 142 Strand, where kindly Dr. Johnson used to sup in order "to encourage the hostess, who had not too much business," and "George's Coffee-House" near Temple Bar, much patronised by country visitors. Of all these ancient resorts, and of others too numerous to mention, the venerable "Cheshire Cheese" in Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, alone is still the resort of literary men and journalists, even as it was in the days when Johnson occupied the chair.

Scarcely less interesting, if not so fashionable, were the taverns, which, however, had nothing in common with their namesakes of our own time, being frequented by the best representatives of art and literature. Many of them are quite historic—who does not know the "Mitre Tavern" beloved of Johnson, who "loved to sit up late" there; the "Boar's Head" in Eastcheap, where Goldsmith penned his famous *Reverie*; the "Pope's Head" near Cornhill; the "Salutation and Cat" in Newgate Street; the "Globe Tavern" in Fleet Street, not a hundred feet from which stood another well-known house, "The Cock," from above the door of which hostelry Grinling Gibbons' gilded cock even now surveys the much-changed scene; or the "Star and Garter" in Pall Mall, whither the *beau monde* journeyed to "regale on macaroni"? There were others—the notorious "Cock" tavern in Bow Street, and the "Rose" in Covent Garden, for instance, the latter of these forming the background of the third picture of Hogarth's "Rake's Progress," but they were less reputable.

The clubs evolved themselves out of the coffee-houses, and in this, their second stage, one or two of them are still flourishing —the Thatched House, the Cocoa Tree and White's, which last, when it was first opened as a coffee-house, was said by Steele to

be the destined resort of gallantry, just as Willis's, according to the same authority, was to become the centre whence poetry was to radiate over the town. In addition to the clubs pure and simple, there were others, literary and eccentric, such as the Pandemonium in Clarges Street; the Literary Club in Sackville Street, to which Garrick, Goldsmith, and Reynolds belonged; the Anonymous in Cockspur Street; the Oddfellows, the Hanburys, the Pearl Drinkers, the Thespian, the Great Bottle Club, and the *Je Ne Sais Quoi*, whose members met at the "Star and Garter," in Pall Mall, and included the Prince of Wales, and the Dukes of York, Clarence, Orleans, and Norfolk. To these may be added the "No Pay, No Liquor Club," held at the "Queen and Artichoke" in the Hampstead Road; the "Surly Club," "composed of Billingsgate porters" (!!); the "Florists Club," "consisting of pink and tulip worshippers"; and the "Mock Heroes' Club," the members of which were attorneys' clerks and 'prentices, "who thought themselves brave fellows"—something like Mr. Simon Tappertit's heroic band of "United Bull Dogs and 'Prentice Knights," who figure so prominently in Dickens' *Barnaby Rudge*. The ladies, too, had their exclusive clubs. Though Almack's was founded by the fair sex, it was in reality a cock and hen institution; but not so the Blue Stocking, which was intended for the exclusive benefit of learned women. The membership included Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu (presidentess), Mrs. Hannah More, Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Vesy, Mrs. Carter, the famous Greek scholar, and Mrs. Chapone. The Blue Stockings organised breakfasts and dinners to which the great ladies were only too well pleased to be invited; and on these occasions "distinguished males, both native and foreign," were also bidden. The Kit Kat, started in 1701, and called after its proprietor, Christopher Katt, opened with thirty-nine members, among them five dukes, and all the most distinguished literary men in London. The president, odd to relate, was none other than the famous actress Mistress Peg Woffington. The Kit Kat commenced existence in Sheer Street, off Fleet Street, but betook itself, by and by, to the Elms at Barnes, where its joyous meetings obtained great renown, keeping up their reputation for nearly thirty years. Later in the century, another Kit Kat Club seems to have been opened

under the presidency of Dr. Johnson, at No. 42 Bedford Row. The writer has never found any clear confirmation of this alleged fact, although the existence of such a club is certainly a tradition of the house, which at one time contained a number of curious portraits of eighteenth-century celebrities, said to have been the property of the members. The Mohocks was a club for rakes, whose rowdy practical jokes greatly upset the equilibrium of Dean Swift. The members of this "shady" institution must have somehow or other become aware of the Dean's dislike to them, for they openly announced their intention of attacking his chair, if ever they should get the chance. It was with great glee, therefore, that he informed Stella, in a letter dated March 18, 1712, "there is a proclamation out against the Mohocks, and one of them that is taken is a baronet." This raid does not seem to have induced the blades to mend their ways, for later on, Swift confides to Stella "the Mohocks go about nightly, cutting people's faces." "But," he adds, "they shan't cut mine!" The Mohocks, like their imitators, the Blue Bucks and the Hell Fires, did not last long, though quite long enough! Just before their final extinction, a gang of choice spirits hired Medmenham Priory on the Thames, near Marlow, an ancient nunnery, recently admirably restored by Mr. Hudson, its present proprietor, where, having established themselves, they soon contrived to obtain a very discreditable reputation. The leading idea of the founders of this club was evidently to imitate Rabelais' "Abbaye de Thelame" and its jovial and witty members. The Medmenham folk soon proved themselves too rough for the clubmen, and the confraternity, charged with every conceivable crime, including murder, rapine, and blasphemy, came to utter grief and shame.

After the fire of January, 1697, which devoured the greater part of Whitehall, the Court of England was driven, for lack of more stately accommodation, to make its London home in St. James's Palace, which was considerably enlarged in the heavy style of architecture peculiar to that period. In his *Four Georges*, Thackeray has given us a quizzical and cruelly sarcastic picture of our Court in the eighteenth century. It was not remarkable for refinement, and was apt, on great occasions, to be extremely dull, for, while little remained of the graceful

etiquette of Tudor and Stuart times, a great deal that was cumbersome, and of German and Dutch importation, was rather awkwardly added to much that was mincing and finicking, of purely French origin. George I. was, in a sense, a bachelor, for as we have seen he lived apart from his wretched wife, Sophia Dorothea of Zelle, who, therefore, exercised no influence whatever on the British Society of the period, and the ungainly Kilmansegg, Platen the greedy, and Ermengarda Melusina von Schulenburg, the abnormally tall, were hated by Court and people alike. Further, George I. disliked state and ceremony, and it may be safely said that his Court was the least interesting ever seen in England.

George II. was no better than his father, whose questionable tastes he had inherited; but he had the advantage of possessing in Caroline of Anspach a remarkably able and masterful consort. Under her guidance, the Court became fairly brilliant. Queen Caroline was exceedingly fond of horticulture. She even carried her passion for parks and gardens to the extent of attempting to exclude the public from St. James's Park—but gave in on being assured it would cost her "three crowns"—the King's, her own, and her son's. To her we owe Kew and the completion of Kensington Gardens, and she it was who caused the water to be brought from Hampstead to Hyde Park, to make the Serpentine. This Queen was handsome—though in later life she became very stout—and extremely fond of fine clothes, and of attending the opera and the play.

By far the most extraordinary pageant in the reign of George II. was the marriage of that King's eldest daughter, the haughty Princess Anne, to the Prince of Orange, which took place in November, 1732. The bridegroom was considered the very ugliest little man in Europe. He was taken suddenly ill, at his arrival at Greenwich on the 7th of November, carried to Somerset House, and there put to bed. Not one of the Royal Family condescended to pay him a visit! The bride-elect went on playing her harpsichord and singing duets and trios with professional singers from the Opera House, and Queen Caroline, who had from the first set her face against the marriage, openly called her future son-in-law a "bed-bug" and "a dirty little animal!" At last, the poor man got better, and thanks, partly to the

persistent intrigues of his ally the old Duchess of Marlborough, the wedding took place on March 24, 1733, "in the French Chapel" of St. James's Palace. The unfortunate bridegroom was all twisted in figure, his neck was awry, his eyes squinted, his nose was very long, and altogether he was so like "a baboon" that, when he entered the presence to join the wedding procession, the King and Queen burst out laughing in his face! His Highness was clothed from head to feet in cloth-of-gold. The bride, a buxom-looking young woman, terribly pitted with small-pox, was arrayed in a silver tissue skirt, draped with white lace and roses over a huge hoop. Her train of pale blue velvet, six yards in length, was carried by ten bridesmaids, all of them daughters of Dukes and Earls, and each wearing a white silk dress spread over a "vasty" hoop. In the midst of all this millinery the little "golden" bridegroom was absolutely lost, and getting caught, somehow or other, in the hoops and the trains, fell head over heels down the altar steps, a disaster that was witnessed by the august assembly with a titter. The Queen, alone, mastered her uncontrollable desire to laugh at her unfortunate son-in-law, and her countenance bore an expression of anxiety and trouble. Though her Majesty had not much feeling, she realised, no doubt, when the ring was slipped over her daughter's finger, that her child was making a tremendous sacrifice. The old-fashioned ceremony of putting the bride and bridegroom to bed, and their subsequent reception, there, of the whole Court, was a spectacle "worthy of gods and men!" The Royal Family had supped in public, the crowd of onlooking commoners being prodigious. Their Majesties, the bride and the bridegroom, and all the company, were in high good-humour, for wine had flowed like water and everyone was in a great state of exhilaration.

When the couple had been safely tucked up in the state bed, draped with crimson velvet, fringed with gold, the frightful little bridegroom sat up in a silver tissue night-gown, with a silver nightcap on his head; and his bride sat up beside him in a silver tissue "undress." All the Court passed in procession before the foot of the bed, the gentlemen bowing profoundly and the ladies making profound curtseys, just as Catholics do to the High Altar of a church. When it came to their Majesties'

turn, the Queen, who had a keen sense of the ridiculous, burst into fits of hysterical laughter. As to the King, he brushed away his tears, tried to smile benignly on the astounding couple, and wished them, in German, a "happy good-night."

On the following evening there was a great ball at St. James's Palace, and, according to the custom of the period, one indeed which lasted until the end of the century, a square space in the centre of the ballroom was boarded off, so that the couples who joined in the minuet should be free to execute their steps without hindrance, while the spectators, who were accommodated with chairs rising in tiers one above the other, could watch proceedings in comfort. It was afterwards observed that when the royal minuet was in progress, the bridegroom looking for all the world like "Ricquet à la Houpe," in his cloth-of-gold suit, the ladies hid their faces behind their fans, and the gentlemen swallowed as much of their pocket-handkerchiefs as they could, without running the risk of choking! As to the King and Queen, they made no attempt to hide their amusement. George II. laughed at his son-in-law's queer antics till the tears rolled down his cheeks, and the Queen's fat sides shook with unconcealed merriment! It is pleasant, after all this, to record that the royal Quasimodo turned out a very sensible little fellow, who did his best to make his wife as happy as a woman in her exalted position, in those days, could possibly be. Princess Anne, herself, was the first to defend him, when he was made the butt of ridicule, and to publicly manifest her respect for him.

CHAPTER XIII

IN GEORGIAN DAYS

IT is remarkable that at the close of the seventeenth century and beginning of the eighteenth, the trend of religious thought in the upper circles of English Society, especially in London, should have borne so strong a resemblance to that entertained by a large section of the same class at the commencement of the twentieth. As yet "Higher Criticism" and "Historical Research" were almost unthought of, and it would yet be a good half century before the reflex influence of Voltaire and the French Encyclopædists would begin its disintegrating action upon British orthodoxy. The agnosticism of those early days was none the less extremely materialistic. Mary II. was, however, naturally inclined to piety, and was, moreover, strongly Protestant, but William's religion consisted principally in going to sleep in church. He detested Ritualism and loathed Catholicism, which latter form of faith he persecuted both in Scotland and Ireland with barbarous vigour. The unspeakable horrors committed in his name in the valley of Glencoe reflect luridly upon his good fame—for it was he who by scribbling his royal signature at the top and bottom of the fiendish document which Argyle and Breadalbane submitted to his approval connived at the massacre of its inhabitants. King William also ordered one thousand Irish girls to be kidnapped and transported to the Colonies; an infamy which did not, however, much affect London, although it added little to the King's popularity. Meanwhile it became the fashion among people of quality to scoff at all religion, and to freely express their doubt, not only on the subject of the Divinity of Christ, but on that of the existence of God. Addison noticed this

cynical attitude of the fashionable world towards religion, and in No. 47 of the *Freeholder* says, "there is less appearance of religion in England than in any neighbouring State or Kingdom." Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, told the Bishop of Salisbury on presenting him with a copy of her *Epictetus*, that "there were more atheists to be found among the fine ladies of London than among the rakes." Even family prayers were discontinued in aristocratic households: "Why," asks a writer of those times, "say prayers which you do not yourself believe in, for the benefit of servants you do not care for, and whom you certainly do not want to associate with eternally in Heaven—if there be one?". In this year of grace, 1905, the Bishops of the Church of England have been lamenting a similar discontinuance of this good old custom of family prayers.

It was at Houghton Hall in Norfolk in the beginning of the eighteenth century that Robert Walpole got up that "funny" game of taking "not" out of the Commandments, to put it into the Creed, a pastime the invention of which is sometimes wrongfully attributed to Thackeray's "old Lady Kew." The clergy recognised these and many other evils, and Bishop Butler, like a certain prelate of our own, earnestly set himself to work to prove the analogy between nature and revelation, for says he, in the preface to his famous work, "Christianity is not so much a matter of inquiry, but that it is now at length discovered to be fictitious; and accordingly... all people of discernment . . . set it up as a subject of mirth and ridicule." It is not then surprising that, since the ultra-fashionable world in Annian and early Georgian times refused to believe in the Church's teaching, it abstained from going to church—an example which was sufficiently contagious to empty the places of worship of even their humbler attendants. This sceptical frame of mind endured, more or less, to the end of the eighteenth century, for as late as 1787 we find Hannah More lamenting it in her *Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World*, in which, at the same time, she deplores the general laxity of morals that pervaded every class of English Society. Another proof of the popularity of anti-religion at this period may be found in the election of Wilkes, a notorious atheist and profligate, to the position of Lord Mayor of London.

Although the scandal of "Paul's Walk" had never been

revived after the Fire, the great Cathedral, except on State occasions, might as well have been closed for aught the people cared. The services in the Abbey, also, were neglected, and although there was daily preaching in most of the parish churches, it was generally observed that the clergyman had the church, as well as the pulpit, to himself. Yet the Church of England was well represented by men of ability and eloquence, especially in its upper ranks. Dr. Tenison, Archbishop of Canterbury, was both clever and sincere; and so, too, was Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, while Dean Hooper was, we are assured, "a man of matchless eloquence." Hooper had been in Holland when Mary was Princess of Orange, and had often sailed up and down the interminable waterways of that country, the future Queen of England and her ladies sitting on board the barge playing cards as they drifted along. An artist in search of a subject might readily find one here; the barge with the buxom Princess and her ladies on deck amusing themselves, whilst Hooper, who never touched cards, watched their game as the cumbersome boat glided slowly over the placid canals, bordered by tall rushes and flat fields, dotted here and there with red-roofed cottages, and high windmills. The archbishops and prelates of Annian and Georgian times lived magnificently, as did their predecessors of pre-Reformation days—Tenison kept quite regal state at Lambeth, with a profuse table, though he suffered no one to smoke in his presence, "it made him cough and sneeze so," he said.

But apart from a few pleasant exceptions the Established Church was in a deplorable condition in the eighteenth century, the prelates setting a bad example to the ministers in the cities, which was followed by the "fox-hunting clergy" of the counties. And, for all their eloquence, Burnet, Tenison, Hooper, and even Dean Smith, failed to make any lasting impression on a world whose soul aspirations are laconically summed up in Gay's epitaph in Westminster Abbey—

> "Life is a jest, and all things show it,
> I thought so once and now I know it."

If a large section of the aristocracy had practically abandoned religion, the middle class—the "backbone of the country"—still

held firmly by it, at least in their outward practices; it was respectable to do so. Those fine old city churches whose congregations have in our time emigrated to the suburbs, were, in the eighteenth century, fairly well attended by wealthy citizens and their families, who sat in comfortable pews, screened from the gaze of the humble members of the congregation by rich red curtains, behind which the whole family of the worthy alderman or sheriff could indulge in a quiet nap during the sermon on a hot afternoon. The Church, both in its "high" and "low" forms, sadly needed that invigorating revival, which has developed within the past fifty years,—by means of Mothers' Meetings, Church Associations, the Church Armies, Sunday Schools, Temperance Societies, East and West End Missions, Tract and Pure Literature Societies, Bible Societies, etc., etc.,—expressions of an activity in religious life which was quite unknown in Georgian times. But if Faith was dying, Charity was beginning to start into being, and among the many philanthropic foundations of the eighteenth century, should be mentioned the Foundling Hospital, instituted by certain "worthy merchants in the reign of Anne to bring up and teach honest trades to those hapless children who had been abandoned by their parents." The scheme at first was unsuccessful, and it was not until a retired merchant-service captain named Coram (for whom Coram Street, W.C., has been named), resolved to make it practicable, that it became really useful. In ten years, by dint of Coram's energy and tact, the present Foundling Hospital was built and filled with orphans of both sexes. The site was bought by the then Lord Salisbury for £7000, and the architect was Jacobsen. The two first infants admitted were christened Thomas and Eunice Coram after the energetic founder and his wife. Good Captain Thomas Coram sleeps the sleep of the just in the chapel of the celebrated institution which he founded, and near him rests his wife who heartily assisted him with her practical advice and her indomitable energy. Hogarth painted Coram's portrait, which very properly still occupies a place of honour in the hospital. The chapel is well worth a visit on a Sunday, if only to hear the music, for the children sing quite exquisitely. Once upon a time they sang in St. Paul's Cathedral before Nicholas I. of Russia, and their fresh young voices brought tears to the eyes of that formidable autocrat.

In the eighteenth century, too, the first workhouse was opened in the parish of St. Luke, Old Street, in 1724; but the system was a bad one: it apparently held the poor to be criminals, and treated honest paupers like dishonest vagabonds, with harshness and even deliberate cruelty. Of late, many reforms have been introduced in our workhouses, but more are sadly needed! They are administered with too much philanthropy and too little Christian charity—a distinction with a considerable difference.

Whilst in aristocratic and intellectual circles a sort of "lower criticism," in contradistinction to the learned and less materialistic "Higher Criticism" of our time, was trying to demolish the authority of Gospel and Church alike, among other ranks of Society certain important religious communities began to exhibit signs of exceeding vitality, even if they did not attract the lowest dregs of "Darkest London," which continued to remain almost exclusively outside religious influence until the advent of General Booth. Few people are aware that the modern Baptists are the direct descendants of the Anabaptists or Catabaptists, as Zwingli called them, who were so ferociously persecuted under Henry VIII. and even later, one of the last persons burnt for heresy in England being an Anabaptist named Edward Wightman, who suffered at Lichfield in 1612. In the first quarter of the seventeenth century they apparently disappeared from England, their chief pastors fleeing to Holland whence they published a "Declaration of Faith of the English People remaining at Amsterdam in Holland." They did not venture to return to this country until after the passing of Cromwell's Act of Toleration, when their missions began to develop and attract great numbers, especially of the middle classes; their chapels were opened in various parts of London, that in Little Wild Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, being built on the site of Wild House the Spanish Ambassador's mansion in the seventeenth century, whence that dignitary had escaped by a back-door during the anti-Catholic riots of 1688. Although divided into several sections, such as the "General" and "Particular," the Baptists grew rich and flourishing, thanks mainly to several considerable legacies which enabled them to establish training colleges and missions, even in foreign parts.

The beginnings of Wesleyan Methodism in the eighteenth

century, and the prodigious strides made by that zealous community, were due to three members of an old Anglo-Saxon family, which had been seated at Wells in Somersetshire even before the Conquest. John was one of the nineteen children of Samuel Wesley, a Nonconformist who, much to his parents' annoyance, had joined the Church of England. John Wesley went to Oxford to prepare to take Orders, and found a sort of association of young theological students established there, who, though still entirely orthodox in their teaching and beliefs, were known as "Methodists." This he joined; and after his ordination was sent to Georgia to preach to the slaves, the effects of his teaching remaining evident there to this day. February 1, 1738, is a memorable date in the history of English Nonconformity, for on that day John Wesley landed at Deal after an absence of many years in America, and, perceiving the terrible lack of spiritual life in the metropolis, started preaching those tenets now known as Methodism. Whilst abroad he had fallen in with a Moravian missionary named Böhler, and his doctrines were now becoming somewhat un-Anglican, though to the end of his life he would never permit his followers to describe themselves as a "Church" distinct from that by law established. Wesley's beautiful face, his brilliant eyes, prematurely white locks, and magnificent voice attracted thousands to hear him teach the simple truths of the Gospel and the proper conduct of professing Christians; there was no humbug about this good man—he was absolutely sincere and full of zeal for the salvation of souls. In 1738 he purchased an old building in Moorfields known as the "Foundry" and turned it into a meeting-house, thus establishing the first Wesleyan Chapel in London. John Wesley died on March 2, 1791, aged eighty-eight, and after a sort of lying-in-state, in which his body figured attired in his clerical habit and holding a Bible in his hand, he was buried, to avoid any overcrowding, between four and six in the morning, in the vault of the City Road Chapel, which had been occupied by the Wesleyans after the lease of the "Foundry" expired. At the time of his death there were fifty-two Methodist meeting-houses in London and between sixty and one hundred preachers, with well-organised services and large congregations. Throughout his long career, he was assisted by his brothers, Charles and Samuel,

the latter being a popular hymn-writer, whilst the former had been his companion in Georgia.

George Whitefield was another eighteenth-century worthy, who followed Wesley's example and preached in the highways and byways of the metropolis. He, however, seceded from Wesleyanism and started more Calvinistic meeting-houses of his own, first at Dunfermline and latterly in London itself, where he created the Tabernacle in Moorfields. After some matrimonial troubles he went to America, and on his return found his congregation dispersed. He did not possess the business-like qualifications of John Wesley, and got into debt and trouble, from which he was only extricated after he formed the acquaintance of the celebrated Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, who, inspired by his evident unselfishness, became his active ally. In 1756 Whitefield had so far recovered from his embarrassments as to commence building, from his own designs, what was irreverently termed "Whitefield's Soul Trap," *i.e.* the Tabernacle in the Tottenham Court Road, which was enlarged in 1760, at the expense, it was said, of Caroline of Anspach. Whitefield died in America in 1770, and was buried in a Presbyterian Church, Wesley preaching his funeral oration in the Tabernacle.

Yet another prominent figure in the religious world of the eighteenth century was the said Countess of Huntingdon. By birth a Ferrers, and the wife of the ninth Earl of Huntingdon, this opulent woman soon after her marriage gave up Society for mission work, and the drawing-room of her house in Mayfair became a centre in which men and women of Society sat shoulder to shoulder with men and women of quite a different world, to listen to the eloquence of this gifted and enthusiastic lady, who remained at her post until her death in 1791, since which her following have become almost entirely merged into the community known as the Congregationalists. Lady Huntingdon was not without her imitators, and before the century was out several aristocratic drawing-rooms had been converted into meeting-houses. Among the most notable of these amateur conventicles, was that of Petronilla Melusina, the daughter of Countess von Schulenburg, only too well beloved of George I. This young lady was married when a mere child to the elegant and

very worldly Lord Chesterfield. In her girlhood, Lady Chesterfield had been exceedingly "flighty," and quite a match, in point of frivolity, for her notorious husband; but a chance acquaintance, which ripened into friendship, with Lady Huntingdon, brought out all that was best in her character. In the company of the excellent Selina, Petronilla attended Whitefield's preaching, and being intensely impressed by his eloquence she started, with the consent of her husband, "drawing-room meetings" in her house in Grosvenor Square, to which flocked the most fashionable men and women of her time. For all his wife's preaching and praying, Lord Chesterfield remained impenitent until almost the last hour of his life, when, just as he was about to depart, he leant back in his faithful Petronilla's arms and muttered the Lord's Prayer as his soul took its flight. After Lord Chesterfield's death, her ladyship destroyed all the papers, statuettes, and pictures in the house—Heaven only knows what treasures of art she smashed or tore to pieces!—and continued her sermons, rebuking sinners in no measured terms, and denouncing sin and vice in every form, until, at last, she herself passed away, respected by her friends and beloved of the poor. Petronilla, Lady Chesterfield, was a more sympathetic character than Lady Huntingdon; she looked so pretty and so dainty in her simple muslin and taffety gown and her quaint lace cuffs, as she stood up in her beautiful eighteenth-century drawing-room zealously endeavouring to convert the fast and fair who sate in admiring rows to listen to her exhortations! Can you not see them, good reader, in their powder and patches, their stiff brocades, and their delicate laces, wielding their snuff-boxes and flapping their charmingly painted French fans, whilst Petronilla bade them cast aside the vanities of the flesh and turn to God? Needless to say the majority made her but little response.

Wesley, Whitefield and the evangelical Countesses met with considerable opposition from the fashionable world. Lady Huntingdon spent most of her summers at Bath, then at the zenith of fame and fortune, and induced both Wesley and Whitefield to come thither to "convert the unconvertible." Beau Nash, the King of Bath, opposed this missionary work with all his power, but failed miserably. Wesley once met him in the

Pump Room and began to evangelise him, and a curious conversation took place, in which the Beau attempted to convert the holy man to worldliness, and Wesley the worldly man to piety—but both failed in their endeavours. The Duchess of Buckingham, who once accompanied Lady Huntingdon to hear Wesley at Bath, was furious at his outspoken words. "I marvel, Madam," cried her ungracious Grace, "that you should encourage such repulsive doctrines. Why, 'tis monstrous to be told that you have as sinful a heart as the common wretches that crawl on the earth. 'Tis highly offensive and insulting." Lady Suffolk, also, who had been notoriously intimate with George II., flew into a frenzy of indignation, and abused the preacher and his disciples in no measured terms. Lady Huntingdon, none the less, collected enough money to erect a tabernacle in the fashionable watering-place, where the *beau monde* flocked to hear the preachers, the *élite*, however, being screened from the vulgar gaze behind silken curtains, a distinction which irritated Walpole who could see little good in Wesley. "He spoke his sermon, but so fast and with so little accent that I am sure he has often uttered it; it was like a lesson. There were parts of eloquence in it; towards the end he exalted his voice and acted a very ugly enthusiasm." His personal appearance is thus summed up: "Wesley is a lean, elderly man, fresh coloured, his hair smoothly combed, but with a *soupçon* of curls at the end. Wondrous clean, but as evidently an actor as Garrick." His hearers are then described: "Except a few from curiosity and some honourable women, the congregation was mean. There was a Scotch Countess of Buchan, who is carrying a pure rosy vulgar face to heaven." For all the Duchess of Buckingham, the Lady Suffolk, Walpole, *et alia*, Wesley and Whitefield succeeded, even at Bath, beyond the expectations of their most ardent admirers. The Anglican minister of Claverton, near Bath, Mr. Graves, the friend of Warburton and Pope, wrote a novel against the Methodists entitled *The Spiritual Quixote: or the Summer Rambles of Mr. Jeffrey Wildgoose*, in which he makes an innkeeper exclaim, "I cannot keep a chambermaid or a tapster: but the toads must be singing psalms, or preaching to my customers."

In this delightful century of vivid contrasts—whilst the most worldly and frivolous society London has ever known forgot the

Lord and only remembered the gaming-tables, the steps of the minuet and the gavotte, the play and the opera, the Mall and the Park—the most austere of all Protestant communities came prominently to the fore. In the days of Charles I. and Cromwell, George Fox had instituted the Society of Friends, or Quakers, but it was William Penn who made it the force it eventually became. A rich and sober community, with peculiar tenets, addicted to soft-tinted gowns, pretty little bonnets, buff-coloured coats and broad-brimmed hats, you might have seen dozens of them in certain places thirty years ago, but now not once "in a blue moon" does one appear upon the scene to say "thee" for "you," and address us by our Christian name. A pleasant, God-fearing, well-to-do folk, who seemed to live in a twilight world from which the garish sun of modern life was excluded, they have at last almost passed away, or merged themselves into the ordinary Society of our times, for the most part indistinguishable, either in speech or dress, from those of other beliefs, even in their greatest settlement, Philadelphia, the capital of Pennsylvania. Although living entirely outside the frivolous world which hemmed them in on all sides, the Quakers were a powerful sect in Georgian times, their very name being synonymous with thrift or well-spent riches.

When the Jewish Naturalisation Bill was passed in 1753, it met with frantic opposition. The great ladies wore ribbons with "Christianity for Ever" on them, decorated their dresses with cruciform patterns, and even the most ultra-Protestant of both sexes wore crucifixes: whilst at every public dinner that year, pork in some form or another figured as the principal item on the *menu*. But the fact is that by this time a religious reaction had begun among all classes, and, what is more, it had come to stay. We still feel the effects of it, since much of that narrow-mindedness which characterises a certain kind of piety, and which is usually attributed to Puritanism, is really an echo of the great religious movement of the eighteenth century.

All the various sects—Methodists, Baptists, Quakers, and many others too numerous to mention—were united in one thing, their hatred of Catholicism, the unfortunate members of which faith were so cruelly persecuted it is a wonder that they were able to exist at all. It is not too much to say that, for

over two hundred years, the Catholic population of Great Britain lived outside the common laws, and it was only through the humanity of a section of the Protestant population that they managed to live. The extreme severity of the laws against them was, in a sense, their safeguard: they were so terrible that people hesitated to assist the authorities in carrying them into execution. Although Mass might be said in the Embassy chapels no pulpit was allowed, and an inscription was actually affixed "by order" to the doors of the Sardinian Chapel to the effect that "No English is allowed to be repeated here." No doubt, much of this lengthy persecution was due to purely political causes, and was fostered by the Hanoverian dynasty in sheer terror of a Stuart and Catholic restoration; but none the less it was a national disgrace.[1]

[1] The "Penal Laws against Catholics," which were not repealed until the Emancipation Act of 1829 (and then not entirely), were as follows:—(1) No Catholic nobleman might sit in the House of Lords. (2) No Catholic gentleman might sit in the Commons. (3) No Catholic might vote at elections. (4) A Catholic had to pay double taxes unless he turned Protestant. (5) No Catholic might hold any public office. (6) No Catholic might present to any living in the Established Church, though Jews were allowed to do so. (7) Catholics who stayed away from Protestant worship were fined £20 a month. (8) No Catholic might keep arms for self-defence, nor bring a lawsuit, nor be a guardian, nor an executor, nor a lawyer, nor a doctor, nor travel five miles from his house, except under heavy penalties. (9) A Catholic woman married to a Protestant forfeited two-thirds of her dowry unless she attended her husband's church, and she was liable to imprisonment at any time, unless ransomed by her husband at £10 a month. (10) Any four magistrates might compel a Catholic convicted of not attending Protestant worship to turn Protestant, on penalty of banishment out of England for life: he could be hung if he returned. (11) Any two magistrates might summon any Catholic over sixteen to turn Protestant; should he persist for six months in a refusal, he was declared incapable of possessing land, and his lands were confiscated to the nearest Protestant heir. (12) No such Catholic might buy land, and all contracts made by him were null and void. (13) Any Catholic who employed a Catholic schoolmaster in his family was fined £10 a month, and £2 a day on account of the schoolmaster; but (14) any Catholic who sent his child to a Catholic school abroad was fined £100, the child being disqualified from inheriting, buying, or holding any property whatever. (15) Any priest convicted of saying Mass was fined £120: anyone convicted of hearing Mass, £60. (16) Any priest coming from abroad and refusing to turn Protestant in three days after his arrival could be hung, drawn and quartered. Lastly, (17) anyone who became a Catholic, or attempted to proselytize, might be hung, drawn, and quartered.

As if these laws were not sufficient in themselves to quell the spirit of the Catholics, the mob supplemented them from time to time by "no Popery" riots, of which the most notable and the last occurred in the eighteenth century, and bears the name of its organiser, Lord George Gordon. In 1778 a Bill for the repeal of some of the infamous penal laws was brought before Parliament. This was enough to frighten the rabid section of the Protestants, who got up a monster petition against the Catholics, to be presented to Parliament on June 2, 1780. The principal mover in this scheme, Lord George Gordon, was the son of the Duke of Gordon, and was born in 1750, George II. being his godfather. He served for a time in the Navy as a midshipman, but quarrelling with the Admiralty about his promotion, he left the Service and, getting elected to Parliament, commenced his anti-Catholic campaign. Whether he was really religious or not is dubious,—Walpole accused him of "loose morals," and Hannah More said he was "very debauched,"—but he had a singular personal appearance, being very tall and thin, with a sallow complexion, high cheekbones, and long red hair, and he usually wore spectacles, red tartan plaid breeches and a black velvet coat: he was fully convinced that the whole Government, and especially George III., was strongly "Papistical," and once upon a time insisted on reading that patient Sovereign a long pamphlet on the errors of "Popery" which took him from midday to sunset to recite. On Friday, June 2, 1780, the day the petition was to be presented, a vast crowd assembled in St. George's Fields numbering at least 50,000. From here they marched, headed by Lord George, over London Bridge, through Temple Bar, to Westminster, where they formed up outside the Houses of Parliament, and amused themselves by insulting the Members as they entered the lobby; the famous petition was carried by a porter, who nearly fell under the weight of it. Lord Mansfield had his robes torn, the Archbishop of York's lawn sleeves were ripped off and thrown in his face, the Bishop of Lincoln's carriage was wrecked and his Lordship escaped through a neighbouring house in a woman's dress; whilst Lord Boston only arrived safely by getting up an argument between the leaders of the mob as to whether the Pope *was* Antichrist, during the heated discussion of which serious question he managed to

escape. The appearance of the Houses when they did assemble must have been very striking: as a contemporary writer said, "At this instant it is hardly possible to conceive a more grotesque appearance than the House of Lords presented. Some of their lordships with their hair about their shoulders, others smutted with dirt, most of them as pale as the ghost in *Hamlet*, and all of them speaking at once." In the end the House adjourned till the following Tuesday, only eight voting for Gordon's proposal to consider the petition. The mob then proceeded to the Sardinian Chapel, which they set on fire, doing much damage to the house over the gateway into Lincoln's Inn Fields. For two days after this London was tolerably quiet, but on Monday, June 5, the mob broke out afresh and demolished Sir George Savill's house in Leicester Fields (Square). Meanwhile, everybody was compelled to wear a blue cockade for safety's sake, and to chalk "no Popery" on their doors; even the Houndsditch Jews did this, one going so far as to add, "No religion at all!" During the riots, the Rev. Sir George Mannock, Bart., a Jesuit priest, together with his friend, Rev. Mr. Warren, an Anglican clergyman, went to watch the burning of the Sardinian Chapel from a distance. The mob immediately concluded that Mr. Warren, being in black, must be a Jesuit, and he would probably have been torn to pieces but for the real Jesuit, who, being disguised as a man of fashion, protected Mr. Warren from the infuriated mob at the risk of his own life. So great was the disorder that many people went mad from fright, and several died of the scare they received. After destroying the houses and furniture of Catholics all over London, the mob, amongst whom were a number of youths rigged out in priestly vestments which they had stolen from the chapels, poured down towards Newgate, which had been rebuilt that year at a cost of £140,000. Under the pretext of liberating some imprisoned rioters they attacked the formidable prison, burnt the Governor's house, and got drunk on the contents of his cellar. Meanwhile the flames caught the prison itself, and the shouts of the wild crowd were mingled with the screams of the roasting prisoners, though some three hundred ruffians were released. Crabbe tells us "the prison was red hot." From Newgate they went on to Clerkenwell, which they broke open, and then marched to Bloomsbury Square to

sack Lord Mansfield's house, destroying his valuable library, which contained, amongst others, books given him by Pope and Swift. It is of the treasures ruined on this occasion that Crabbe, in his happiest mood, sings—

"So, then, the Vandals of our isle,
Sworn foes to sense and law,
Have burnt to death a nobler pile
Than ever Roman saw.

And Murray mourns o'er Pope and Swift,
And many a treasure more;
The well-judged purchase, and the gift,
That graced his lettered store.

Their pages mangled, burnt, and torn,
The loss was his alone;
But ages yet to come shall mourn
The burning of his own."

On and on whirled the rioters, carrying destruction wherever they went, to Sir John Fielding's house, to Lord Petre's in Park Lane, to the Fleet Prison and the King's Bench, which they burnt, and the Marshalsea, which they wrecked. They robbed the toll-gates on Blackfriars Bridge; and at one time forty big fires could be seen blazing at once. They attempted to sack the Bank, but were driven off by a party commanded by the redoubtable John Wilkes; the mob revenged itself by burning and pillaging Mr. Langdale's house in Holborn, with the most horrible results. He was a Catholic and a rich distiller, whose cellars were brim full of spirits which caught fire, poured out of the vats and into the gutters, so that men, women and children, already half-drunk, lay down in the streets, and lapped it up like animals,—"the most horrible sight" Horace Walpole ever saw. Thus London was left to mob-rule for nearly a week; there were plenty of troops as well as the militia, but owing to some rubbishy red-tapeism they were not called out. At last on Wednesday the 7th they did appear, and attacked the mob at Blackfriars. A fierce little fight took place, over two hundred and fifty rioters being wounded, of whom eighty died, whilst many unfortunate creatures threw themselves into the river in the confusion. On the following day, though the soldiers were

encamped in the Parks, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and elsewhere, there was no disturbance, but many arrests were made: the Bank was, however, the only place of business open. Certain people still believed in the King's Catholicism—as a matter of fact, George III. had sat up two nights in order to personally command the troops in the event of the mob attacking the palace—and the following quaint advertisements were actually inserted in the newspapers: "We are authorised to assure the public that Mr. Bicknell, His Majesty's hosier, is as true and faithful a Protestant as any in His Majesty's dominions. We likewise have the best authority for saying that His Majesty's wine merchants are Protestants." What good the riots did to any person or party whatever, it would be difficult to say: claims for over £130,000 worth of damage were sent in: one hundred and thirty-five rioters were tried, of whom half were found guilty, and twenty-one, some of them boys under fourteen, were hanged.[1] The results of the disgraceful disturbance were admirably summed up by Mrs. Thrale, who wrote to Dr. Johnson from Bath, where there had been scenes similar to those in London: "Toryism and martial law and standing armies for ever; and when the Papists are all burned, and the Protestants all hanged for burning them, the Jews will jump for joy. I think no one else can be pleased." Lord Gordon himself was tried in the following February (1781), Lord Mansfield being the Judge; he was acquitted, but was excessively annoyed that he was not allowed to read the court "four chapters from Zachariah" out of a large Bible which he had open before him. After this he was excommunicated by the Archbishop of Canterbury for refusing to appear in an ecclesiastical court. In 1782 he libelled Marie Antoinette, and fled to Holland to avoid arrest; but the honest Dutchmen would have none of him and he was sent home, when he retired to the slums of Birmingham, and, becoming a Jew, assumed the title of the Right Honourable Israel Bar Abraham George Gordon. Arrested in the same year for contempt of court he was sent to Newgate, and died there in 1793.

Education was only beginning to advance in Georgian days,

[1] Dennis, the hangman, who figures in *Barnaby Rudge*, was really reprieved.

and although the public schools were fairly well attended, there was yet a great prejudice against teaching the working classes to read and write. Even people of position had a sneaking objection to schools in general, and "the quality" still employed private tutors for their sons—and very ill-paid they were. Landowners and farmers systematically objected to the education of labourers, and as late as 1850 the percentage of farm hands who could read was very low, not much over 5 per cent. In mediæval times, considering that the printing-press was not then invented and MS. books extremely rare, education was comparatively in a higher state than in the eighteenth century. Most of the monasteries and friaries had free schools attached to them, and the Benedictine and Dominican nuns kept boarding-schools for young ladies as early as the reign of Edward III., and earlier —the former Order even in Saxon times! Chaucer gives us glimpses of the state of education in his day, of—

> "Children an heep . . .
> That lerned in that scole yere by yere
> Swich maner doctrine [teaching] as men used there,
> This is to seyn, to singen and to rede,
> As smale children doon in hir childhede."

Mention of the "Father of English Poetry" inevitably reminds one of his Prioress's "French of Stratford-atte-Bow," a knowledge of that language being considered almost as indispensable to an eighteenth as to a fourteenth century feminine education. In Anne's reign, young ladies' "colleges" and seminaries began to be fairly numerous, and were advertised in the *Gazettes* of the day. Here are one or two delightful examples of the stately manner in which their merits were made public—

"At the French Boarding School for Young Ladies in the Broadway, Westminster, French is taught in its purity of language; English, writing, drawing, and accompts, in the utmost perfection; needlework, dancing, and every other article to perfect and complete an early education. Moderate terms. The writing is performed by a young lady who writes all the variety of hands equal to copperplate; who also teaches at leisure hours in a private character abroad."

Here is another, from the *Mercury* of 1726—

"The Miss Williams' School in Lamb's Conduit Street merits the attention of persons of quality for the excellence of the tuition and the cheapness with which it is accomplished, every item being attended to in a manner that is truly surprising to those who have experienced it. It includes the French language, taught by an exiled native of that land, a Huguenot gentleman of distinction, whose pronunciation is only equalled by his grace of manner. Likewise, English in all its branches, accompts; and the dancing of the minuet and the cotillon; with needlework in a variety of sorts, and the cutting out of fashions for ladies' gowns and the graces of refined society. Terms, £15 per quarter, with 5s. extra per month for the above accompaniments. References to a clergyman, whose daughters have received the benefits of the Miss Williams' school."

Mrs. Cross of Finsbury Square, at the same period, devoted herself to the education of the "daughters of some of the first families in the city." After descanting on the many attractions of the tuition she imparted, her advertisement informed the public that "the house stands in a very airy and healthy situation, three doors from the Square, of which Mrs. Cross has the key, and in which the young ladies will walk, as often as convenience and the weather permits."

It does not require much effort of imagination to conjure up a mind picture of these prim young ladies, parading in austere files round the sunlit square, their wide-spreading petticoats,—even little girls wore them,—their caps and ribbons standing out in bright relief against the green trees and grass, whilst Mrs. Cross and her lady assistants, as stiff as Falstaff's "men in buckram," follow in the rear of their regiment of "young ladies of quality," with stately step and solemn mien.

As to the education received by middle-class boys, probably Dickens' description of "Dotheboys Hall" is not much exaggerated. Robert Southey, who was at school near Bristol, *circa* 1782, relates how he had to wash in the open air in a tub which was equally shared by all his schoolfellows. The list of educational articles taken to a distant boarding-school by a boy of 1773 is interesting and significant; it consisted of, "A French Grammar. A Latin Do. A Spelling Book. An *Æsop's Fables*. A small Common Prayer Book. A

Summing or Erithmatick Book. And a Slate." Another eighteenth-century scholar relates that he used to put in eleven hours a day in the schoolroom in summer. Needless to say, the advertisements did not dwell on these discomforts, all those which have come down to us being quite in the style of Mr. Wackford Squeers. Here is one—of a real "Yorkshire school"—which appeared in the *Public Advertiser* in 1755—

"At Bowes ancient Grammar School, in Yorkshire, by Mr. Lamb, licensed master, and proper assistants, young gentlemen are taught the languages, readily and completely qualified for the sea, and any trade and business: neatly boarded, decently clothed, supplied with books and all necessaries, at ten pounds a year each. Mr. Lamb is now in town, and to be spoke with morning and evening at Mr. Lamb's, carpenter, in Noble Street, near Foster Lane, Cheapside, and from ten to twelve every day at Abington's Coffee House, near Gray's Inn, Holborn, till the 26th instant, when he will (either by land or sea) accompany young gentlemen to his school at Bowes."

At "Wanlass Hall, near Richmond, Yorkshire," kept by "Mr. Head," the boys had the benefit of "three masters of experience and humanity, particularly qualified in the branches they are respectively charged with." How the very spirit of Mr. Squeers seems to permeate these announcements!

In London itself there were not even the prototypes of Dotheboys Hall—they were always at a safe distance from scrutiny—and beyond the "dames' schools," where infants learnt the alphabet from "horn-books," and the City Public Schools such as Charterhouse, there were but few places where boys could be educated: Sunday schools did not exist, and technical education was almost wholly neglected, except for an institution in connection with Bridewell where honest but poor lads were taught useful trades. The private schools kept by Dissenters were very good, and both Secker, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, and Butler, afterwards Bishop of London, were educated in seminaries presided over by Nonconformists; for the very poor, there were, it appears, schools kept by retired artisans and craftsmen, but beyond their existence we know nothing concerning their management or discipline. It is true, there were charity schools, but as in one hundred and forty-four

London parishes there were only sixty-three schools they cannot have proved very effectual.

As we have already remarked, the sons of the gentry, even of the nobility, had hardly any better educational facilities than the poor. "The Grand Tour" of Europe was considered absolutely essential to the cultivation of a "young gentleman of quality"; but as the unfortunate youths were generally sent abroad with very inferior tutors at an age (nineteen) when, in accordance with what was then considered proper for gentlemen's sons to learn, they had imbibed nothing much beyond a little Latin and Greek, music, dancing, and fencing, the result of "the Grand Tour" was generally fatal to whatever accomplishments the youths possessed, and, as often as not, they returned home with little more than a knowledge of the oaths and vices of the Continent, like

> "Don Lumber, who had tour'd all Europe about,
> Contracted the vices—the virtues left out,
> Could bluster like thunder—a tempest each word,
> Would curse in ten languages, a Thraso at sword."

It was "the Grand Tour" that, only too frequently, turned gentlemanly youths into "Mohocks" and "Bottle Captains."

London University did not come into being until well into the nineteenth century, and the state of Oxford and Cambridge was appalling. The undergraduates did just as they pleased—and their pleasure was excessively lively. Drinking matches were a regular form of entertainment, only equalled in popularity by cock-fights. As to the educational side of 'Varsity life, it was wholly neglected; we can see this from the following amusing account of an examination at Oxford in 1770, related by Lord Eldon (then John Scott)—

"An examination for a degree at Oxford," he wrote, "was a farce in my time. I was examined in Hebrew and history. 'What is the Hebrew for the place of a skull?' 'Golgotha,' I replied. 'Who founded University College?' I stated, though, by the way, the point is sometimes doubted, that King Alfred founded it. 'Very well, sir,' said the examiner, 'you are competent for your degree.'"

If this was the manner in which examinations were conducted at the leading Universities at the end of the century, what must

have been the teaching in the private schools at an earlier date?

Never was drama more universally popular than in the eighteenth century, but, from a literary point of view, it had undoubtedly to a certain extent progressed in the wrong direction. For the romantic realism of Shakespeare and his followers, was now substituted the pedantic formality, the artificiality, and those limitations of time and place which distinguish the great French dramatists of the age of Louis XIV. Before the first half of the century was over, our dramatic literature was enriched with some fine but stilted plays, such as the *Cato* of Addison, *The Mourning Bride* of Congreve, and the numerous tragedies of N. Rowe; not to mention those of T. Sothern, Lord Lansdowne, and Crowne. Of all these dramatists, Rowe was the most remarkable, and his *Jane Shore* and *Jane Grey* still hold the stage in the provinces. But it may be doubted if any modern audience would sit out these formal plays with their long speeches and endless *tirades* that so delighted the Court and town under the early Georges, and even retained their popularity until far into the first half of the nineteenth century. Where are now the spectators who could weep salt tears over the woes of Belvedera or Elvira, even if depicted by a Terry, or burst into frenzies of applause at the grandiloquent orations of Addison's *Cato*, even if delivered by an Irving? These pseudo-classical tragedies were presented, not in the proper costumes of the period of their action, but in the cast-off Court dresses of the day! There is a fine old engraving representing some distinguished actor as Mahomet, in the absurd dress of the time of George I., the turban on his head, and his turned-up shoes being the sole indications of his Eastern origin! Yet another well-known mezzotint represents David Garrick in a Court dress of the reign of George III., enacting the murder scene from *Macbeth*, with Mrs. Pritchard as the lady in a hooped skirt and powdered wig!

The comic dramatists looked rather to Spain than to France for the plots and intrigues of their pieces. Though extremely coarse and quite "unspeakable," their work is often very amusing, and their characterisation, in its way, quite admirable.

When Queen Anne came to the throne, she forbade people

to go behind the scenes, or enter a theatre, without payment. Her Majesty's commands, containing the following very curious regulations, throw considerable light on the manners and customs of the playgoers of that age—

"Whereas we have already given orders to both companies nothing shall be acted contrary to religion or good manners upon pain of our high displeasure, and of being silenced from further acting: and being further desirous to reform all other indecencies and abuses of the stage, which have occasioned great disorders and justly given offence, our will and pleasure is, and we do hereby strictly command, that no person of what quality soever presume to go behind the scenes, or come upon the stage either before or during the acting of any play: that no woman be allowed or presume to wear a vizard mask in either of the theatres: and that no person come into the house without paying the price established for the respective places. . . ."

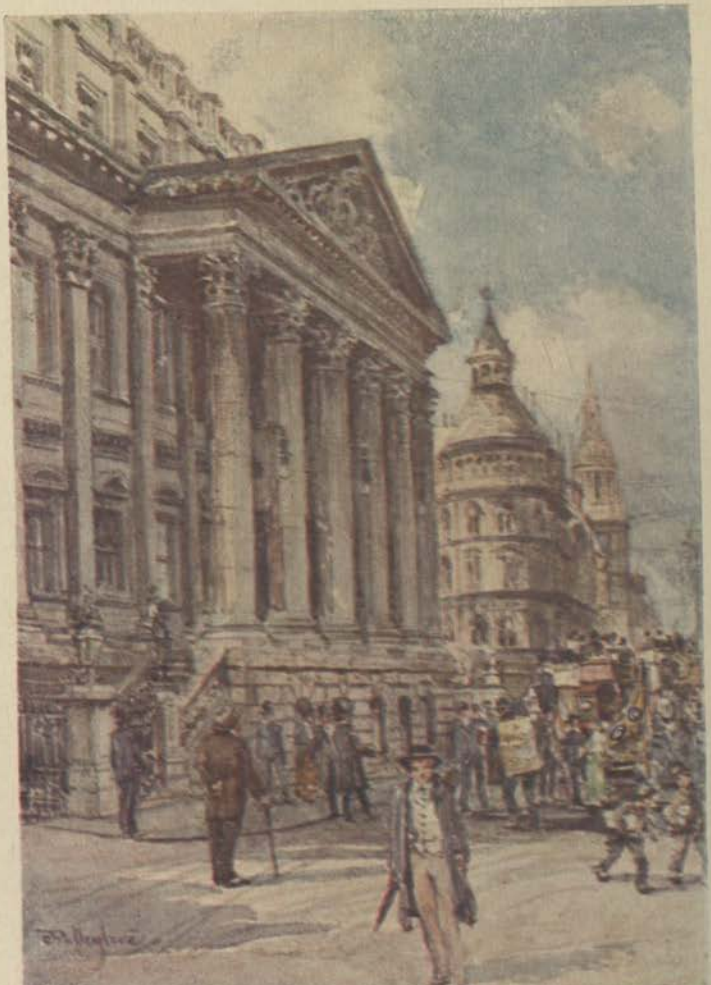
For all this, gay young "sparks" and old *roués* continued to frequent the green-room, and ladies and gentlemen of quality to sit upon the stage during performance, if they chanced to arrive too late to obtain seats in the body of the house. This most pernicious habit, which must have been very detrimental to good acting, since the spectators occasionally crowded the actors so that they had scarcely room to perform, continued until the beginning of the nineteenth century.

The principal theatre in the eighteenth century was Drury Lane, originally built, as we have already seen, for Thomas Killigrew, and opened on April 8, 1663, when it was known as the "King's Theatre," and as "a fine, big house," built in the Italian style with much begilded boxes and galleries and a large stage, the internal decorations being suggested by those of the principal theatre at Venice. The chief entrance was in Little Russell Street. This theatre was destroyed by fire in 1671–72, and being rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren, was reopened with an epilogue by Dryden in 1674. Rich, Steele, Dogget, Wilks, Cibber, and Booth were successively lessees, and in 1747 Garrick commenced a series of Shakespearian performances with a prologue by Dr. Johnson. After a long and glorious career Garrick made his last bow to the public at the "Lane" on June 10,

1776. Sheridan then became joint-proprietor with John Kemble, who assumed the management. In 1791 the old theatre, having become very dirty, dingy, and stuffy, was pulled down, and a new house, built by Holland, was opened in 1794, which could accommodate 5000 persons at a pinch, though 3600 was about the average. On the night of February 24, 1809, Drury Lane was burnt down, to be reopened three years later with a prologue by Byron. The history of Drury Lane is virtually the history of the British Stage, for nearly all our greatest histrionic artists, from Betterton and Garrick, Pritchard and Siddons, to Booth, Kean, Irving, and Ellen Terry, have appeared there.[1] The present building has lately undergone so many changes that very little of the old structure is left, though the general outline has not been much changed, and Beazley's portico (erected in 1818) remains intact.

The first Italian Opera House in England was the "King's Theatre" in the Haymarket, which, built by Vanbrough, was opened on April 9, 1705; at first, however, the operas were performed in English, but after 1720 the company was invariably imported from Italy. In 1789 the old house was burnt down, but was re-erected two years later on a scale approaching that of the La Scala at Milan. The cost of what was then the only Opera House in London was, for that period, quite tremendous; "the rent of the theatre in the early nineteenth century was £15,000 per annum." This theatre, in which Malibrun, Pasta, and Jenny Lind sang, lasted until about six years ago, when the new His Majesty's was built on part of the site of its predecessor, the rest being occupied by the Carlton Hotel. Here Mr. Beerbohm Tree continues the traditions, rather of Drury Lane Theatre than of the Opera House. Another popular eighteenth-century playhouse was the "Little Theatre," also in the Haymarket, whose successor, the "Haymarket," is now excellently managed by Messrs. Frederick Harrison and Cyril Maude. The "Little Theatre" was opened in 1720 by a French company under the management of Potter; which was succeeded by an English troupe, who, in due time,

[1] Nell Gwynne made her *début* at the "King's House" (otherwise Drury Lane); Mrs. Siddons, in 1775; John Kemble, in 1783; Edmund Kean, 1814. Macready took leave of the stage here in 1851.



THE MANSION HOUSE AND CHEAPSIDE

were followed by an Italian opera company. In 1727, Gay's famous *Beggars' Opera* was first produced at the Haymarket, with Lavinia Fenton, afterwards Duchess of Bolton, as "Polly Peachem." In 1734, Fielding presented "the Great Mogul's company of comedians," who performed his satire on Walpole's administration entitled *Pasquin*. Next came another French company, who were driven off the stage to the cry of "Out on the frog-eaters," and then, in 1744, Samuel Foote appeared in *Othello*, and shortly afterwards became manager. In 1777, the Haymarket, as a Theatre Royal, was under the management of Coleman; and finally, in 1794, sixteen over-loyal persons were trampled to death in an attempt to see the King and Queen at the play. The "Little House" was pulled down in 1820, and a new one, designed by Nash, opened in the following July. Miss Farren, afterwards Countess of Essex, and Miss Paton, who married Lord William Lennox, appeared here for the "first time"; whilst Kean acted at the Haymarket in 1806, and Macready made his last appearance on its boards forty-five years later.

Covent Garden Theatre had a humble beginning in great contrast to its later glory. It was opened in 1732 by John Rich, the famous harlequin, who three years later formed the Beefsteak Club, which still exists. In 1746 Garrick played at Covent Garden for a season, but the house was considered too large for him. On September 20, 1808, during John Kemble's brilliant managership, the old theatre was burnt to the ground, thirty lives were lost, Handel's organ was burnt, and all the stock of wine belonging to the Beefsteak Club destroyed. On December 31, 1808, the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., laid the foundation stone of the new Covent Garden Theatre, which, rebuilt from the designs of R. Smirke, R.A., cost £150,000, and was inaugurated on September 18, 1809, with an altered tariff, that gave rise to the celebrated "O.P." (Old Price) Riots. In 1847, this theatre was converted into an Italian Opera House, as a rival to His Majesty's, and has ever since been devoted almost exclusively to musical entertainments and, occasionally, masked balls. It was burnt down again in 1856, after the holding of a *bal masqué*, and was immediately re-built from the designs of Barry. Although unworthy of being the chief Opera House of the largest and richest city in the

world, it is a handsome reproduction, though on a smaller scale, of the La Scala at Milan.

Goodman's Fields Theatre, which was built in 1729,[1] but for some reason promptly suppressed, was another eighteenth-century playhouse. It was reopened in 1737, and in 1741, the proprietor, being the manager of an Ipswich theatrical company in which David Garrick was playing, brought that man of genius to town, and the great "Mr. Davy" made his *début* in London as Richard III. at the Goodman's Fields Theatre on October 19, 1741. On this auspicious occasion, the playbills announced that the part of Glos'ter would be performed "by a gentleman who had never appeared on any stage before," despite the fact that Garrick had already appeared at Ipswich; moreover, so the playbills stated, "between the acts there will be a dance, by M. Forêt and Madame Duvalt," and "the whole performance to conclude with a ballet opera in one act entitled *The Virgin Unmasked*, the parts being taken gratis by people of quality for their diversion." The performance began at six o'clock, and the seats cost three, two, and one shilling each. Two days later Garrick wrote to his brother Peter that he had played Richard III. to everybody's surprise, and hoped to make £300 per annum by it. His success was immediate, and he performed the part no fewer than one hundred and fifty times, including Christmas Day. All London went to see him; in spite of Walpole's assertion that he saw "nothing" in Garrick's performance, and though the poet Gay was also "stiff in opposition" to the new actor. The theatre which saw the beginning of Garrick's success was pulled down in 1746, but rebuilt shortly afterwards, and here, in 1787, the great tenor, Braham, made his first appearance, under the name of Master Abrahams. His daughter was that distinguished Countess of Waldegrave, remembered by hundreds who have barely entered middle life, if only for her lavish hospitality at Strawberry Hill, the villa once owned by Horace Walpole.

We have already mentioned the Duke's Theatre in Portugal

[1] Goodman's Fields covered the site of Leman Street, E., and derived their name from a farmer named Goodman who owned the property at the end of the sixteenth century. They are said, since funereal urns were discovered hereabouts, to have been the site of a Roman burial-ground.

Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, which was so immensely popular and fashionable in the seventeenth century, when Nell Gwynne, Betterton, and Moll Davis, played there. Then Lord Orrery's *Henry V.* was acted here in 1671, with Harris, Betterton, and Smith in the cast; they wore the coronation robes of King Charles II., the Duke of York, and Lord Oxford, "lent for the occasion." After being twice rebuilt in the end of the seventeenth century, the Duke's was opened by John Rich, in 1714, and it was here that he introduced to an admiring public the very first pantomime, playing the part of harlequin himself. The first English opera was also performed here in 1717–18. Rich having removed to Covent Garden Theatre in 1732, the Duke's Theatre became by turns a concert-hall, a barrack, and an auction room, until, in 1848, it was incorporated into the Royal College of Surgeons' Hall, and, needless to say, very little of the original building is now remaining. Almost as popular as Drury Lane and the Duke's was Sadler's Wells Theatre, erected by Rosoman in 1764 on the site of the old music-house, which was closed after the Wells had ceased to attract for hygienic purposes. Charles Dibdin[1] and his two sons were, for a time, proprietors of the Wells Theatre, whose stage was trod by those renowned clowns, the three Grimaldis, father, son, and grandson. Sadler's Wells Theatre remained popular, as the retreat of the legitimate drama, until the middle of the nineteenth century. Phelps, who was a very fine actor, managed Sadler's Wells for a time, and very successfully; but when Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe) seceded from the Lyceum company in the 'eighties, and became manageress of the Wells, she failed dismally, notwithstanding her popularity and talent, to attract the theatre-going world so far out of its beat, and, from her day to the present, the old theatre has fallen on distinctly bad times.

To turn to places where a lighter form of entertainment was provided for eighteenth-century Londoners, we must mention Astley's Theatre in the Westminster Bridge Road. Philip Astley,

[1] Charles Dibdin ran three theatres—the Sans Souci in the Strand (where he sang his own songs to a piano of his own invention), another Sans Souci in Leicester Place, and the old Surrey Theatre in St. George's Fields, which latter was first opened, as the Royal Circus, in 1782. It was burnt down, and rebuilt in 1806, and here Buckstone made his *début*.

its organiser, was a cavalryman who, in 1763, gave equestrian "shows" in a field in Lambeth. Whilst riding across Westminster Bridge one day he saw a diamond ring sparkling in the road, and, appropriating it, sold it for a good sum, with a part of the proceeds of which—£60—he built the first "Astley's" in 1773. Burnt down in 1794, it was rebuilt in the following year, only to be again destroyed by fire in 1803. A fourth fire occurred here in 1841, after which "Astley's" was rebuilt, to flourish until about forty years ago, during which period it was the only permanent hippodrome in London. The famous equestrian artist, Andrew Ducrow, was born in the Borough in 1793, at a time when his equally celebrated father, a native of Bruges, was performing at "Astley's" as the "Flemish Hercules." He was the Sandow of those days, and taught muscle development even to ladies of the aristocracy.

The first Lyceum was built by James Payne, the architect, in 1765, as an academy for a society of artists; from whom, on the re-establishment of the Royal Academy, Garrick leased the premises to prevent their being converted into a theatre by a rival manager. About 1790, one Lingham, a breeches-maker in the Strand, purchased the place and made a sort of concert-hall of it. In 1795, Lingham leased the adjoining ground to a Dr. Arnold, who built a regular theatre upon the site, which he let out for musical entertainments, dancing, and art exhibitions. It was here that Winsor first demonstrated his method of gas-lighting in 1803. In 1809, the theatre was enlarged by Mr. S. A. Arnold, and opened as the "English Opera House." Like most of the theatres of the period, it was burnt down, (in 1830). Beazley rebuilt it a little farther westward. This theatre, after being associated with the names of Madame Vestris, Charles Mathews, Fechter and Kate Terry, Irving and Ellen Terry, has recently been converted into a music-hall.

Fain would we tarry in the delightful company of the illustrious histrions of the eighteenth century. To immense artistic talent they joined a social charm that proved of solid value to the Society of their time, which, notwithstanding its inherent want of moral stamina, was apt to be dull and formal. But lack of space forbids us to mention more than a few historic names; James Quin, who played Othello, and played

him admirably, in a regimental suit of the King's Bodyguard, and with a blackened face under a large major powdered wig; Mrs. Yates, whose Lady Macbeth, although she wore a hooped skirt eight yards in circumference, made the audience shudder; Barry and Delane, the great Charles Macklin, Weston and Sponk, stately Mrs. Pritchard, gay Kitty Clive, the inimitable Mrs. Cibber, the immaculate Mrs. Bracegirdle, fair Miss Pope, and kind-hearted Peg Woffington; Miss Young, the gifted; the pathetic Miss Ray, herself the victim of a dreadful tragedy; and venture-some Anne Bellamy, who fought a duel with a female rival. Mrs. Oldfield, too, must not be forgotten, for she held her own on the stage and in drawing-rooms as well; and Garrick, "the great, little Mr. Davy—that wonder of his age,"—who knew no rival behind the footlights until John Philip Kemble trod upon his toes; whilst last, but surely not least, the illustrious Sarah Siddons, who graced the Stage by her genius, and Society by her social charm and the blameless lustre of her private life. Nor should lovely, laughing Dorothea Jordan be forgotten, for, if Siddons was the Melpomene, surely Jordan was the Thalia of that age?

The eighteenth century saw the beginning of the long series of marriages between peers and actresses which has lasted till our own time. First the beautiful Lavinia Fenton, after driving the town wild as "Polly Peachem" in *The Beggars' Opera*, became the wife of the Duke of Bolton. The next English duke to espouse "a lady of the stage" was his Grace of St. Albans, who in his twenty-seventh year plighted his troth to the buxom widow of Coutts, the banker, the *ci-devant* Harriet Mellon, who was fifty. Lord William Lennox married the handsome Miss Paton, and Lord Derby carried off the lovely Miss Farren, the most charming, but certainly not the original, "Lady Teazle" of the *School for Scandal*, most brilliant of eighteenth-century comedies. Lady Derby, when Miss Farren, provided Sir Thomas Lawrence with the subject of his master-piece, in which he has represented her walking in a field, dressed in a long white satin cloak, and carrying a muff in her hand. It is a beautiful face, and one does not wonder she became a Countess. The lovely Miss O'Neil, who was intended to be the successor of Mrs. Siddons, married Sir William Wrexon

Beecher, and later on, the exquisite *comedienne*, Miss Foote, became Countess of Harrington, and the charming singer, Miss Stephens, Countess of Essex. We may recall, too, in this connection, the name of the enchanting Dorothea Jordan. 'Tis true she was never a peeress, but by her long and unfortunate connection with the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., she became the foundress of two peerages, Fitzclarence and Munster, and one of her great-grandsons, the Duke of Fife, is married to a daughter of the reigning Sovereign. Since then— But we will not pursue the tale!

Amongst the plays most in vogue between 1700 and 1800 were: *The Fatal Marriage*, *Oronko*, *The Rival Queens*, *The Beggars' Opera*, *The Orphan of China*, *The Mourning Bride*, *Mahomet II.*, *The Carnival of Venice*, *The Way of the World*, *The Belle's Stratagem*, *The Beau's Stratagem*, *The Maid of the Inn*, *The Gamester*, *Venice Preserved, or The Plot Discovered*, *The Stranger*, *She Stoops to Conquer*, *The Man of the World*, *The Rivals*, *The School for Scandal*, *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Richard III.*, *The Winter's Tale*, *The Tempest*, *Measure for Measure*, *As You Like It*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *King John*, *King Henry VIII.*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, and *Henry IV.*

The prices of admission at Drury Lane and Covent Garden were: Gallery 6d., Boxes 4s.—but sometimes the boxes fetched 5s., and the pit, which corresponded more or less to our stalls, was 3s. Macklin tells us that in his time, the "pittites" formed the more respectable part of the audience. They, at least, came to see and hear the play, and not to jeer or chatter; in point of fact, they were the cultured men and the quieter sort of youth of the town, whose criticism made or marred a piece. "An indifferent or vulgar person scarcely ever frequented the pit, and very few women." It appears that the denizens of the pit, in order to inspire the frivolous with a sense of the gravity of their position as critics, were in the habit of smearing their upper lips with snuff! The "gods" were very terrible in those days; noisy and troublesome, and, like Scott's fair, "hard to please," but, if melted, they literally rained tears on the pit; and the shudder of terror to which the great Mrs. Pritchard, or the equally

tremendous Mrs. Siddons, could thrill them, "vibrated through the house like the shock of an earthquake." Their enthusiasm knew no bounds, but, at the same time, their malevolence, when roused, often found vent in the wrecking of their Olympus!

In her entertaining, but little known, account of her visit to London, (*Un Voyage en Angleterre*), Madame Roland thus describes a visit to Drury Lane: "There are neither guards nor musketeers at the entrance of the public places, nor in the inside, and there is neither bustle nor confusion in the lobbies of the great theatres as there is in ours. The audience cry out 'encore' as we cry '*bis*,' and they frequently make the actors and actresses sing over and over again a favourite tune that happens to please. As people in London dine very late, usually at four o'clock, and at six in the fashionable world, the public theatres hardly begin before seven at the earliest and the play ends very late—we came out of Drury Lane at half-past eleven and left the afterpiece just begun. A person must take care of his pockets and look about him in the evening, when he happens to be in the streets of London, for there are a great many robberies. The thieves assemble together in small gangs and even stop carriages. The other evening a well-known musician was stopped close to the Opera House and, in an attempt to defend himself, was killed. You should call out very loud if you fall in with robbers in London, for though they are bold, yet they are easily frightened, the laws against them being so severe. The watchmen are mostly common old soldiers and wear big cloaks with many flounces, cocked hats, and carry rattles. There are a certain number of them assigned to each parish, who rattle their instruments, call out the hours, and carry lanthorns. The theatres are supplied with these worthies, and thieves are very afraid of them, for when those rascals are caught, they are quickly hanged without mercy."

Opera, in one form or another, flourished throughout the whole of this century. Purcell had been inspired to imitate the sort of musical drama then in vogue in Italy and France, and produced *Dido and Æneas*, with great success, in 1695. Next came *The Indian Queen*,—which is full of fine music, especially the famous "Incantation,"—and in Anne's reign, his masterpiece, *Don Quixote*. But with the fashionable world, English

Opera, although it possessed many able composers, never attained the same popularity as the Italian—which, in the last half of the eighteenth century, became a hardy annual, much cultivated at the Haymarket by the Court and the fashionable world. The management was almost always enterprising. Nearly all the favourite operas, and all the favourite Continental singers, were to be heard in London in the summer and winter seasons. Many of the operas which our great grandfathers admired are now forgotten, but a few deserve revival, if only in concert form; such are Porpora's *Semiramide*, Caffarelli's *Leonora*, Zingarelli's *Inez di Castro*, the lovely *Romeo e Giuletta* by the same composer, Hasse's fine *Ascanio in Alba*, —Hasse's wife, by the way, was the famous prima donna Faustina, — Pasiello's *Serva Padrona* and Pergolese's *Nino*. Handel, too, who lived so long in this country that he was almost an Englishman, lent his genius to the stage and composed many operatic works, amongst them *Tamerlano*, *Marzio Scevola*, and *Armida*. The music of one of his unsuccessful operas is still familiar — almost over-familiar— since he subsequently used it in his *Messiah*. That most popular of all oratorios was first performed in Dublin on the night of April 18, 1742, and in London, at the King's Rooms,[1] Hanover Square, on March 23, 1743. Haydn, too, composed operas as well as oratorios, but of all his many works, even of the latter class, the *Creation* alone retains popularity. London joined but coldly in the great "Glück and Piccini" movement which convulsed Paris, and resulted in the erection of two distinct schools of operatic composition, best illustrated in our day by Wagner and Verdi, and their numerous imitators. As a matter of fact we had our own movement of the same sort in the heated controversy between the admirers of Buonaccini, who represented the old school of Italian music, and Handel, the chief exponent of the newer school. The old Duchess of Marlborough substantially expressed her admiration for the older method by subsidising Buonaccini to the tune of £15,000.

All the great singers of the time came to London and earned very high salaries. In 1765, Manzoli, the tenor, received £1000

[1] Lately the dining-room of the Hanover or Imperial Club, but now pulled down to make room for shops and flats.

for the season, an additional sum of £1500 on his benefit night, and a great number of costly presents. Faustina received as much as £200 per night; Guadagno, the great tenor, £1000 per season, and another £1000 on his benefit night. Mrs. Billington, who was as popular in Italy as in London, often earned £200 for a single night's performance. Even in the first decade of the nineteenth century we find la Barili—the grand-aunt of Adelina Patti—demanding £1000, all expenses paid and a benefit, for a short season; and Catalani refusing to sing for less than £250 a night. The celebrated Donzelli demanded and obtained £600 per month, a benefit free of expense, and all expenses, as well as three meals daily "of the best quality" for himself, wife and child. The famous Guadagno got £1500 for a season, a benefit and all expenses. La Pellegrini obtained £2500, all expenses, six "covers" at table, a benefit, and the right to appear in a male part.[1] These singers enjoyed a privilege denied to those of our day. They had no tempestuous orchestra to contend with, but were usually accompanied by the harpsichord only, the *maestro al cembalo*, or pianoforte-player, remaining, until quite late in the first half of the nineteenth century, as great a personage in the orchestra as the conductor himself, whose duties were confined to leading the overtures, choruses, and concerted pieces.

If music flourished in our midst in the age of powder and patches, how much more so did the art of painting? Our great national school began in Anne's reign with Hudson and Hogarth, to continue in glory with Reynolds, Romney, Gainsborough, Opie, and Beachy. A few years ago this "Early English school" was barely recognised on the Continent, but Reynolds and Gainsborough now rank with Velasquez and Titian, and their pictures fetch even higher prices. To-day the French critic, rubbing his eyes in astonishment before the canvases of the great painters of our national school, and remembering that Art, like Nature, knows no nationality, acknowledges with genuine enthusiasm that even his own great artists of the eighteenth century pale before the mighty English Triumvirate,—Reynolds, Romney, and Gainsborough,—and recognises at their true value

[1] From an MS. of operatic accounts from 1790 to 1820 in the possession of the author.

the genius and charm of Lawrence, Opie, Beachy, Hoppner, Wilson, Constable, and Turner.

Passing mention at least should be made here of the art-industries of this century of vivid contrasts. It witnessed the rise to great prosperity of several ceramic manufactories, and notably those of Chelsea, Derby, Worcester, Lowestoft, and Battersea (famed for its enamels), whose wares are still precious to the virtuoso and costly to his pocket. The influence of French contemporary art is, no doubt, visible in the results of these factories, whose designs were often very pretty and original. Roubillac, whose Shakespeare still stands admired in Poets' Corner, was the modeller of the finest Chelsea *figurines*. Our Chippendale and Sheraton furniture, if less sumptuous than the French of the same period, is in many ways its equal in elegance of design, and occasionally its superior in perfection of workmanship, though the bronze and brass fittings are invariably greatly inferior.

Our great-grandparents were fondly devoted to *alfresco* entertainments. Vauxhall, which some French writers believe to be still in existence, was a kind of primitive Earl's Court Exhibition, which remained open without intermission from 1732 to 1840.[1] But, if we may believe contemporary report, the behaviour of its frequenters was often of a nature we should scarcely tolerate. Politicians and gentlemen of quality would occasionally indulge in a regular row; chairs were overturned, ladies screamed and fainted, heads were broken, and the distracted proprietor, not daring to order the arrest of his distinguished patrons, would rush to the front of the principal box, with pitiful appeals of "Gentlemen, order! Order, gentlemen!" In a way, however, Vauxhall seems to have been well managed. Mr. Tyers, who organised the show and kept it going for over half a century, was distinctly "a man of parts," an excellent manager and an up-to-date showman. The gardens were well laid out, with formal avenues of elms, and ornamented with triumphal arches, marble statues, and a figure of Milton, "in lead." There were caves and grottos, fountains and lakes, and at night as many as twenty thousand coloured lamps shed light upon the festive scene.

[1] Vauxhall Gardens were reopened in 1842, and more or less retained their popularity until 1856, when they were closed for good and all.

There were temples and pavilions, rotundas and music-rooms, colonnades for wet weather, and supper boxes where generations of Londoners ate the noted Vauxhall chicken-and-ham pies. There were cricket-fields, little theatres where comedies were played, and a gilded state-box like a huge canary cage, from the lattice window of which the greatest singers of the age, including Faustina and Mrs. Billington, the Melba and the Patti of those times, warbled ballads and trilled bravuras. It is not surprising, then, that during the summer months jaded Londoners gladly paid their shillings, and enjoyed the fresh air and varied delights provided for them by Mr. Tyers. Under the signature of "A Citizen of the World," Oliver Goldsmith describes his visit to Vauxhall in the amusing company of Mrs. Tibbs, Betsy Tibbs, The Man in Black, and the Pawnbroker's Widow, and who that has ever read his funny account of the dispute between the Widow and Mrs. Tibbs is likely to forget it? Mrs. Tibbs, it will be remembered, preferred the centre Walk, where the best company paraded. She was anxious to see the latest thing in caps and sarcenets, whereas the Widow's mind was bent upon beholding the display of Waterworks, which at a certain hour burst forth, as it were, from underground, and fell in silver cascades over an artificial rockwork. Hence all the hurly-burly!

George IV., when Prince of Wales, was extremely fond of Vauxhall Gardens, and it was the fashion for his distinguished friends to hire the Grand Pavilion for a supper-party in his honour, a fact which, duly announced in the daily papers, attracted throngs of people to the Gardens, for, at a certain hour, the royal party made a point of showing themselves in the Central Promenade. The following whimsical account of the result of a visit of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., to Vauxhall, appeared in the *Mercury* on August 1, 1782. "Last night, the Prince of Wales was at Vauxhall, where he spent a considerable part of the evening with a set of gay friends, but when the music was over, being discovered by the company, he was so surrounded, crushed, pushed and pursued that he was under the obligation of beating a hasty retreat. The ladies followed the Prince, the gentlemen pursued the ladies, the curious went to see what the matter was, the mischievous ran

to increase the tumult, and in two minutes the boxes were deserted, the lame were overthrown, the well-dressed were demolished, and for half an hour the whole company were contracted into one narrow channel, and borne along with the rapidity of a torrent, to the infinite danger of powdered heads, powdered locks, painted cheeks, and crazy constitutions."[1]

Ranelagh was the contemporary and rival of Vauxhall, and stood on the south side of Hans Place, Chelsea. It was called after Viscount Ranelagh, on whose grounds, sold in 1712, the Gardens had been laid out. One very considerable plot was sold to Lacy, the patentee of Drury Lane Theatre, who engaged an Italian named Rietti to convert the grounds into a place of recreation. In 1742, Ranelagh was opened with great solemnity, and the Rotunda in the centre was universally pronounced the finest thing of the sort, not only in the world, "but ever imagined by the mind of man." It very soon became the fashionable rendezvous of that queer sort of company described by Fanny Burney, — the Macaronis, the Jolly Young Bucks, and the Rattlers, the gay predecessors of the "dandies" the "swells" the "dudes," and the "Johnnies" of our time. The place was so well organised, so admirably illuminated, and so elegant, that even Dr. Johnson, who was not given to gush over the works of man, declared the *coup-d'œil* of Ranelagh the finest thing he had ever seen. Miss Lydia Melford describes it for us in a letter to her friend, Miss Letitia Mills of Gloucester. "Ranelagh," says that fair gusher,[2] "looks like the enchanted palace of a genie, adorned with the exquisite performances of painting, carving and gilding, enlightened with a thousand golden lamps that emulate the noonday sun. Crowded with the gay, the rich, the happy, and the fair: glittering with cloth-of-gold and silver lace, and precious stones. While these exalted sons and daughters of Felicity tread this round of pleasure, or regale in different parties and separate lodges, with fine Imperial Tea, their ears are entertained with the most ravishing and delightful music, both instrumental and vocal." After this it is

[1] Vauxhall, or Foxhall, as Pepys calls it, was a well-known pleasure resort in Charles the Second's time, for the great Samuel and Mrs. Pepys once went there to eat cheesecakes and mingle in very disreputable company.

[2] *Humphrey Clinker.*

interesting to note that the admission was half a crown and that gentlemen were expected to present ladies with nosegays that cost half a guinea, and buttonholes that cost another half a crown, but rum punch, with biscuits and cakes, was included in the entrance fee. The grand thing was to parade up and down the Central Promenade in the fullest conceivable toilette, powder and patches, hoops and fans, muffs and boas, dandified canes and parasols and all complete. The concerts in the Rotunda were extremely well managed, the singers being mostly recruited from the Opera House; but there were also many "side-shows," too many, indeed, for here, as in the recently demolished Aquarium, people complained that by the time they had seen all they were half ruined by penny and sixpenny payments.

In 1786, one of these side-shows consisted of a Venetian Regatta, with gondolas, on the piece of water, all the company being expected to attend the entertainment in masks and fancy dress. "Black and white half-masks might be worn by ladies and gentlemen who did not wish to alter their usual style of attire."

Ranelagh was so crowded on Sunday evenings from four to six, the price of admission being then only a shilling, that Henry Angelo, in his *Reminiscences*, assures us that, what with the apprentices and their girls, the gay young sparks, and all the sundries of Society, "the place was more like a bear-garden than a resort for rational entertainment."

In the eighteenth century, Sunday was the great gambling night of the week, when all the smart people gave whist parties, after keeping away from church as much as respectability permitted, and walking in the Mall twice during the day to show off their finery. On Sundays, too, the public-houses were open all day long, so that the exhibition of drunkenness on the Lord's Day was quite one of the sights of the town, and "rows of drunken men, stretched out insensible upon the pavement, obstructed the passage of respectable citizens to and from church." The public gardens, all open at half-price, were crowded to excess, and the conduct of their frequenters was often very rowdy.

"What do you think of a winter Ranelagh in Oxford Street?" asks Horace Walpole of Horace Mann, in a letter dated May 6, 1770. He referred to the Pantheon (now Messrs. Gilbeys, offices), erected that year for the exclusive benefit of the *beau*

monde, at the then prodigious cost of £60,000, and intended as a sort of Kursaal for music, dancing, and gambling. As in the case of Ranelagh, the company was selected by an exceedingly aristocratic committee.

Walpole, in his letter touching the newly-erected Pantheon, remarks, in a tone of genuine alarm, upon the increasing extravagance of young men of rank, and indeed of the whole society of his time. "I know a younger brother who literally gives half a guinea to a flower-woman at the Pantheon for his buttonhole!" This, however, was not the only way in which "people of quality" disbursed their money; the rage for collecting works of art and nature had set in with vigour. A man would give £40 or £50 for a stuffed China pheasant; "you could buy a live one for five." Benjamin West, an inferior painter of American birth, got £300 "for a picture not big enough to put over your mantelpiece." Etruscan vases, Greek curios, and Oriental china fetched fabulous prices, and £130 was given at an auction for a tea-kettle by Wedgwood. Meanwhile, Gainsborough and Reynolds, at the height of their fame, were contented with £30 to £50 for a "Kit-Kat" portrait, and £70 to £100 for a full length. The magnificent picture of Mrs. Rivett-Carnac, now one of the gems of the Wallace Collection, only cost £175.

In 1770, Almack's, which must not be confused with the Almack's mentioned in the preceding chapter, was started for "ladies and gentlemen." Mrs. Fitzroy, Lady Pembroke, Mrs. Meynell, Lady Molyneux, Miss Pelham, and Miss Loyd were the foundresses. Walpole himself was an original member. This famous club, which was named after its founder, occupied rooms in King Street, St. James's, which were known as Willis's until recently, when they were converted into Messrs. Robinson and Fisher's auction rooms. On the opening night, February 12, 1765, the very fine rooms were empty, "half the town being in bed with colds"—probably influenza under another name. Nobody could get in, except on personal presentation by the ladies of the Committee, who managed for a time to keep the place very select by making it exceedingly difficult to obtain a favourable ballot. Lady Hertford, the Duchesses of Grafton and Marlborough were admitted, but for some occult reason, Lady

Holderness, Lady Rochford, and Lord March were refused. Dinner was served at six, supper at eleven. "Play was deep and constant." Luttrell, in his *Julia*, alluding to the difficulty of obtaining admission to Almack's, says—

> "All on that magic list depends,
> Fame, fortune, fashion, love, and friends,
> 'Tis that which gratifies or vexes,
> All ranks, all ages, and both sexes.
> If once to Almack's you belong,
> Like monarchs you can do no wrong:
> But banished thence on Wednesday's night,
> By Jove! you can do nothing right!"

As usual in establishments of this sort, the restrictions no sooner were relaxed than the institution fell to pieces. But Almack's Club lived longer than any of its contemporaries, for it was only closed in 1863.

Vauxhall and Ranelagh were by no means the only places of outdoor entertainment at this period. In the summer months, the gay and festive world ventured in quest of amusement as far as Richmond, Twickenham, Kew, the heights of Hampstead, and the spas of Islington, or nearer home, turned to Sadler's Wells. Then there were besides, the Marylebone Gardens, on the ground now occupied by Devonshire Street and part of Devonshire Place, where, between 1705 and 1708, such belles as the Evelinas, Cecilias, Amandas, and Malvinas met their beaux, sipped tea in the arbour, drank chocolate, and took delight in cakes and creams, blackberry tarts and raspberry syrup. In these pretty gardens might be seen many of those amusing incidents in real life, that a Wycherley, a Goldsmith, or a Sheridan has transferred to the stage. It was the age of powder and puff, of patches and hoops, when each movement of the fan or wave of the jewelled snuff-box had its meaning, and the very flowers in a pretty woman's nosegay spoke the language of love and delivered sweet messages to the languishing Lotharios and Lovelaces of the day.

Here, too, were well-organised entertainments of music and dancing, and, if the writer errs not, it was here that Mademoiselle Salé, the greatest French dancer of the day (unless it was la Camago), pirouetted on one occasion in so admirable a manner

that when she had concluded, her admirers stormed the stage and carried the somewhat frightened gay *Parisienne*, shoulder high, in triumph round and round the Gardens.

In that age of beaux and belles the literary and artistic worlds took pleasantly to the groves and heath of Hampstead, as yet unknown to venturesome "'Arry and 'Arriet." Here was a glorious pump-room, since converted into a chapel, and subsequently into a boarding-house, and hither many great ones of the earth flocked to take the waters and to gossip. In the middle of the eighteenth century, Hampstead was worth a visit, if only for the sake of the "quality." In the Walk you might have met Lady Betty Berkeley, afterwards Lady Betty Germain, the smartest horsewoman of her day, and Fanny Burney, fresh from Court slavery and Queen Charlotte's tyranny, eager to expand like a flower in the fresh air. Dr. Johnson, too, ponderous and erudite, added his burly figure and loud tones to the fame of the place, and with him that arch-toady Boswell. Hither sauntered Reynolds, too, Gainsborough, Gibbon, Sheridan, and Madams Barbauld, Hannah More, Amelia Opie, Chapone and *tutti e tutte, quanti e quante*, those ladies, fair and famed, who by their brilliance did so much to propitiate the Muses and earn forgiveness for the dulness of a Court which was either vicious without elegance or dull without virtue—sins the devil himself cannot pardon! But the Court itself seems never to have patronised Hampstead. Even romantic Princess Amelia did not find it out, nor did, later on in the early part of the next century, merry Princess Charlotte of Wales seek its health-giving Heath for those morning rides which she vowed "did her so much good and kept the colour in her cheeks." Rachel Jones, who has done justice to the beautiful heiress to the British throne in her numerous miniatures, lived for a time at Hampstead, and painted tiny pictures of beauties and celebrities on ivory disks and the lids of snuff-boxes.

Whilst on the subject, the writer of this work can tell a good tale concerning Hampstead and the late Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. A certain American friend of his, a lady as renowned for her amiability as for her audacious eccentricity, once invited herself to stay with some good folk, whose acquaintance she had formed on board an Atlantic liner. Her new friends were ardent

TEMPLE BAR, NOW AT THEOBALD'S PARK, CHESHUNT

Conservatives, to whom the name of Disraeli was as that of a god, and that of Gladstone synonymous with every sort of devilry. Nothing daunted, Mrs. B—— quietly informed her hosts that she had invited two friends to luncheon, who she was sure "would be most welcome." The present writer was one, the "Grand Old Man" the other. It would be impossible to describe the consternation of the hostess when she beheld the arch-enemy stalk into her own drawing room, for Mrs. B—— had waggishly withheld his name. But the great statesman made himself so agreeable that by the time he departed everyone was enchanted with him, and the ardent Conservatism of his hosts had received a shock from which it never quite recovered. The scene of this comical incident was a house overlooking the incomparable Heath, which, although still among the most beautiful of common lands, has been robbed of much of its characteristic wildness by over-planting.

Great was the satisfaction derived from breathing the fresh air of the suburbs, from taking the waters, more or less mineral, of their springs, which were boasted to cure every disease under the sun, and from listening to lively music and agreeable singing; but we must dolefully record that the going and returning was often marred by adventures such as we now are only likely to encounter in Central Asia, or, possibly, in the wilds of the Abruzzi. Scarce a day passed but the papers narrated that Lord Dash's or my Lady So-and-So's carriage had "been stopped" on its way from Hampstead, or even from Ranelagh or Vauxhall, by four or five masked men, who, after presenting pistols at the heads of the occupants, had demanded "Your money or your life." "On Thursday night," says the *Daily News* of June 7, 1777, "as Captain Sainthill, with two gentlemen and three ladies, was returning home from Vauxhall in a coach, they were attacked by five armed ruffians, between the Grounds and the Turnpike, who, amid horrid imprecations, one villain putting his pistol to the breast of a lady and another brandishing his cutlass at a gentleman, relieved them of their purses and jewels." The daring acts of highway robbery between London and Hampstead at last became so frequent as to interfere with the prosperity of the Wells, and the enterprising manager advertised in the

public papers that "he had engaged twelve well-known strong men, otherwise prize-fighters, and a number of well-armed fellows, and stationed them at intervals along the more solitary part of the road, for the better protection of the ladies and gentlemen frequenting his place of entertainment."

The progress of natural science in the eighteenth century is curiously illustrated in Westminster Abbey by the series of monuments to men of eminence in scientific research. Dean Stanley points out that "in the middle of the eighteenth century there were two important places vacant in the Nave, on either side of the entrance to the Choir. That on the south side was occupied by the monument designed by Kent to the memory of the first Earl Stanhope, and of his second son, and recording the characters of the second and third Earls of the same name, who are buried at Chevening. Collectively, if not singly, they played a conspicuous enough part in their day to justify so honourable a place in the Abbey. Whilst the artist was designing the memorials to these high-spirited statesmen, he was employed in erecting two other monuments in the Abbey, to those whose names outshine every other, however illustrious by rank or heroic action."[1] One was a cenotaph to Shakespeare, whilst the other covers the earthly remains of Isaac Newton, whose body lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, whence it had been brought from Kensington, where Newton died. It was attended by the members of the Royal Society, and "buried at public cost on the spot in front of the Choir, a place so conspicuous that it had been refused to various noblemen who had applied for it." The inscription is grand in its simplicity — "*Hic depositum quod mortuis fuit Isaaci Newtoni.*" Then follows a description of Newton's discoveries—"*Naturæ, antiquitatis, Sanctæ Scripturæ sedulus, sagax, fidus interpres, Dei O. M. Majestatem philosophiâ asseruit; Evangelii simplicitatem moribus expressit. Tibi gratulentur mortales, tale tantumque exstitisse humani generis decus.*" To the left of Newton sleeps his nephew and successor in the Mint, John Conduitt; and on his right, his friend Martin Ffolkes, his deputy at the Royal Society and a famous numismatist, has a monument. His body, however, is interred at Hillingdon in Norfolk. Close by rest the celebrated physicians, Chamberlain,

[1] Dean Stanley, *Memorials of Westminster Abbey.*

Arbuthnot, and Woodward. Dr. Chamberlain was an historical character, who brought into the world the royal progeny of the Stuart Dynasty from James I. to Anne. He was, moreover, the friend of Atterbury, who wrote his epitaph. John Woodward, who is buried in the Nave, was, besides being an eminent medical man, the "Father of British Geology." Dr. Freind has merely a cenotaph, his body being interred at Hitchin in Hertfordshire. Richard Meade, another eminent medical man of the Caroline age, is buried in the Temple, but he has a cenotaph in the Nave of the Abbey. Passing the busts of Netewell and Pringle we find, in St. Andrew's Chapel, those of Dr. Baillie, an eminent physician, and brother of Joanna, the poetess, and of Sir Humphry Davy, the greatest chemist of the epoch, who died at Geneva in 1829. John Hunter's relics were translated from St. Martin's-in-the-Fields to the Abbey in 1859, thanks to the generous enterprise of Mr. Frank Buckland, who spent sixteen days in the catacombs of the former church searching for them. Sir Robert Moray, the first President of the Royal Society, was buried at the expense of Charles II. in the South Transept, near Davenant. Not far off is Cromwell's eccentric secretary, Sir Samuel Maitland, who invented the speaking trumpet, the calculating machine, and possibly even the steam-engine. Those fathers of British watchmaking, Tampion and Graham, in the same grave, rest in the centre of the Nave, with a slab above them commemorating "their curious inventions and accurate performances." In the South Transept is buried Stephen Halls, who was famous in his day as a vegetable physiologist. Unhappily, the bones of the greatest scientist of the eighteenth century, James Watt, the "Improver of the Steam Engine," are beneath the ugliest and heaviest monument in the church, a hideous and colossal mass of marble, which actually made the pavement of the Abbey crack and yawn under its enormous bulk, so that the workmen engaged in erecting it "could see rows upon rows of gilded coffins in the vaults beneath," amongst which they would have been precipitated and have met their deaths in the very ante-chamber of death, but for the precaution of planking the area. We must not forget the monuments of Rennell the geographer, Telford, the bridge builder, and Robert Stephenson. The latter, to quote Dean

Stanley again, "had expressed a wish that his body should be laid to rest near that of Telford, and thus the son of the Killingworth engineman sleeps by the side of the son of the Eskdale shepherd. Over their united graves the light falls through the stained-glass window erected in memory of their brothers in science, Locke and Brunel." The list of scientists buried in the Abbey becomes longer as we approach modern times, when it culminates in the great name of Charles Darwin.

There is a quaint idea current in Abbey circles that, on a certain night of the year, the illustrious dead leave their coffins to meet in a sort of spiritual *conversazione*, held by moonlight in the Nave, Transepts, and Choir of our grandest tombhouse. It does not require much imagination to conjure up a picture of the scene, in which Elizabeth might be seen chatting in a friendly way with Mary Stuart and Mary Tudor, and wondering, perchance, by what right a Dickens, a Thackeray, a Macaulay, a Watt, or a Darwin, have entered these royal and erstwhile exclusive vaults, in which the ashes of the Kings of England, and of the kings of letters, art, and science, now mingle in the brotherhood of all-levelling Death!

CHAPTER XIV

A GLOOMY OUTLOOK

NEVER was London Society so brilliant, so dissipated, or so picturesque as in the last half of the eighteenth century. The spread of education amongst women of the upper class enabled our great dames to associate with men of culture on terms of quasi-equality. With few exceptions, however, they did not make much pretence to learning, but were frankly worldly; to please and to be pleased being the outward signs of the inward graces of good breeding. George III. was an honest, clean-minded man, but very dull, and Queen Charlotte had no natural gifts to enable her to assume the part of patroness of arts, letters, and science. She was by no means stupid, but a great stickler for stiff and formal etiquette; poor Fanny Burney discovered her Majesty to be exceedingly pretentious and selfish. The fashionable world, therefore, went to Court to see and be seen, but never to amuse itself,—not even at a State Ball,—and revolved round the royal circle rather than mingled with it. None the less, Society was brilliant, being strictly limited to about four or five hundred persons of "extreme quality," who, however, admitted to their intimacy men and women of letters, and a few of the more eminent painters and members of the theatrical profession. The *salon*, in the French acceptation of that term, was, however, never really acclimatised in London. We preferred *conversazioni* at which hundreds assembled to cackle politics, the fine arts, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses, and, above all, to detail scandal, to exclusive circles of wits and blue stockings. Mrs. Delany, Mrs. Thrale Piozzi, Mrs. Bulteel, Mrs. Pendarves, Lady Craven, Mrs. Trimmer, Mrs. Barbauld, and a few others, en-

deavoured to import the *salon à la Francaise* to London, but met with scant success. "Whenever half-a-dozen Englishmen and women of celebrity meet together in full dress they become shy and silent," says a contemporary. "It is otherwise in France, where they immediately start an interesting conversation, mingled with gaiety and sound wit." It was, therefore, at routs and masquerades, gossiping visits and card parties, that our eighteenth-century beaux and belles shone their brightest; and surely never were there so many gay social butterflies and gaudy moths fluttering in the same sphere as at this period. Thoughtless and heartless, they crowded, in their gorgeous gowns and brocaded coats and satin vests, their dominoes and their masks, to Mrs. Cornelys's masquerades, to the balls of the Duchesses of Devonshire, Portland, Marlborough, and Rutland, and to the "routs" of Lady Pomfret, Lady Townshend, Lady Wentworth, the Countess of Ely, Lady Craven, Lady Malmesbury, Lady Spencer, Mrs. Hunter, Mrs. Delany, Mrs. Sheridan, and of the scores of other hostesses, whose features have become quite familiar to us in late years thanks to the matchless art of Gainsborough, Reynolds, Romney, Opie, Beachy, and Lawrence, who painted, for a few hundreds, portraits which now fetch as many thousands when "put up" at auction at Christie's. It was a selfish, vicious, extravagant society, which even the reports of the terrors of the French Revolution failed to alarm into a more serious frame of mind.

From 1775 to 1800 costume was, if not exactly beautiful, at least extremely rich, quaint, and elegant. The memoirs, and, above all, the magazines of the period, are as full of descriptions of the costly toilettes of the great ladies, as ever are the newspapers and fashion weeklies of our own time. The reading of these reports is instructive as well as amusing. At a time when half London was starving, the great ladies were paying three and even five guineas a yard for taffety, brocade, and velvet; and gentlemen, £50 and £60 for an embroidered coat and vest. The fair Georgina, Duchess of Devonshire, once wore a gown of "gold tissue on tissue sprinkled with gold spangles and edged with gold fringe intermingled with little chains of real pearls." Her over-skirt of white sarcenet, looped up with garlands of pink roses and flounces of Valenciennes lace, was stretched

over a hoop four yards in circumference. The bodice was of cloth-and-gold, subdued with lace and edged with very small pink roses. In her hair, which was slightly powdered, the Duchess wore "lovely roses, sprinkled with diamonds to look like dew." Her "very high-heeled shoes" were ornamented with roses instead of buckles, and she carried an ivory stick tied with pink ribbons in one hand and a French fan in the other. The Duke of Marlborough, on one occasion—a ball at Almack's in 1793—wore a *reseda* green satin coat, with a pattern of little pink roses sprinkled on it, a satin tissue waiscoat, white satin breeches, silk stockings and white shoes with diamond buckles; but he must have been amongst the last to wear buckles, for string was replacing them with all classes, and by 1800 only old people wore them.

This is how Mrs. Pendarves describes the dresses worn at a function in honour of the Prince of Wales' birthday in November 1742—

"My lady Granville was in dark green velvet trimmed with ermine, and an ermine petticoat. Her daughter Fanny had a scarlet damask. Mrs. Spencer was in blue and silver. But our fair maid of honour, (Hon. Elizabeth Granville, daughter of George, Lord Lansdowne) outshone them all, clad in rich pink satin, trimmed with silver. . . . In the evening I went to Lady North's, where I saw but few people. The Duchess of Montrose was in silver tissue; Lady Scarborough in blue damask with a gold trimming. There were several very handsome flowered silks shaded like embroidery: but the finest clothes were Lady Caroline Lennox's, gold and colours on white."

Towards the close of the century, powder, which had been worn for over sixty years, went out of fashion. A writer in a periodical of 1798 thus describes his new head-dress: "I have at last had my hair cut to the fashion which is called 'Titus,' and very queerly I feel without my locks, but none the less I have a queue tied with a braid of ribbons. It is however a clean and comfortable fashion, and goes well with the new long-tailed coats, nankeen waistcoats and striped trousers, which fit into the top-boots and are now all the vogue." Nankeen was much in fashion, and remained so until 1875. Selwyn tells us that "the young

Marquis of Tweeddale usually wears nankeen breeches, a scarlet coat and white silk stockings, the whole surmounted by a three-cornered hat," a far prettier headgear than the hideous "stove-pipe" of our day. To form an idea of "a pretty fellow's" wardrobe, read Smollet's description of "his five fashionable coats, one of cut velvet, one trimmed with gold and another with silver lace, two 'frocks,' one of white cloth with large plate buttons, the other of blue with gold bindings, one waistcoat of gold brocade, one of blue satin, yet a third of black satin, a laced hat of gold *point d'Espagne*, three dozen fine ruffed shirts, as many neckcloths, one dozen cambric handkerchiefs," etc. etc. This "pretty fellow," mind you, was but a country squire's son, and not the heir to a great title.

The London season, a hundred and more years ago, lasted from December to the end of May, and the West End was then very animated, the streets being full of gay equipages, much be-gilded, and painted a vivid red and blue, or green and bright "canary colour," and even with panels representing allegories and mythological subjects. No one of any consequence ever dreamt of having less than two powdered flunkeys hanging on behind his coach, and the very great had as many as half a dozen, besides the coachman, who was usually a portly party with a periwig, a three-cornered hat laced with gold, and a vast cloak with a three or four flounced cape to it, that gave him an air of even greater importance than the one he assumed by dint of his prodigious conceit. He had, however, to be a skilful driver, for he usually had four and even six horses to look to, the sturdy beasts much bedizened with scarlet and gold, and having enormous bows of ribbons at their ears and tails. At the doors of the mansions of the nobility and gentry in St. James's, Cavendish, Hanover, Grosvenor, Berkeley, Soho, and Bloomsbury Squares, in Clarges Street, Curzon Street, Dover Street, Albemarle Street, Sackville Street, Great Portland Place, Rathbone Place, Swallow Street, and Great Russell Street, and in a score of other haunts of the fashionable world, whenever there was a rout or a ball, countless sedan chairs were sure to be seen standing in rows, waiting to take up or set down be-hooped and be-powdered "ladies of quality," or marvellously arrayed beaux, whose satins and freshly-powdered hair were

indeed things of beauty to behold. Whilst the company dined or gambled, the "fellows" that hung on behind the stupendous coaches, the coachmen, the torch-bearers, the linkmen and boys, adjourned to the nearest pot-house, and more often than not got so drunk that their masters had, perforce, to go home with only half their escort. The worst of it was, these "masters" were themselves, by the time they were ready to go home, quite as drunk as their menials, and every bit as unmanageable. Gambling and drink were sapping the manhood of the country. Estates changed hands on the turn of a card, and fortunes were lost on a game of faro. All the great politicians drank: the Prince of Wales was usually carried up to bed by four footmen, who were wont to cast lots as to which of them should hold his feet, "he kicked so hard." All the statesmen—Brinsley Sheridan, Carlisle, William Pitt, Fox, Chancellor Eldon, Storett, and others —were "six bottle men." Lord Minto tells us that, on March 8, 1767, he went to the Opera, and "thence to Mrs. Crewe's, and found there a pleasant company, among them being Tom Pelham, Munden, Mrs. Sheridan, Lady Palmerston, and three young men of extreme fashion, yclept Orlando Bridgeman, Charles Greville, and Charles Gifford, so drunk as to puzzle the whole assembly." Mrs. Delany declares that Lord Bolingbroke, when in office, sat up all night drinking, but that in the morning, after binding a wet napkin round his forehead and eyes to drive off the effects of his debauch, he would attend to his official business as if nothing had happened. Sir Gilbert Elliot says that at a party he went to on April 2, 1787, "in came Mrs. Cholmondeley, who cried out for a bottle of champagne and was in one of her high-spirited humours." There was a dinner-party given by Lord Townshend to twenty gentlemen and as many ladies, somewhere in 1780. None of the men were able to join the ladies in the drawing-room after dinner, but passed the night under the table, which was, perhaps, just as well, since half the ladies were drunk, too, and had to be carried to their coaches! And we wonder why some of us, descendants, and in no very remote degree, of these good people, suffer from gout!

For all their faults and their very evident vices, the great ones of the world of fashion of one hundred and fifty years ago, were essentially well-bred and elegant—their manners were

courteous and ceremonious to a degree that would, however, have irritated their ungracious descendants to exasperation. Insolent and arrogant to their inferiors, the beaux of those bygone days were "mighty civil" to their equals. They never spoke to a lady without going through an amount of bowing and scraping that would convulse us with merriment, the lady making "curtsies" to the very ground, and saying that "La! his Lordship pays too many compliments to be sincere," his Lordship protesting the while in his turn that if he "were to set to work paying compliments to so beauteous a creature as her Ladyship and not cease doing so till Doomsday he would scarcely have found time to express his true feelings as to her figure, face, wit, and beauty."

Would you like to know how a "frolic" or a "macaroni"—as these votaries of pleasure were called—passed his time? Such a one rose at the earliest at ten o'clock, when he rang for his valet, who brought him a "fortifier" in the shape of a glass containing "a cogue of Nantsy"—otherwise *eau de vie.* Then he was rubbed down with a lotion of "the oil of Venus," spirit of lavender, and "cramp flower" water. After this ablution he lathered his face and hands with perfumed soap. When sufficiently scented, his face was painted, his countenance being smeared with violet powder until he was as white as a clown, and his cheeks and lips were well rouged. His hair having been curled and powdered, his valet, or valets—a great gentleman usually had four—proceeded to dress him, to put on his silk stockings, pumps and buckles, his satin "shorts" or "smalls," otherwise breeches, his brocaded waistcoat, and his satin coat. So soon as he was dressed, or, indeed, whilst the last and least compromising touches were being added to his toilet, company was admitted, to entertain him with gossip, to sip his chocolate and to munch his biscuits. At about noon he entered his sedan chair and proceeded to a coffee-house, to hear the latest intelligence and read the *Gazettes.* At one he paraded the Mall, cane in hand, or, if it was winter, with his hands thrust into a long muff. Dinner was eaten at a club at about four, then visits to the ladies of his acquaintance, and at six he prepared himself for the play, after which he went off with his boon companions to a club, coffee-house, or tavern to lose money, or win other people's and get drunk; above all else—get drunk.

In the third chapter of the third volume of Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*, one of the characters thus describes the life he led when a London "buck"—

"In the morning I rose, took my great stick, and walked out in my green frock, with my hair in paper, and sauntered about till ten. Went to the auction: told Lady B. she had a dirty face, laughed heartily at something Captain G. said (I can't remember what, as I did not very well hear it), whispered to Lord ——, bowed to the Duke of ——, and was going to bid for a snuff-box, but did not for fear I should have it: 2 to 4 dressed myself: 4 to 6 dined: 6 to 8 coffee-house: 8 to 9 Drury lane play-house: 10 to 12 drawing-room."

What a crowd of little boys, and big boys, too, would follow him were he to suddenly reappear in our day, in, say, the Strand, with his "great stick" and "green frock." No doubt this picture is somewhat overdrawn, but that it is to some extent true is proved by the following quotation from Mackay's *Journey Through England*, written in 1714—

"We rise by nine, and those that frequent great men's levées find entertainment at them till eleven. About twelve the *beau monde* assembles in several coffee or chocolate houses. We are carry'd up to these places in chairs or sedans. If it is fine weather we take a turn in the Park till two, when we go to dinner. The general way is to make a party at the coffee-house to go to dine at the tavern, where we sit till six, when we go to the play, except you are invited to the table of some great man. After the play the best company generally go to Tom's and Will's coffee-houses, near adjoining, where there is playing picket, and the best of conversation till midnight."

Here is an extraordinary example of the fashionable vagaries of the period, related by Lord Cork in a paper contributed to the *Connoisseur* in 1754. His Lordship attended an entertainment

"where a celebrated lady of pleasure was one of the party: her shoe was pulled off by a young man, who filled it with champagne and drank it off to her health. To this delicious draught he was immediately pledged by the rest, and then, to carry the compliment still further, he ordered the shoe itself to be dressed and served up for supper. The cook set himself seriously to work upon it: he pulled the upper part of it (which was of damask) into fine shreds and tossed it up into ragout:

minced the sole, cut the wooden heel into very thin slices, fried them in butter, and placed them round the dish for garnish. The company testified their affection for the lady by eating very heartily of this exquisite impromptu."

The *belles* led much the same inane existence as the *beaux*. Their duty also was to kill time. A belle would rise at ten, though she went to bed no earlier, and spent much of her time at the shops, buying the hundred and one useless china and porcelain trifles which are still so attractive when they come into our markets. The cares of her dress occupied much of her time, even as it does that of her fair descendant in ours, and a visit to the milliner was one of the great events of her day. Her delightfully artificial conversation was generally liberally sprinkled with pretty oaths and "protestations." She gossiped and spread scandal industriously, and played cards and gambled from dawn to night and night to dawn. When she was not engaged in any of these improving pursuits, she danced minuets and gavottes, or ran away from London to take the water at Tunbridge Wells or Bath, and lead much the same inane existence there as in town! Mothers left their daughters to the tender mercies of governesses and tutors, and more often than not ignored them altogether until they were of a marriageable age. There were, of course, a few exceptions to this unpleasant rule, but, alas, they were very few until quite the end of the century, when there was a distinct improvement in the social tone generally.

Would we had space to follow this wonderful carnival-like Society through the round of its everyday gaieties and what it was pleased to consider its "duties." Rowlandson, Gillray, the Frenchman Cochin, even the Venetian Longhi,[1] not to forget Hogarth, have shown us again and again the queer, be-masked, be-hooped, be-painted, be-padded, finicking eighteenth-century world of pleasure, in all its varying phases of ephemeral existence:

[1] The Venetian artist, Longhi, was never in England, but there was so close a resemblance between Society in Venice and Society in London in the eighteenth century that many of Longhi's delightful scenes of Venetian domestic life might easily be mistaken for similar works by Hogarth and the numerous lesser lights of the early British school of painting. The costumes are almost identical, and the manners and customs curiously alike. As a matter of fact, Venice, the Monte Carlo of the age, influenced European Society a great deal more than is generally known.

now peacocking up and down the Mall, with the light shadows of the young trees falling in pale grey disks upon the outspread petticoats of the ladies and the gay satins of their cavaliers; or in the crowded gambling rooms, where the flare of the guttering wax-lights falls so vividly on the fateful cards scattered on the field of green baize stretched over the pretty card-tables, and surrounded by eager, hungry faces, pale even under the thick coating of rouge that replaces the bloom of health and conceals the hectic flush of dissipation. Their pictures and engravings show us Society at the Opera, with the diamonds in their snowy wigs scintillating like icicles: or crowding the actors from the stage with their wide-spreading skirts, and sometimes, as happened on May 2, 1786, chatting so loudly, that the mob in the gallery had to ask the Duchess of Portland whether she or the actress who played it was the heroine of the drama. We see, too, the *beaux* and *belles* in Bond Street, where then, even as now, the fashionable world was wont to forgather of an early morning, or late in the afternoon, to study the shop-windows and meet for gossip, and where, in 1778, Mr. Macdonald and his sister, who had been to Boulogne, and brought back a couple of umbrellas, were greeted by "the young gentlemen" with cries of "Frenchmen, Frenchmen, take care of your umbrellas"—so singular a novelty were they considered. By night and by day this kaleidoscopic world was bustling, gay, frivolous, extravagant, and vastly vicious, though always graceful and amusing. Imagine gentlemen going about carrying muffs, or ladies, mounted on clogs, in towering powdered head-dresses, followed by negro pages carrying red silk parasols, their mistresses playing cards slung in one bag, and in another her prayer-book, ostentatiously bound in red morocco with gold clasps, which, the wicked said, were never opened.

Living in London in the eighteenth century was, paradoxically, comparatively both cheaper and dearer than at present. A large house in Austin Friars, Great St. Helen's, or Tower Hill—localities much favoured by wealthy merchants—cost between £150 to £200 per annum; a house in Bedford Row, £80; in Bloomsbury Square, £150; and in St. James's or Grosvenor Squares, £250 to £300. In the growing and fashionable West End, however, the houses generally belonged to the aristocracy, and could rarely be hired except "furnished for the season."

Servants' wages were very low, ranging from between £5 and £20 per annum for a first-class cook or butler. A good many tall and good-looking lads were brought up from the country to do duty as footmen, grooms, and pages, and were paid no wages, but were clothed, fed, and allowed a few shillings for pocket-money. The "tip system" was consequently universal—a fact never lost sight of by the dramatists. The number of liveried servants, especially men, employed in the houses of the nobility was quite astonishing. The fastidious Earl of Chesterfield had twenty footmen in attendance upon him, and it was thought quite proper for ten of these "fellows" to sleep in one small room, usually in the basement near the coal-hole. All that was required of them was to wear gay liveries, be servile, and above all smart; their cleanliness and comfort concerned themselves only! All the great gentlemen had French valets and the great ladies a smart *soubrette*.

Beer was about the same price as now, but wine was dearer. Thus we find in a household book of 1750 that port cost 50s. per doz., hock 33s., champagne (best quality) 45s. per doz., claret 19s. 6d., burgundy 30s., madeira 40s.; twenty-five gallons of brandy cost £18, 11s., and six and a half gallons of rum £3, 12s. 6d. During the long wars at the close of the century these prices were trebled.

A Lord Mayor's Dinner on October 12, 1795, cost £428, *plus* dessert, which was set down at £165. Candles cost 5s. per lb., ink 1s. a pint, and quill pens 2d. each. Foreign fruit seems to have been very expensive: oranges 3d., 4d., and 6d. each; dried figs, 10s. per doz. English garden-grown fruit was rather more reasonable, but there was very little of it; a dozen cherries threaded on a stick cost 1d. in the street, strawberries 6d. and 4d. a pottle, and currants and gooseberries 2d. and 4d. per lb. Meat and fish were cheap, a large lobster cost 1s. 6d.; but poultry was dear, and game prohibitive—£1 for a brace of pheasants and 10s. for a partridge, whilst a hare was 6s. and even 15s. The fact is, game very rarely got into the public market, and was usually given away by its leading "preservers," who considered it beneath their dignity to sell either their game or their fruit.

Dress was very expensive. Velvet for ladies' gowns was £3 to £5 per yard; brocade £3; plain rich silk 10s., and satin

£1. A silk brocaded petticoat cost £35, and a satin sacque £50 to £60. A lady's dress cloak £26; a lace cap £20; a hoop £2, 10s. 6d.; a gentleman's black velvet court suit £30. A "lady of quality" paid a hairdresser £27 for eight months' service in 1760, for daily dressing and powdering her hair. Kid gloves were 6s. a pair, silk mittens 5s. Underclothing was usually either of silk or flannel, and cost between £1 and £2 the "suit." Stockings without silk "clocks" 4s., and with silk embroidered "clocks" 6s. to 10s. Fans varied from 3s. to £3, and a silk umbrella cost £1, 10s. Gentlemen's three-cornered hats cost between 10s. and £1, 10s. A fashionable gentleman's wardrobe in 1782 contained forty-two suits of velvet, silk, and satin, and was valued at £530; he possessed fifteen pairs of boots and shoes. Horace Walpole once paid £125 for a suit of richly embroidered pink silk dress-clothes. Mrs. Sawbridge—the wife of the Lord Mayor of that name (1774), whose coach was stopped by highwaymen on Turnham Green, as he was returning home from Kew, and his lordship sent back to the Mansion House as naked as when he was born!—spent, during the year of her husband's mayoralty, £1600 on gowns, laces, and finery! In middle-class society folks were more economical, but most of the ladies of the commercial world owned at least one best gown of velvet, silk, or satin, much fine lace, and any amount of "paste" jewellery. The lower orders wore fustian, homespun, and coarse cloth, but every country woman had a red cloth cloak and hood, and every farmer and ploughman a curiously stitched and pleated smock-frock.

A luxurious and over-refined Society, solely bent on amusing itself and in ignoring the serious interests of life, was sure to turn to gambling and dishonesty as easier modes of making fortunes than genuine hard work. That human vulture, the shady financier or company promoter, can only flourish amid corruption, and it was the lax state of eighteenth-century morals in high places that conduced, more than anything else, to the successful fruition of the most astounding and infamous financial complication ever organised, and known as the "South Sea Bubble."

Paris had set us the fashion in the game of fraudulent speculation, for in the year (1711) when Law's Mississippi scheme

was at the zenith of its ephemeral success, Harley, Earl of Oxford, with a view to restoring public credit and of providing for the discharge of the army and navy debentures, and other items of the floating Debt, in all nearly £10,000,000, founded the South Sea Company. An anonymous company of merchants took this Debt upon themselves, the Government agreeing to secure to them for a time an interest of six per cent., to provide for which interest—amounting to £600,000 per annum—the duties on vinegar, wines, India goods, wrought silks, tobacco, whalefins, etc., were rendered permanent. The monopoly of the trade to the "South Seas," or otherwise the South Atlantic coasts, was granted to the Company, which was incorporated by Act of Parliament as the South Sea Company. That which principally attracted subscribers at first was the direct appeal made to their imagination. Everybody had heard of the immense wealth of Peru and Mexico, and the popular belief was that South America was one huge gold and silver mine. It was even officiously reported that Philip v. of Spain had declared himself willing to admit the Company's merchants to trade free in the ports of South America, which he certainly never intended to do: in a word, everything was done to establish the reputation of the Company—on quicksand! At first, all went fairly well, and the shares were in high request, although the trade with South America produced little or no augmentation of the company's revenues.[1] Was not all Paris flocking to the Rue Quincampoix to make fortunes through Law's Mississippi Company, and why should not London have its Law, and South America prove a richer land than Golconda? Harley was the man of the hour—"our Law, the greatest financier the world has ever seen." Vainly did the clear-sighted Walpole warn the public against its over-credulity. On January 22, 1720, the House of Commons resolved itself into a Committee of the whole House, and took into consideration that part of the King's speech at the opening of the Session which had dealt with a proposal of the South Sea Company to take over, not

[1] Which is scarcely surprising, since we are told that "one voyage of one ship" to South America represented the total "trade" of the Company from 1711 to 1717; after which year all traffic was impossible owing to the outbreak of war with Spain.

only the Floating, but the entire National Debt of £30,981,712, and sink the same. By this time even that staid institution, the Bank of England, desired its share of the promised golden harvest, and the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street tried to persuade the Government to allow her to look after the Debt instead of a "mushroom company of no standing." Eventually it was decided that the proposals of the South Sea Company were more advantageous to the country than those of the Bank, and accordingly a Bill was passed in favour of the former; but the endorsement of the Bank of England filled London with the utmost confidence in the South Sea scheme. Exchange Alley, the haunt of the stock-jobbers, rivalled the Rue Quincampoix in its feverish excitement, notably when it was reported that the Company's stock, which had been at one hundred and thirty the previous day, had risen to three hundred, and was still rising with marvellous rapidity during the whole time the Bill authorising the South Sea Company to take over the National Debt was in discussion. Walpole continued to warn, but Harley had the public ear, and as everybody was fully persuaded they were going to make fortunes without doing a day's work, everybody was determined to see only the bright side of the matter: Walpole was but "a Cassandra in a periwig," and so "long live Harley." The Bill, however, took two months to pass the Commons but only forty-eight hours to slip through the Lords: meanwhile the whole town turned to stock-jobbing. Exchange Alley was daily blocked, and Cornhill was so obstructed with carriages that it was impossible to cross the street for an hour at a time. Everybody was buying stock, and qualifying, as Swift said, "to be a knave."

"Then stars and garters did appear
Among the meaner rabble;
To buy and sell, to see and hear,
The Jews and Gentiles squabble.
The greater ladies thither came,
And plied in chariots daily,
Or pawned their jewels for a sum
To venture in the Alley."

On April 7, the Bill became law, but, curiously enough, the stock immediately fell, and the Directors were obliged to open their books for a subscription of £1,000,000, the price of

issue being £300 for every £100 capital. The extraordinary scenes that took place recently when Lipton's was floated were as nothing to the rush on the South Sea shares after this declaration. To further raise the stock, the general court of Directors stated, on April 21, that the midsummer dividend would be 10 per cent.; and they invited subscriptions for a further £1,000,000 at the increased price of 400 per cent.—£1,500,000 was subscribed for before the end of the week.

To quench the inordinate thirst for gold, other schemes had to be invented, for the South Seas were neither deep nor broad enough for the purpose. Joint-stock concerns, promptly nicknamed "Bubble" companies, were now formed everywhere; indeed, at every time, since each morning and evening saw the beginning of some new crop of companies, many of which did not last a fortnight. Dukes and Earls were secured as "guinea-pigs," and the Prince of Wales accepted the Governorship of one Company, out of which, so the vulgar said, he made quite £40,000 for doing nothing but lend his name. Some of the schemes, we must admit, were plausible enough,—witness the company "for paving the streets of London: capital, two millions,"—even if their capital was suspiciously large (on paper). Another of the undertakings was "to make deal boards out of saw-dust"—but perhaps this was intended as a satire; at anyrate, the scheme "for making a wheel for perpetual motion: capital one million," which found several subscribers, was no more likely of attainment. Here are some of the other proposed schemes—

"For furnishing funerals to any part of Great Britain.

"For making looking glasses, coach glasses, etc. Capital, £2,000,000.

"For importing tobacco, and exporting it again to Sweden and the north of Europe. Capital, £4,000,000.

"For insuring horses against accidents. Capital, £2,000,000.

"For making iron with pit coal.

"For furnishing the cities of London and Westminster with hay and straw. Capital, £3,000,000.

"For the transmutation of quicksilver into a malleable fine metal.

"For improving of gardens.

"For insuring and increasing children's fortunes.

"For making Joppa and Castile soap.

"For a settlement on the island of Santa Cruz.

"For effectually settling the islands of Blanco and Sal Tartagus.
"For supplying the town of Deal with fresh water.
"For building and rebuilding houses throughout all England. Capital £3,000,000.
"For making of iron and steel in Great Britain.
"For trading in hair.
"For supplying London with sea-coal. Capital, £3,000,000."

The most extraordinary scheme of all, however, was "a company for carrying on an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know what it is." The capital of this mysterious concern was to be £500,000, in five thousand £100 shares, the deposit being £2 per share. Each subscriber who paid the deposit, was to obtain £100 per annum on each share; further particulars of the scheme were to be announced a month afterwards. The day following the announcement of this extraordinary Company the promoter opened an office in Cornhill at nine o'clock in the morning; incredible as it seems, when he closed it at three o'clock in the afternoon, one thousand shares had been subscribed for, and the deposits on them paid, making a gain of £2000. In the evening, the promoter departed to the Continent on business—and never returned! He has had his imitators in our day.

By May, 1720, the stock of the South Sea Company itself had risen to eight hundred and ninety, and numbers of persons holding Government stock disposed of it to invest in South Sea shares. In June, however, many people, thinking the stock could go no higher, sold out, and the market speedily fell from eight hundred and ninety to six hundred and forty. The Directors immediately set their agents to work buying in the stock, and, confidence being restored, it actually rose to one thousand per cent. None the less, the bubble was very near bursting: in July, the Privy Council declared over one hundred of the minor bubble companies which were independent of the South Sea scheme to be illegal, and throughout the whole of August the stock of this latter company continued to fall. On September 8 a meeting of Directors was held in the Merchant Tailors' Hall, with Sir John Fellowes, the sub-governor, in the chair. Nothing definite was arrived at, but the city was a veritable pandemonium, the streets were blocked for hours, ladies

fainted, men swore,—the people at last realised the truth, that they had been swindled and were on the verge of ruin. In a letter to Lord Chancellor Middleton, dated September 13, Mr. Broderick, M.P., says: "Various are the conjectures why the South Sea directors have suffered the cloud to break so early. I made no doubt but they would do so when they found it to their advantage. They have stretched credit so far beyond what it would bear, that specie proves insufficient to support it. Their most considerable men have drawn out, securing themselves by the losses of the deluded, thoughtless numbers, whose understandings have been overruled by avarice and the hope of making mountains out of mole-hills. Thousands of families will be reduced to beggary. The consternation is inexpressible—the rage beyond description, and the case altogether so desperate that I do not see any plan or scheme so much as thought of for averting the blow, so that I cannot pretend to guess what is next to be done."

On September 20 a meeting of the South Sea Company's Directors was held, and the state of affairs became an open secret. London looked like a city stricken with a plague: "men were running to and fro in alarm and terror," women in silks and women in rags were weeping—all had sustained a loss. The Bank of England made an heroic effort to retrieve matters by asking for a subscription of £3,000,000 for the restoration of public credit, and obtained some speculators. But the South Sea stock fell to one hundred and thirty-five, and everybody was blaming everybody else. Several goldsmiths and bankers who had lent money on South Sea bonds had to fly the country. Parliament was summoned on December 8, and George I. returned to England from Hanover post-haste—possibly because old Countess von Platen was mixed up in the proceedings. An inquiry was instituted into the way in which the Company had been worked; the result being an exposure of the most unscrupulous frauds. It was discovered that Mr. Secretary Craggs, Mr. Charles Stanhope (Secretary to the Treasury), and the King's friend, the Countess von Platen, had each received huge sums, as interest on fictitious stock they had paid no deposit for, in order to bribe them to push the Company's Bill through Parliament by every means in their power: the Countess got £10,000,

and her two nieces £10,000 between them as their share of the bribes. Through the help and championship of his friends, Mr. Stanhope was acquitted of his part in the disgraceful proceedings, but Mr. Aislabie, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and one of the most fraudulent of the whole gang, was imprisoned, to the great joy of the people, who danced round bonfires in the London streets. The fate of Mr. Craggs was not unlike that of "Isidore Izard" in the play *Business is Business*.[1] He had used all his misdirected energies to make a fortune for his only son; a leading spirit—and a guilty one—in the "Bubble," he had amassed about £1,500,000 which he hoped to leave to his beloved boy. The latter died before his father's exposure: Craggs had a fit of apoplexy, and the ill-gotten wealth passed, like Shylock's, to the State; of course, the Countess von Platen, though just as guilty, was not proceeded against.

Among the other Directors was Mr. Edmund Gibbon, the historian's grandfather, who was allowed to retain £10,000 out of £106,000, it being part of the arrangement that those of the Directors who were acquitted of an active share in the fraud should retain at least a part of their spoil. Meanwhile, the excitement in London was intense; the journals contained daily lists of the ruined, and reports of fathers of families who had hanged themselves, and old maids who had drowned themselves, rather than live on in starvation and misery, or face the horrors of an eighteenth-century debtors' prison. The nation, fully awakened from its golden dream, presented an abject spectacle of piteous dejection, and it was some years before public credit was restored, a result partly achieved by dividing amongst the losers £8,000,000 of the total stock of the Company, as a dividend of about £33, 6s. 8d. per cent. Nevertheless, it was long ere Londoners attempted speculation on so large a scale again; but the spirit of gambling was far too inherent to be quelled at one blow. Although the South Sea Bubble was probably the greatest swindle England has ever seen, it was by no means the last; indeed, the series then begun has endured to our own time.[2]

[1] It will be remembered that in the play the millionaire's only son is brought on dead, just as his father's wealth is trembling in the balance.

[2] For a full account of the South Sea Bubble, the reader will do well to

In weird contrast to the glittering butterfly world of folly and fashion, was the down-trodden, sodden, dun-coloured, proletariat of the "Darkest London" of those bygone times, which was darker, far darker then, than at present. The total population of the metropolis did not at the end of the century exceed one million, and, therefore, the inhabitants of the innumerable blind alleys, the loathsome courts, and the filthy rookeries in the city and outskirts, were nothing like so overwhelmingly numerous as they are now, though their condition, if anything, was more hopeless, for then there existed none of the official and private organisations intended to alleviate misery which form so conspicuous a feature of contemporary London. What we now term Society was extremely limited, and, with a few noteworthy exceptions, absolutely ignored the existence of the down-trodden class in the "slums"; and, consequently, no current, even of misdirected and lackadaisical sympathy, passed between the two social extremes. There was no People's Palace, no Salvation or Church Armies, no working girls' or boys' clubs, no Charity Organisation Society, no mothers' meetings, no Sunday schools, and, above all, no General Booths, Father Dollings, or Father Bernard Vaughans to penetrate into the squalid homes—if so they can be called—of the poorest of the poor of a London which was as desolate and hopeless as the dolorous city of Dante. The Catholics were, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, fairly numerous in the lowest class, but were completely cut off from the ministers of their religion, who were only allowed to say Mass in the Embassy chapels, and then on the express understanding that they did not preach in English. The Church of England neglected those few of the very poor who belonged to it, and even zealous Nonconformists like Whitefield, Wesley, Buckhurst, and Lady Huntingdon were unable to successfully evangelise the class in question. Then again, the existing Penal Code was preposterously severe, sending men to the gallows for venial offences, whilst those whose lives were spared, generally through the kindness of the injured, who would rather suffer a loss in silence than expose a fellow

see the chapter on it in Charles Mackay's *Popular Delusions*. London: Bentley (1841). Also State Trials, George I.

human being to be hanged for a trifling theft, left the horrible gaols ten times more degraded, dirty, and corrupt than when they entered. Towards the end of the century the sufferings of this class, owing to the heavy taxation —brought about by the prolongation of the war with France and Pitt's ambitious foreign policy—became absolutely unendurable, and the streets of London presented scenes of such frequent rioting as to inspire the thoughtful with fears of a social upheaval equalling in brutality the contemporary Reign of Terror in France. If we were spared the horrors of such a Revolution it was owing to the patriotic unselfishness of the leaders of the people; such men, for instance, as Coleridge, Gerald, Hardy, Horne Tooke, and Thelwall, who placed patriotic interests far above their own advancement. We shall hear more of these zealous Reformers towards the end of this chapter, and for the moment we must turn to other subjects intended to throw light on the social condition of London in pre-Reform times, when the advance of education and general progress commanded an immediate revision of the constitution, which Pitt, who had begun his career as a Reformer, persistently stifled by every means at his disposal.

The contrasts between class and class in the eighteenth century were very much greater then than now, for although in the drawing-room politeness had advanced to ultra-refinement, the lower classes were still in a quasi-barbarous condition, and so brutalised by the sights and scenes amongst which they lived—ay! even by the very nature of their amusements—that, if there be truth in the theory of atavism, the wonder is that their descendants in the "Darkest London" of our time are not infinitely worse than they are.

A brief account of the popular amusements of old London and of its Penal Code will suffice to show why we still have "hooligans" in our midst. Let us bethink ourselves that in the old days the working-man was not even allowed inside the Parks, which were the exclusive property throughout the week of the fashionable world, and were filled on Sundays with rich city people and well-dressed, but derided, suburban folk. Thus the masses, who, since Caroline days, had not patronised

the theatres, had literally no places of recreation, save the dram-shops, the "pits" where animals were tormented, the prize-rings, and the gallows, where, more often than not, their fellows suffered a lingering death. Their favourite literature was the broad-sheet sold at the foot of the scaffold, in which the dying confessions of such men as Jack Sheppard and such women as Mother Brownrigg were celebrated in doggerel rhyme. Look at those down-trodden forebears of our "hooligans" and Jack the Rippers as portrayed in the prints and drawings of Hogarth, Gilray, Bunbury, and Rowlandson, and you will see all you need of the wretched specimens of humanity they were—most of them scarce human in form, and even less so in spirit!

Hockley-in-the-Hole, an establishment of great renown in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, situated in what was, until lately, Ray Street, Clerkenwell, was a kind of theatre or arena which dated from Elizabeth's time, that great Princess being particularly fond of bear- and bull-baiting. Till late in the century, Hockley remained a favourite resort with "gentlemen of quality." In the pit, the bull or bear was fastened to a staple by a chain about fifteen feet in length. The animal, possessed of this relative freedom of action over a circle of thirty feet, was then worried by the forebears of our present bull-dogs, "not without great risk," as old Hentzner says, "by the horns of the one and the teeth of the other." Occasionally the bull's horns were artificially supplemented by great horns of oxen fixed on the stumps of his own with pitch, tow, and such like adhesives. If the bull knew his business, he generally managed to get the dog on to these long horns, and sometimes shot him into the boxes twenty feet above the pit. Mr. Evelyn once saw one drop into a lady's lap in the third tier—doubtless a pleasant surprise for the lady! Occasionally as many as ten dogs were let loose upon a bull, some three or four of them fixing their teeth in his throat at once, and making him roar in a manner greatly appreciated by the *connoisseurs*, who applauded to the echo. When the bull would not show fight, he was urged with red-hot irons, a practice which remained in vogue till almost within living memory.

Bear-baiting, which was much less common than bull-baiting, was carried out on much the same principle, but in this

case there were "variations and divertisements." One of these was the not very intelligible joy of whipping a blindfolded bear, an amusement which required the skill of five or six men armed with whips which they laid on to him without mercy, the unfortunate beast snapping and tearing at all who were not active enough to get out of the way. Prize-fights and, above all, dog-fights, were very frequent at Hockley, as many as twenty being sometimes entered at once. Here is a specimen programme. "At the request of several persons of quality, on Monday the 11th of this instant June (1698), is one of the largest and most mischievous bears that ever was seen in England to be baited to death with every variety of bull and bear-baiting, also a wild bull to be let loose in the same place with fireworks all over him. To begin exactly at three o'clock in the afternoon because the sport continues long." Another,—of the middle of the eighteenth century this time,—"At the desire of several persons of quality a leopard twelve feet in length to be baited to death, and gentlemen who choose to risk their dogs are allowed to assist." In 1682, the Moroccan Ambassador was indulged with the agreeable exhibition of "a horse who stood eighteen or nineteen hands high, and was of uncommon strength, to be baited to death by a number of hounds." The poor beast killed some dozen dogs and was then let off, but the dissatisfied audience had him fetched back, we are told, and a fresh lot of dogs were set upon him, with no effect, so he had to be eventually despatched with a sword. Mondays and Thursdays were set apart throughout the eighteenth century for these pretty exhibitions. On one occasion "a mad bull was dressed up with fireworks and let loose in the same place amongst the men in the ground, together with a dog, also dressed in the same way, and a bear who had a cat tied to his tail." We can imagine what ensued when the fireworks were let off, the exasperated bull roared, the cat scratched, the dog flew, and the mob shouted and fell over each other in escaping from the infuriated animals! The programme on this occasion winds up with the following practical announcement: "As the diversion will last long and the days grow short, the sport will begin between five and six o'clock." The prices of admission to these charming entertainments appear to have been about

3d. or 6d., except perhaps on special occasions, such as when the papers announced that, "There will be a large he-tiger baited on Wednesday next (November, 1747), at Mr. Broughton's amphitheatre, in Oxford Road, being the first that ever was baited in England. He is the largest that ever was seen here, being eight feet in length. He is one of the fiercest and swiftest of savage beasts, and it is thought will afford good sport. The doors to be open at nine and the diversion to begin at eleven." Unfortunately, it is not recorded what was the ultimate fate of the poor eight-foot "he-tiger."

If these atrocious "diversions" were popular, cock-fights and prize-fights were even more so. As to the former sport, Hogarth's print of the "Cock Pit" tells us more than volumes of description could do; all we see there is fully borne out by contemporary advertisements, of which the following is one:—

"At the Red Lion Cockpit near the London Spa, Clerkenwell, this present Monday, being the 12th July, 1731, will be seen the royal sport of cock-fighting for two guineas a battle. To-morrow begins the match for four guineas a battle and 20 guineas the odd battle, and continues all the week, beginning at four o'clock."

Prize-fighting was as completely organised and recognised a sport at the end of the century as horse-racing is in our day. The "fancy," as the "professional" pugilists were termed, had a language of their own: "milling" and "scrapping"—*i.e.* two words for the art of boxing—are but a small part of the eighteenth-century prize-ring dialect. The mouth was termed the "potato-trap" and the "oration-trap"; the nose, the "sniffer" and the "scent bottle"—and so on. Notable "milling coves"—*anglicé*, pugilists—were regarded as heroes, and the names of such men as Tom Figg, Mendoza, Jackson, and others were constantly in the mouths of two widely different classes—the highest and the lowest; for it is curious that Royalty, and even the effeminate "macaronis," took an inordinate delight in these brutal exhibitions. The Regent was present on one occasion when a man was killed in a prize-fight at Brighton; and when the allied Sovereigns arrived in London in 1814, they were treated to a series of boxing matches in Lord Lowther's drawing-room! As late as 1817, the Tzar Nicholas of Russia was entertained by

a boxing-match at Coombe Warren, Jackson, the victor, being solemnly presented to his Majesty: Lord Byron, by the way, was taught pugilism by this self-same Jackson. Though the stakes to be won by the combatants in these encounters were rarely very high, the bets were frequently enormous, especially if one or other of the fighting-men was "presented"—in the same way that race-horses are run by their owners—by some "gentleman of quality." Here is a newspaper report which tells us in a very few words the vast popularity of boxing-matches in mid-Georgian days—

"October 8, 1777.—Monday afternoon a terrible battle was fought for 25 guineas in the Hollow by the City Road between one Forrester, a smith, and a butcher from Newport Market, which was won by the latter. The bets depending were many hundred pounds, and the crowds attending incredible, estimated at 12,000, who were continually going from nine till three o'clock."

The favourite rendezvous of the "fancy" were, in early times, Figg's "amphitheatre" in Oxford Street, and, later, Broughton's ring in the same place, but, of course, any open space served the purpose.

There were, moreover, quite apart from the organised prize-fights undertaken by "professional" pugilists and attended by the nobility, any number of combats between persons of the lower class constantly taking place; and, nasty as it seems, even women occasionally fought,—the following challenge and its answer, which appeared in the *London Journal* in June, 1722, show us this:—

"I, Elizabeth Wilkinson, of Clerkenwell, having had some words with Hannah Highfield and requiring satisfaction, do invite her to meet me on the stage and box with me for three guineas, each woman holding half-a-crown in each hand, and the first woman that drops her money to lose the battle."

The gentle Hannah accepted the challenge in the following terms:—

"I, Hannah Highfield, of Newgate Market, hearing of the resolution of Elizabeth, will not fail to give her more blows than words, desiring home blows and from her no favour."

And the papers tell us that the ladies "maintained the battle with great valour for a long time."

Here are two edifying advertisements—

"June 22, 1768.—On Wednesday last two women fought for a new shift valued at half a guinea, in the Spa Fields, near Islington. The battle was won by a woman called 'Bruising Peg,' who beat her antagonist in a terrible manner."

"Two handsome lads of fifteen and sixteen will fight naked for a wager if any gentleman of quality will put up the money."

With such amusements, it is not surprising that the people needed a repressive hand, but, at the same time, there can be no doubt that our Penal Code at this period was wickedly barbarous. That true worthy, Sir Samuel Romilly, remarks, in his pamphlet on the judicial system of his age, that, "The first thing which strikes one is the melancholy truth that among the variety of actions which men are daily liable to commit, no less than *one hundred and sixty* have been declared by Act of Parliament to be felonies without benefit of clergy; or, in other words, to be worthy of instant death." Misdemeanours which are now punished by a day or two's imprisonment, or a fine, were then hanging matters. To be caught in the act of stealing a horse or a sheep, snatching a purse, or picking a pocket of sixpence, meant instant death. Nor was this all; the inconsistencies of the law were as great as its barbarities: shop-lifting was punished by transportation, and an attempted murder by a fine and imprisonment. Yet in 1778 a lad of fifteen was sent out of this world for stealing a few apples; and in 1777 a woman whose husband had been seized by a press-gang, leaving her destitute, and who took some coarse linen to cover her children from a shop in Ludgate Hill, was actually hanged, though the stuff stolen was returned. A mere girl of nineteen, she was thoroughly respectable, and wept bitterly as, with a baby at her breast, she was carted along the ignominious road to Tyburn. In the month of August, 1786, alone, twenty-one persons were put to death at Exeter, and a month later fifteen were hanged at Norwich and seven at Ipswich; these poor creatures were mostly poachers and sheep-stealers!

Women, and even young girls, were occasionally burned at the stake throughout the whole of the first half of the eighteenth century. In 1726, Catherine Hays was burned for murdering her husband; she was bound to the stake with an iron chain running round her waist and under her arms, and a rope, which was drawn through a hole in the post, round her neck. The executioner fired the faggots so carelessly, that she was half roasted, and the fellow, horrified at his clumsiness, strangled her again to put an end to her sufferings. In 1734, Ann Mudd was burned for murdering her husband; and in 1739, Susannah Brown and Elizabeth Harwood were burned at Tyburn on charges of infanticide. Later still, in 1779, Isabella Gordon was burned at Nottingham, and two years earlier a girl of fourteen would have been publicly roasted at Smithfield for stealing, had it not been for the "humane but casual interference of Lord Weymouth." In 1786, Phœbe Harris perished at the stake before Newgate Prison in the presence of 20,000 persons. "Some scattered remains of the woman were perceptible at half past ten in the morning," says the *Mercury*, without any expression of sympathy. "The fire had completely burnt out by twelve o'clock." On March 18, 1789, the last victim of this horrible form of punishment, Christina Murphy, was burned in London. The partial strangulation which usually preceded the burning was in this case ineffectual, and the victim's death was slow and horrible in the extreme, a brutal mob howling round the pyre all the time.

Prejudiced writers who rail against the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition or the French Revolution, would do well, before they cast stones at our neighbours' windows, to remember that formerly England was quite as guilty in the matter of cruelty, persecution, and downright brutality, as Spain, Italy, Germany, or France. Our only excuse for the atrocities perpetrated in the name of the old laws is that they expressed the spirit of those times, and that we, like our neighbours, perforce also obeyed its dictates. There exists an engraving bearing the date of 1810 (!) in which a bare-backed woman, kneeling in a cart, is being flogged as the tumbrel trundles through what seems a leading thoroughfare—possibly the Strand or Holborn. Not one of the passers-by, among

whom are a lady and a gentleman with a little girl, seems in the least degree appalled by the spectacle. *Autre temps, autres mœurs!* Did not the refined Henrietta Maria, on her return from exile, order her carriage to be stopped on London Bridge that she might obtain a better view of the rotting heads of the regicides and "traitors" exhibited at various points on the parapet? It is curious, in this connection, to read the accounts in the various *Gazettes* of the period, of the barbarous tortures to which Damien, the man who attempted the life of Louis XV., was subjected. They tormented him for three days, his *coup de grâce* being only achieved by four horses tearing him limb from limb on the evening of the fourth! The English papers and magazines, whilst sparing their readers not a single detail of the horrors perpetrated on the unfortunate man, have no word of pity for the victim, nor condemnation of the callous spectators. They apparently thought it scarcely sufficient punishment for so deadly a crime as *attempted* regicide.

It may afford some consolation to remember that neither the Saint of Assisi, St. Vincent de Paul, the saintly More, the kindly Evelyn, the clear-minded Johnson, or the gentle Goldsmith protested against the atrocious judicial system which Christianity inherited from Pagan Rome, and for centuries failed to modify. Indeed, most people,—even amongst the educated classes,—so far from being disgusted by the sights witnessed on "Tyburn days" and like occasions, considered them to be quite legitimate diversions. In 1783, Dr. Johnson complained to Sir William Scott at the Literary Club that "The age is running mad after innovation, and all the business of the world is to be done in a new way: men are to be hanged in a new way; Tyburn itself is not safe from the fury of innovation." Someone present pointed out that this would be an improvement. "No, sir," said the ponderous Doctor, "it is not an improvement: they object that the old method drew together a number of spectators. Sir, executions are intended to draw spectators. If they do not draw spectators, they don't answer their purpose. The old method was most satisfactory to all parties: the public was gratified by a procession: the criminal was supported by it. Why is all this to be swept away?" The Laird of Auchinleck, who was very attached to

the ghastly processions up the "Heavy Hill"—as the last journey from London to Tyburn was called—entirely agrees with this opinion of the Sage's, and thinks that after the abolition of the processions the executions ceased to be deterrent.

Did not England retain the torture of "the press" as part of her judicial system, until late in the first half of the century under consideration? A prisoner who refused to plead guilty or innocent was placed between two planks on which heavy weights were piled day by day, until life was literally squeezed out of the unhappy creature. During the time the victim was enduring this appalling anguish, not a drop of water or a crust of bread was given him. At Lewes, in 1721, a deaf and dumb man was taken up on a charge of murder. It was a distinct case of circumstantial evidence, but because the wretched mute would not "plead" he was put into "the press." Says the local paper, without a word of pity: "They had put a hundred weight upon him, then added another, and yet he continued obstinate. Finally they put still more weight upon him, till the whole weighed 350 cwt. Then adding 50 lbs. more and he having all the agonies of death upon him, the executioner, who weighs sixteen or seventeen stone lay down on the board which was over him and so killed him in an instant!"—but all the same, the poor creature had been living under these hideous circumstances three whole days! The "press" was not, however, a seventeenth-century invention, but can be traced back as far as the reign of Henry IV., and possibly even then it was not a novelty.[1]

Dreadful and demoralising were the frequent public executions at Tyburn—the brutal processions of half-drunken men and debauched women tramping through the streets between Newgate and the spot near where now stands the Marble Arch, in fine weather or in foul, clamouring round the carts in which the condemned men and women, with their hands tied behind them, sat on their own coffins, crying out ribald jokes to their friends in the crowd and scoffing at the prison chaplain who ministered to them. Contemporary evidence shows that very few even

[1] There is a vivid description of this barbarous torture in Victor Hugo's *L'homme qui rit*, which many readers may remember.

affected penitence; they rather appeared to exult in the sort of triumph in which they were carried to their doom.

At certain points on the road they were regaled with strong drinks—beer and gin. At Tyburn itself the scene enacted at least once a week for over a hundred years, beggars description and baffles belief. As often as not the condemned were ill-hung, and their distorted bodies, wriggling in the air, were only stiffened in death when their friends caught hold of their legs and, amid the shouts of the half-drunken mob, weighed them down until their miserable necks were broken. Women, dressed in decent mourning, moved about among the mob at the gallows foot, pretending to be the nearest of kin to the deceased. Their object was to obtain the corpse, and sell it to the dissecting-laboratory of some anatomical student. They were popularly known as "resurrection women."

Nothing can give a more vivid idea of one of these hideous scenes than the following extract from a contemporary book entitled *A Trip Through the Town* (1777)—

"All the way from *Newgate* to *Tyburn*, is one continu'd Fair. Here the most abandoned Rascals may light on Women as shameless. Here Trollops all in Rags may pick up Sweethearts of the same politeness: where the Croud is the least, which among the Itinerants is nowhere very thin, the Rabble is the rudest: and here, jostling one another, and kicking Dirt about, are the most innocent Pastimes. Now you see a Fellow, without Provocation, push his companion in the Kennel, and two Minutes after, the Sufferer trip up the other's Heels, and the first Aggressor lies rolling in the more solid Mire. No modern Mob can long subsist, without their darling Cordial, the grand Preservative of Sloth, *Geneva*. The Traders who vend it among them, on these Occasions, are commonly the very Rubbish of the Creation, the worst of both Sexes, but most of them Weather-beaten Fellows that had misspent their Youth. Here stands an old Sloven in a Wig actually putrify'd, squeezed up in a Corner, recommends a Dram of it to the Goers-by. There another in Rags, as rusty as a Nonjuring Clergyman's Cassock; with several Bottles in a Basket, stirs about with it, where the Throng is the thinnest, and tears his Throat like a Flounder Fellow, with crying his Commodity: and further off you may see the Head of a Third, who has ventur'd in the middle of the Current, and minds his Business as he is fluctuating in

the irregular Stream. Whilst higher up, an old decrepit Woman sits dreaming with it on a Bulk, and over-against her in a Soldier's Coat, her termagent Daughter sells the Sots Comfort with great dispatch. It is incredible what a Scene of Confusion all this often makes, which yet grows worse near the Gallows: and the violent Efforts of the most sturdy and resolute of the Mob on one side, and the potent Endeavours of rugged Sherriffs Officers, Constables, and Headboroughs, to beat them off on the other: the terrible Blows that are struck, the Heads that are broke, the Pieces of swinging Sticks and Blood that fly about, the Men that are knock'd down and trampled upon, are beyond Imagination. After all, the *Ordinary* and *Executioner* having perform'd their different Duties, with small Ceremony and equal Concern, seemed to be tired, and glad it is over."

Perhaps the most extraordinary "ride up the Heavy Hill"—through the town from Newgate to Tyburn—was that performed by Earl Ferrers, convicted of murder and condemned by his Peers in the first year of George the Third's reign. Each day of the trial he was conveyed from the Tower to the House of Lords and back between multitudes of people of all ranks. The great occasion, however, was the execution day, which Walpole considered "a most pompous and solemn affair." Tens of thousands of people lined the streets all the way from the Tower to Tyburn to witness the procession, which set out at nine in the morning. First went a string of constables, then one of the Sheriffs in his chariot and six horses bedecked with black ribbons; next Lord Ferrers himself in his own landau and six, the coachman crying all the way, and his Lordship chatting pleasantly with the chaplain. A Sheriff's empty coach and six followed, preceding the hearse with the coffin, while some Life Guards closed the dismal pageant. M. Vaillant, a well-known French bookseller in the Strand, was the Sheriff who owned the empty coach; he travelled in the condemned peer's chariot, and afterwards declared himself horrified at the levity of Ferrer's conversation, and at the manner in which he so frequently showed himself at the window so that the populace might see "a Peer of the Realm going to execution, a sight they were never, perhaps, likely to *enjoy* a second time." The Earl wanted a drink of water on the way, but it was denied him, so he contented himself with a twist of tobacco, which he chewed

till the end of his journey. Walpole says he was dressed in his wedding suit, of white satin. He behaved like a gentleman, made no speech or fuss, but submitted to his fate with dignity.

Public executions ceased at Tyburn in 1783, when the gallows were set up at the Old Bailey, the first culprit being hanged there on December 9 of that year. Between February and December, 1785, ninety-six persons suffered by the "new drop," as the new method of execution which had been substituted for the old-fashioned cart was pleasantly called. The Old Bailey executions were, however, attended by all the horrors which had distinguished those at Tyburn, and continued to be witnessed by thousands until the abolition of public executions in the late Queen's reign.

Despite the severity of the laws, and the frequency with which they were broken, the criminality of no age has ever had such a picturesque glamour thrown over it as that of the eighteenth century. Sixty years after there was a sort of mania with novelists to magnify the famous rogues of the Georgian era into gentlemen of refined courtesy, endowed with every grace of wit and manner. Thus was that rascal Dick Turpin converted into a hero, and the vile trickster Cartouche into a being of almost preternatural ability. Bulwer Lytton's *Eugene Aram* and *Paul Clifford*, and Harrison Ainsworth's *Jack Sheppard*, are still read with delight, several thousand copies of the immortal *Jack* being disposed of annually. "No housebreaker was ever honoured" like Sheppard, even in his lifetime. Sir James Thornhill painted his portrait whilst he was in Newgate, the engravings of which picture sold by thousands at a shilling each; and nothing ever equalled the quaintness of a sermon on Sheppard reported by the Rev. Mr. Villette, the Ordinary of Newgate, in his *Annals of Newgate*. A friend of this reverend gentleman's was passing a chapel in the West End which he entered to hear a part of the sermon. "Now, my beloved," preached the parson, "what a melancholy consideration it is that men should show so much regard for the preservation of a poor perishing body, that can remain at most for a few years, and at the same time be so unaccountably negligent of a precious soul. . . . We have a remarkable instance of this in a notorious malefactor, Jack Sheppard. What amazing difficulties has he

overcome, what astonishing things has he performed, for the sake of a stinking, miserable carcass, hardly worth hanging! How dexterously did he pick the padlock of his chain with a crooked nail! how manfully burst his fetters asunder, climb up the chimney, wrench out an iron bar, break his way through a stone wall, and make the strong door of a dark entry fly before him, till he got upon the leads of the prison: and then, fixing a blanket to the wall with a spike, he stole out of the chapel! How intrepidly did he descend to the top of the turner's house, and how cautiously pass down the stairs and make his escape at the street door! Oh, that ye were all like Jack Sheppard! Mistake me not, my brethren; I don't mean in a carnal, but in a spiritual sense; for I purpose to spiritualise these things. . . . Let me exhort you then, to open the locks of your hearts with the nail of repentance: burst asunder the fetters of your beloved lusts: mount the chimney of hope: take from thence the bar of good resolution: break through the stone wall of despair, and all the strongholds in the dark entry of the valley of the shadow of death: raise yourself to the leads of divine meditation: fix the blanket of faith with the spike of the Church: let yourself down to the turner's house of resignation, and descend the stairs of humility: so shall you come to the door of deliverance from the prison of iniquity, and escape the clutches of that old executioner the Devil, who 'goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.'" After this the deluge!

And whilst we are on gruesome subjects, let us pause for a moment to seek some information concerning Jack Ketch, the executioner whose name is still famous. The executioner was a far bigger man in bygone times than are his successors of our day, who, thanks to more humane laws, have comparatively very little work to do. The names of the executioners of early Tudor times have not been handed down to us, the first recorded being John Bull, who figures in *Pierce's Supererogation*, 1593, in Gabriel Harvey's tract against Nash. Then comes Derrick, who in his way was a great celebrity. He cut off Essex's head in 1601, a rather curious fact, for Essex had saved his life a few years earlier. There is a ballad on the subject from which we gather that Derrick had accompanied the Earl in his expedition to Cadiz, where he hanged twenty-three persons, and having been

caught committing some gross outrage or other would have been hanged himself but for the interference of the all-powerful Robert Devereux. Derrick is immortalised by Scott (*Fortunes of Nigel*) in the inimitable speech in which Sir Mungo Malagrowther relates the mutilation of Stubbs and Page for the publication of a book against the alliance between Elizabeth and the Duc d'Alençon. Derrick was succeeded by Gregory Brandon, whose son and successor, Richard Brandon, has already been mentioned in connection with the execution of Charles I. "Squire Dunn" followed Brandon, and he was in his turn succeeded by the notorious Jack Ketch, whose name is still familiar since it has descended as a nickname to his successors. There are several interesting tracts concerning this man in the British Museum, not the least curious of which is one entitled, *The Tyburn Ghost; or Strange Downfal of the Gallows, a most true Relation how the famous Triple Tree, near Paddington, was pluckt up by the roots, and demolisht by certain Evil Spirits; with Jack Ketch's Lamentation for the Loss of his Shop*, 1678. Ketch was the executioner of Lord William Russell and the Duke of Monmouth. It appears he was a very insolent fellow, and was frequently at loggerheads with his superiors, being himself once locked up in Bridewell for rudeness to the Sheriffs. He died, it is said, a rich man, in 1692. Of him Dryden quaintly says, "A man may be capable, as Jack Ketch's wife said of her servant, of a plain piece of work, a bare hanging; but to make a malefactor die sweetly, was only belonging to her husband." We may as well add here one or two curious facts respecting the expenses of an execution in bygone times. It appears that in 1813 one of these gruesome functions cost 14s. 6d.—execution fees 7s. 6d., stripping the body 4s. 6d., use of shell 2s. 6d., whilst the executioner's salary was £50 per annum. Another curious fact in connection with executions is that, up to George the Fourth's reign, the prosecutor of a condemned man who was hanged at Tyburn was presented with a "Tyburn Ticket" exempting him and his successors from serving on juries.[1]

[1] See Timbs's *London and Westminster*; also tracts in the British Museum, such as Dekker's *Bellman of London*, 1608, Gull's *Hornbook*, 1605, Middleton's *Black Book*, 1604, and a curious little tract, which is now before

As to the filth, the darkness, and the appalling wickedness of our prisons, no words can describe them. No distinction was made between a debtor and a criminal; the young and the old were huddled together, regardless of decency and hygiene, in the same loathsome dens. Wine, beer, and gin were freely allowed to those who could pay for them, and it was no unusual sight to see a party of imprisoned thieves, or even of those condemned to death, making merry over a bottle of wine or spirits. The gaoler treated the prisoners under his care like dogs, and used his lash and his boots on them as freely as he bestowed his curses; in 1759, a boy of eight years of age was kicked to death in Newgate. If a prisoner had money or friends he had a fairly good time, for he was allowed as much tobacco, beer, and spirits as he chose to call for, on the condition, however, that he shared with his taskmasters. In some of our provincial gaols thirty, and even forty, prisoners of both sexes and of every age were confined in cells seven feet underground, and not big enough to contain a tenth of the number. Howard, the eminent philanthropist who visited the provincial prisons in 1773, describes them all as being in a most filthy condition. At Lincoln "the cell was under a trap-door and was in total darkness, damp and terribly cold." At Ely, "when the prison was unsafe, the gaoler secured the criminals by chaining them down on their backs upon the floor, placing an iron collar with spikes about their necks and a heavy iron bar across their legs."

The account of our State prisons in the eighteenth century, written by Howard, the great precursor of Elizabeth Fry, is so appalling that one scarcely dares to think of it. The "Inferno" of Dante was a paradise compared to these sinks of festering crime and misery, infested with vermin, freezing in winter, and suffocatingly hot in summer. Francis Place, who visited Newgate in 1795, found the prisoners so ragged and dirty that he asked the gaoler to give them some string to tie up their tattered garments with, for "decency's sake." They were like wild beasts, and fought and scrambled for a few coppers "more like mad

the writer, by Peggi,—*Curalia Miscellanæ*, 1818,—in which the derivation of the name Ketch is attributed to the Cockney pronunciation of "catch"—*catch* hold of the felon. See also a footnote, vol. ii. chapter vii. p. 231, concerning Richard Brandon.

creatures than sane." The great work of Howard and his disciples, however, bore fruit slowly but surely. Howard himself did not live to see the results of his splendid mission, for he died of a contagious fever, whilst inspecting the prisons of Kherson in Russia in 1790—for to him "misery had no nationality, nor pain a native land." As a result of his labours, Captain Philips left England in 1792, with seven hundred convicts, to establish our first penal settlement at Sydney Cove, New South Wales; a reform which was one of the most beneficent that has ever befallen those members of society who have had the misfortune to be "found out."

The lunatic asylums in the eighteenth century were as abominable as the prisons.[1] Bethlehem, or Bedlam, was the only public asylum in London; we must add a sketch of the treatment the unfortunate inmates received. Chained up, covered only in many cases by a filthy blanket, disgustingly dirty, and scourged for the least offence, the only mercy accorded to the unhappy inmates of Bethlehem came from nature, and not from man. Their madness was the only alleviation of their lot. When the House of Commons' Commissioners made their inquiry into the condition of Bethlehem Hospital in 1815, they found one wretched lunatic so secured to the wall by an iron contrivance that he could not move a step from it, and could only lie down on his back—a state in which he had been for twelve years, during which time he had never once been outside the cell in which he was confined! After this, it seems amazing that there could be people who regarded a visit to "Bedlam" as holiday amusement, as much as £400 per annum being realised by the Hospital authorities out of the fees for admission. Another horror, not unlike the "crimping house," was the

[1] Few people are aware that the first "Bedlam," in Moorfields—otherwise the Hospital of St. Mary of Bethlehem, a name derived from an ancient monastic institution—was designed in the style of the Tuileries, a fact which so exasperated Louis XIV. that he threatened to erect a house of ill-fame in Paris after the model of St. James's Palace. At "Bedlam" were the two celebrated statues of "Raving Madness" and "Melancholy Madness," works of that fine sculptor, Cibber, the father of Colley of that ilk, the dramatist, and husband of the famous tragic actress. These fine figures, which are not of painted bronze, as usually stated, but of Portland Stone, are now in the Guildhall Museum. The asylum was removed to St. George's Fields, Southwark, *circa* 1815.

"private lunatic asylum." Bethlehem was, at least, open, but the latter places were as completely hidden from public gaze as the catacombs, and with very good reasons, since, in only too many cases, they were used as houses of detention for dangerous enemies or inconvenient relatives. What was easier for a man who wished to be revenged on someone than to kidnap him for a private asylum on some plea or other, get him admitted—the "doctors" were not over-scrupulous—and abandon him to his fate? That such things ever took place seems to us incredible, but in the eighteenth century they were of daily occurrence. Here is a case in point. In 1762, a Mrs. Hawley, her mother and husband, attended a pleasure party at Turnham Green. By some means the unfortunate lady was taken to a house at Chelsea, which proved to be a private asylum, kept by two men named Turlington and King. Mrs. Hawley managed somehow to communicate with her friends, and though Turlington refused to allow them to see her, a writ of Habeas Corpus was obtained, and Mrs. Hawley was released. An inquiry being made, it was found that though Turlington owned the abominable establishment, King was the active partner, who frankly admitted that he received any patient brought to him by his friends without the least investigation; that he had admitted many drunkards; that Mrs. Hawley had been brought to him on the charge of drunkenness by a woman calling herself her mother, and that "patients" were shut off from all communication with the outer world, their treatment depending on the amount they paid, or what was paid for them. The fate of these ruffians is not recorded.

If we turn to other and less sordid topics, we find that numerous as were the State Trials of the eighteenth century, only a few stand out in sharp prominence: those of Dr. Sacheverell for seditious preaching—at least for that which was so considered by the Whigs—in the reign of Anne, of the Rebel Peers, under George I. and George II., of the Duchess of Kingston for bigamy, of Warren Hastings, and, lastly, the trial of Thelwall, Hardy, Horne Tooke, and others, for High Treason in 1795. These are all matters of history, and can only be accorded such casual mention in these pages as may complete our picture of London in Georgian times. On the 10th of January, 1716, the Earls

of Derwentwater, Nithesdale, and Carnwath, and the Lords Widdrington, Kenmure, and Nairn, were charged with treason and rebellion at the Bar of the House of Lords in Westminster Hall. The area behind the Bar was crowded with hundreds of spectators, and the galleries filled with the rank, beauty, and fashion of the country. On the 9th of February these unhappy noblemen were condemned. The liveliest sympathy was expressed for the young and handsome Derwentwater, who pleaded guilty, but made so pathetic a reference to his wife and children that there was a general sobbing. Lord Nairn, too, asked for pity for his wife and twelve little ones. The Lords Derwentwater and Kenmure were beheaded on the same scaffold on Tower Hill in the presence of an enormous multitude on the 24th of February. The Earl of Nithesdale, thanks to his wife's heroism and courage, escaped from the Tower in female attire and passed into France, whereas the Earl of Carnwath, and the Lords Widdrington and Nairn, after lying in prison nearly a full year, were liberated, though they forfeited their titles and estates. The trial of Harley, Earl of Oxford, for high crimes and misdemeanours on 24th June, 1717, was a mock tragedy. The prisoner was called to the Bar with all solemnity, and no prosecutor appearing, was as solemnly acquitted!

On July 28, 1746, an imposing crowd assembled in Westminster Hall to witness the trial of the Earls of Cromartie and Kilmarnock, and Lord Balmerino, devoted followers of the Pretender. In a letter to Horace Mann, dated August 1, 1746, Horace Walpole describes this trial as "the most interesting sight he had ever witnessed. The most solemn and fine, unto which a Coronation was but a puppet-show, and all the splendour of it idle. It was a sight which at once feasted the eye and engaged all the passions." One hundred and thirty-nine Lords were present, but no member of the Royal Family. Walpole thought old Balmerino "a most natural brave old fellow." At the Bar he played with his fingers upon the axe, even took it in his hand and fanned himself with it! He made room for a little boy who chanced to be near him, and could not see, and lifted him up in his arms. Their lordships, needless to say, were all condemned. Old Balmerino said that one of his reasons for pleading "Not Guilty," was that so many ladies might not be disappointed of

their show! He trusted they would attend the execution since they had been so eager to witness the trial! All three noblemen were executed on Tower Hill. Eight months later, the profligate old Lord Lovat, was arraigned on a charge of rebellion and treason. He, it seems, behaved ridiculously, joking and making everybody laugh, even at the sentence. But for all his notorious vices, this fine old *roué* behaved splendidly on the scaffold. Walpole says he died without passion, affectation, timidity or buffoonery, and with the beautiful lines of Horace on his lips—

"*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*"

In April, 1776, that extraordinary woman, the once beautiful Duchess of Kingston, stood before her peers in Westminster Hall, charged with having married the Duke of Kingston whilst her first husband was still living. All the great ladies went to the trial. Hannah More, who was present on David Garrick's ticket, had to be up and in full dress by six in the morning, so as to be in her place, where Mr. Garrick, in court costume, duly met her. The Duchess walked in, led by Black Rod, and curtseyed to the judges, who barely returned the compliment. She was dressed in black gauze trimmed with crape, and four virgins in white sat behind her. Mrs. More saw very few traces of her former beauty, and declared she looked more like "a bale of bombazine than anything else"! The poetic Hannah was greatly delighted when her Grace was condemned and "unduchessed." She claimed benefit of peerage, was discharged without punishment, and went abroad. Florence would have none of her, but in Rome she contrived to be on good terms with the Pope, and, pretending to be inclined to Catholicism, was received in the fashionable Society of the Eternal City.

More interesting, and still more remarkable, was the trial of Warren Hastings, begun in February, 1788, on a charge "of tyranny over the princes and sable sons of Hindustan." This prosecution lasted no less than nine years, and when the verdict was pronounced, the illustrious servant of his country was aged and ruined. The scene in Westminster Hall on the occasion of Hastings' acquittal was one of the most remarkable ever witnessed there. All London saw it,—the King, the Queen, the handsome young princes and fair-haired princesses of the House of

Hanover, the ambassadors, the loveliest women,—amongst them, Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire,—the most famous literary men and artists, Reynolds, the foremost of our painters, Siddons, the greatest of our actresses, and Mrs. Fitzherbert, in the prime of her mature charms "fresh, fair, and forty." In a word, "all that was greatest and most glorious in England." The central figure of the long persecution, now tardily acquitted, was a small, worn, emaciated man, whose expression betokened the serenity associated with innocence.

People in Society in Georgian times were either exceedingly loyal or wholly Jacobite. When, on August 2, 1786, Margaret Nicholson made an attempt on the life of George III., the emotion among the Hanoverian party was extreme. The *Gazettes* of the period inform us, "that more than one family put itself and its servants in respectable mourning, hoping thereby to exhibit its profound horror of the outrage that had recently been perpetrated against His Majesty." There are a good many prints representing this event, in which the King is seen driving out of the courtyard of St. James's Palace into the Park, whilst Margaret, in a huge hoop skirt, springs forward to make a violent thrust at him with a long knife. George, fortunately, perceived the weapon in time to evade the blow, and mercifully cried out, "I have received no hurt; see to the poor creature, she is mad." Mrs. Nicholson, who was really crazy, was sent to Bedlam, and was still there when the old Hospital for the Insane—wretchedly managed as it was—was removed from Moorfields to the new building at Lambeth. She remained an inmate for seventy years, dying in 1828, at the great age of ninety-nine. It was the King's prompt interference on her behalf that prevented not only a trial with all its disagreeable consequences, but also saved the poor woman from being torn to pieces by an infuriated mob. The Englishman of the eighteenth century, like the Englishman of to-day, was, indeed, a strong supporter of lawful authority. But not even he could stand an abuse of power, and now the events that were taking place on the other side of the Channel were increasing the spirit of unrest in England.

If Londoners were loyal enough to the Constitutional principle in the last half of the eighteenth century, the French Revolution, none the less, influenced the political life of this country, as

well as that of the whole civilised world. The latter part of the century beheld the rise of a democracy in England, and its expansion into a formidable party bent upon introducing reforms which the retrograde of those days condemned as abominable innovations contrary to Scripture and Christianity itself, but which are now the chief boast and glory of our civilisation. Among the many men of note who assisted in this movement for Constitutional freedom, none was more remarkable or has, perhaps, been more misunderstood than the notorious John Wilkes. Detested by the Tories, and by no means encouraged by the Whigs, Wilkes, "the atheist," was a man of very considerable boldness and ability. He was born in Clerkenwell in 1727, and was the son of a wealthy distiller. Somewhere about 1757 he managed to get himself elected to Parliament, and entered the House of Commons as Member for Aylesbury. The fact that every one of his family used the name of Israel points to a Jewish origin; John being the first member of his house to adopt the English surname, Wilkes. The demagogue, who was undoubtedly a man of very low tastes and evil life, and was separated from his wife, became a "Fleet Street hack," but by sheer audacity—or vulgarity—soon won a place in the public mind as a champion of liberty. Probably, however, we should never have heard of John Wilkes but for his enemies among the Tories, who by their spite unintentionally made him famous; they were anxious to destroy whatever influence he had over the people, and in their zeal to do so overreached themselves and made a martyr of him. In 1763 the famous No. 45 of the *North Briton*, the paper Wilkes edited, published a direct attack on the King, though Wilkes said he intended it more for the Ministry than for his Majesty. However, "any excuse will serve a tyrant," and Wilkes was immediately arrested and sent to the Tower. The first time he was brought before Chief Justice Pratt it was discovered that only actual treason alone, or some like grave offence, could warrant the arrest of a Member of Parliament for political reasons, and he was, therefore, forthwith released; whereby the Government was made to look very small and Wilkes exalted to the rank of martyr. From that moment his success was assured, but the more notorious and popular he became, the more the Tories endeavoured to

crush him. Lord Sandwich, who had been mixed up with Wilkes in a sort of disorderly club at Medmenham Abbey (which we have already mentioned), now attacked him in the House for writing indecent pamphlets and poems. Wilkes was equal to the occasion, and turned the tables on his detractor by publishing a good many facts about Sandwich's disreputable private life. Meanwhile both Houses had been discussing what action should be taken with respect to the *North Briton*, and it was decided that on December 3 (1763), the obnoxious No. 45 should be publicly burnt by the common hangman in Cheapside. But when the day came, the mob, shouting "Wilkes and Liberty for ever!" captured the paper uninjured, pelted the Sheriff with mud, and compelled the hangman and the officials present to take refuge in the Mansion House. After this Wilkes retired to Paris, where he was received with open arms; he did not return to England till 1768, when, as he had been expelled from the Commons after the burning of the *North Briton*, he put up for the City of London at the current election, and came out at the bottom of the poll; but, nothing daunted, he again stood for Middlesex. On the 8th June, however, he was arrested and brought before Lord Mansfield, and sentenced by him to two years' imprisonment and the payment of two fines amounting to £1000. The moment the people knew that their leader had been arrested their fury knew no bounds, and they tried to pull down the gates of the prison where he was confined; the soldiers were called out, and shot twenty-one people in a struggle in St. George's Fields, Southwark. To add to the general disorder, many of the trades joined in the fight; the tailors attacked the Mansion House; whilst in Stepney, the coal-heavers and the sailors from the Docks, taking different sides, came to bloodshed. Rioting continued on and off well into the middle of the year, but Wilkes remained a prisoner till 1769. Five years later, he managed to get elected Lord Mayor of London, a proof, if one was needed, of the spread of democratic ideas and influence at that period. After this the agitator did nothing very violent, and after living for some years at Hamilton Lodge, Kensington Gore, and at Teddington, he died in 1797, at his house, No. 30 Grosvenor Square. To the end he always wore a scarlet-and-buff suit, with a cocked hat, rosette, and military boots, not,

indeed, because he was in the regular army, but because he belonged to the militia. The character of Wilkes has been very variously described, — Rogers, the poet, thought him "gentlemanly," though fearfully ugly,—but there can be no doubt that he possessed an extraordinary influence over the masses, which might have been useful to the Government, had it not hastened to prove itself so unreasonably hostile.

The fear of being considered disloyal to the reigning dynasty, and, above all, of being charged with Radicalism, has driven the more popular historians of the early part of the nineteenth century to gloss over the persecutions of the last decade of the eighteenth; and, therefore, it requires a closer study of the history of England during that period than is afforded by the perusal of the biassed works of those writers, to realise how close England came—between 1790, or before, and 1815—to a revolution which might have equalled the French in bloodshed and horror. There can be no doubt that the miserable condition of the people would have stimulated them to worse acts of violence than actually occurred, had it not been for the unselfish patriotism of the foremost leaders of the Reform party and the moderation of the better class of their followers. To properly understand the state of affairs, we must remember that Pitt, who began as a Reformer, had degenerated into a retrograde of the worst type—a relentless, narrow-minded, and tyrannical opponent of the necessary reforms in taxation and abuses, for which the people vainly clamoured in the names of liberty, justice, and common-sense. The following brief facts, which are based on the unedited notes of one who lived through those troubled times, will give the reader a better idea of the incredible corruption into which our domestic politics had lapsed than is usually communicated by popular historians, and will also explain why it was that London, and, consequently, the rest of England, remained in a state of incipient revolution for over fifty years—until indeed, the Reform Bill was finally passed.

The load of taxes which had been heaped upon the people to meet the expenses of the war with France had, by the end of the century, reduced the weavers, mechanics, and manufacturers, and indeed the labouring classes in general, to the lowest stage of

misery. While wages fell, in some instances, a full third, every article of consumption rose in double proportion. Oats rose, in the five years between 1790 to 1795, 75 per cent., and hay and every article of pulse kept pace with this abnormal increase. Potatoes, which used to be sold at five pounds for 2d., were now 1½d. per lb. Bread which, twenty years earlier, was 4d. per quartern, was now, in the country, 9½d., and in London, 1s., where, towards the end of the year, it rose to 1s. 6d. Twenty years before, boiling beef could have been bought for 2d. or 2½d. per lb., but it had now risen to 6d. or 6½d.; roasting beef from 4d. to 8d.; pork and veal 4½d. to 8½d.; mutton 1½d. and 4d. to 8d. Good salt butter once priced at 5d. was now 11d. Loaf sugar was 1s. 1d. or 1s. 2d. per lb.; moist sugar, once 2½d. per lb., was now 9d.; and coals, which, till the last seven years, were seldom so high as 1s. per bushel, had risen, during the severe winter of 1795, "when the rivers of Holland were bridges for France," to the high price of 3s. 6d. per bushel; and a fowl, and that not a very good one, could not be bought for less than 5s. The freightage of moist sugar, which was but 4s. per cwt. before the war, was 10s. in 1795, and the insurance, which had been but 6s., was then increased to 16s. per ton.

As a contemporary orator observed, "the increase of the insurance is to be attributed to the activity of the enemy. For, as they sometimes take the liberty of sweetening their tea with the sugar we have paid for, the underwriters, of course, must take a greater premium before they can insure the respective cargoes." That the enemy not only took the liberty of "sweetening their tea with our sugar," but also seized on other merchandise, is evidenced by the books of Lloyd's of that period, which show that the number of English vessels captured by the French greatly exceeded that of the French ships taken by the English, and that the vessels we lost were nearly all merchantmen laden with provisions.

Another iniquitous measure was the tax on hair-powder, which was introduced in 1795, and operated with much severity on a large class of persons, the hair-dressers, and all concerned in the making of the powder. The results of this tax were disappointing, for, as it most especially touched the pockets of the makers of the law, they frustrated the end for which it was made by leaving off the fashion of wearing powder. But whilst the

tax was under discussion, some very extraordinary facts and calculations were brought before the House. The Army and Navy were exempted from the tax, but some Members wished that instead of this exemption the actual use of powder had been prohibited. The Army of Great Britain in 1795 amounted to 150,000 men, and allowing a pound of powder a week to each man, that made 22,800,000 lbs. annually. The consumption of the best wheat, also, in starch, from which powder was made, amounted to 17,500 quarters. A great quantity of wheaten flour was consumed on the heads of servants, most of their powder coming from the dredging boxes in their masters' kitchens. If the consumption of the Army in Ireland and India, etc., was added to this calculation, it made 250,000 men, each of whom was supposed to waste a pound of flour upon his head every week; that is, 250,000 lbs. a week, or 6500 tons weight per year, a quantity of flour sufficient to make 3,059,353 quartern loaves, and thus supply 50,000 people with bread for twelve months! a calculation which proves the advantage that the total abolition of the use of hair-powder would have had upon the price of bread at this period. When the flour used by the persons privileged under the new tax, and who numbered some 500,000, is added to the above amount, it will be seen that there were 750,000 lbs. of flour wasted per week in hair-dressing, making, in a year, 19,500 tons, or 9,418,059 quartern loaves, enough to support 150,000 men, women, and children!

The Army also suffered. The pay of a soldier at this period was 3s. per week, out of which 6d. was deducted per week by the Army regulations to provide him with necessaries, such as shirts, shoes, and stockings, over and above the complete suit of clothes furnished him by Government; but sometimes the paymaster deducted 1s. 6d. or 2s. instead of the 6d., the unfortunate "Tommy" having no resource but to submit without the power of complaining. But "Mr. Atkins'" hardship did not end here, for out of the remaining few shillings which were left he had to provide himself with brushes, combs, powder-bag puff, flour, grease, and soap. It was to remedy this drain upon the soldiers' pay that the additional tax of £23,000 per annum was forced upon the people.

To prove that the miserable condition of the middle and

lower classes was general, we need only give two instances of the number of persons obliged to receive parochial assistance. In Norwich, the number of inhabitants was estimated at 40,000, *circa* 1795, yet 25,000 of these were obliged to resort to the parish for relief; and in London itself, in Marylebone parish, which had always been as little encumbered with the poor as any parish in the metropolis, 750 families, who had never claimed relief before, were obliged to appeal to the Overseers for assistance in one month—January—alone!

Meanwhile, the masses began to organise. Political clubs and societies for free debate sprang up in all quarters, not only in London and the county boroughs, but even in the small towns and large villages. In London the more prominent of these societies were the Corresponding Society, which met in Long Acre, the Society of Free Debate, which met at Coachmakers' Hall, and the Society of the Friends of the People, established in 1792, which held meetings in John Thelwall's house in Beaufort Buildings. The country was deluged with pamphlets, and every month saw the appearance or disappearance of some new Radical paper or other. The scared Government, instead of studying the popular grievances, and attempting to find a remedy for them, used repressive methods, which only exasperated the people still more. Pitt, panic-stricken, saw a conspirator behind every door, and in 1793 (to quote one example out of many), a bill-sticker who could neither read nor write was accused of publishing a libel on the Government, and, as the Attorney-General dwelt on the iniquity of the crime, the unhappy man was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. Another striking case was that of the unfortunate Daniel Isaac Eaton, who published a pamphlet entitled "Hogswash" (an allusion to a speech of Burke's on the "swinish multitude.") This squib was undoubtedly violent, but none the less the poor fellow's arrest was a monstrous piece of tyranny. He was sentenced by the Middlesex Grand Jury to pay a fine of £200 or go to prison, and being unable to perform the first condition, was confined for three months, until a more enlightened jury liberated him. But these are only two cases, and there were many others: Lord Mansfield actually told the House of Lords at this period that "a libel was a matter of law to be decided by the bench,

and the only question for the jury was the fact of printing and publishing it." Acting on this basis any number of arrests could be, and were, made by unscrupulous officials, though even then they would have been illegal but for the Act for the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, enforced in 1792. Passed in the thirty-first of Charles II., the Habeas Corpus Act, to describe it briefly, is an Act to oblige any person to produce the body of any man or woman illegally detained, and to state the reasons for such detention, so that the law may judge of the sufficiency of those reasons. The suspension of the Act meant that the opposite was possible, and anyone could now be imprisoned without the least chance of legal investigation as to the justice of the punishment. The abominable "crimping houses" profited immensely by the sudden cessation of the right of open investigation, since it practically legalised their atrocious system.

This system was, for the captain of a vessel in need of hands to go to a "crimping house" and tell the "crimp majors," as they were called, that he wanted, say, ten men, and would give £100 for them. Of course, these "crimping houses" could not have existed, or the practice of man-stealing been carried on, if the police-officers had not been in league with the scoundrels who committed these atrocities; and it is a well-known fact that even lads of good position and family were sometimes inveigled into these places, and became the victims of the "crimp majors." The partner in a large mustard manufactory in the Borough was crossing London Bridge one night in 1795, and was accosted by a party of "crimps." The fellows evidently knew the gentleman by sight, for they called him by name; and when, alarmed at their abrupt greeting, he denied his identity, they searched his hands for a large gold ring which he always wore, and, finding it, cried out, "Yes, you are the man, for here is your ring." They then seized him, dragged him off to a boat, and conveyed him to Chatham, whence he was, however, fortunate enough to escape, having been recognised by a man who knew him and explained to the captain who and what he was, and the risk the fellow ran if he detained him. By what we know of the "crimpers'" methods, we can readily imagine what would have been this gentleman's fate if he had been a poor man, and the vessel had put out to sea. Less fortunate was a young gentleman "of

quality" who was captured in a narrow street off the Strand, drugged and taken to Gravesend, where he was sold for £10 to a "crimp major," who re-sold him to the captain of a merchant vessel for £15. He was compelled to the most menial service, and when at last he arrived at Calcutta he was more dead than alive. There he contrived to find out his uncle, a rich merchant of that city, who bought him of his taskmaster for £50 and restored him to his family. To illustrate the extent to which this infamous traffic was allowed to go with impunity, we may instance another case, which occurred early in 1796. A ship was entering Poole harbour, when the few hands who were on board saw a pressgang making towards them. The crew determined to resist, but the captain of the gang boarded the vessel and succeeded in capturing the unfortunate seamen. In the struggle two of the sailors were shot dead; upon which the young mate, seeing his men overpowered and killed, bared his breast in a frenzy, exclaiming, "You have murdered my companions, murder me also"; whereupon the leader of the gang took him at his word and, coldly and deliberately levelling his pistol, shot him through the heart. The affair did not, however, rest here, for when the pressgang landed in Poole, the populace and the relatives of the murdered men would have wreaked summary justice upon the ruffians if they had not been rescued and carried off to gaol, under the pretence of being tried. When at last the day for the trial arrived, the principal witnesses, who were soldiers quartered in the town, whom the gang had forced to accompany them on their expedition, were found to have been marched off in the night, and thus was justice perverted by official connivance.

Is it any wonder that, under such circumstances, subjected to this sort of infamous treatment and left completely at the mercy of official ruffianism, the lower orders, towards the end of the century, were perpetually rising in tumult, and breaking into butchers' and bakers' shops, or even that the soldiers should mutiny in their barracks? In July, 1795, the irritation of the populace—roused by the discovery of more of these shameful practices, particularly of the "crimping houses"—rose to such a height that for several successive days serious riots took place in London, and a "crimping house" in St. George's Fields was

actually levelled to the ground. Amongst the depredations committed on one occasion during these riots, was an attack on Pitt's house, every pane of glass in which was broken, whilst the Minister himself was obliged to beat a hasty retreat.

The Royal Family had, together with Pitt and the Tories, become so unpopular that George III. and Queen Charlotte had good reason to fear that they ran the risk of sharing the fate of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. On more than one occasion the King was hooted as he drove through the streets, and the Prince of Wales was so alarmed in 1790 that he thought it wiser to retire from the public gaze as much as possible. In the same year, when the King went in state on October 29 to open Parliament, he passed through a volley of stones, the windows of the royal carriage being broken. "Down with Pitt!" "No War!" "Give us bread!" shouted the mob —for though there had been a superb harvest, the price of bread had risen considerably. George III. behaved very courageously during the riot, and afterwards went in his private carriage, attended only by two footmen, from St. James's Palace to Buckingham House to visit the Queen. Opposite Marlborough House the carriage was obstructed by the rioters, and the King was in danger of losing his life, being assaulted in the most daring manner, though he was extricated from this danger by a body of Life Guardsmen; none the less the carriage was wrecked, and a footman thrown down and run over, dying within a few hours of the accident. The King prudently retired as quickly as possible to Buckingham House, where he found his unpopular consort in a terrible state of alarm.

Nothing could have been more unfortunate to the cause of the people than this attack upon the King. That a riot might occur, upon any event calling together so vast a concourse with no guide but its own blind passions, was not surprising; but that it should have been attended by so much intemperance, was deplorable, and dearly did the nation pay the penalty. Had Pitt been in the procession, it is probable that his life would have been the forfeit of his arbitrary measures of government; but he had received intelligence of the state of affairs, and had taken the precaution of going to the House in a common hackney-coach, a circumstance which the satirists of the day did not overlook.

To return to the Reformers themselves. On May 13, 1794, Thelwall, Horne Tooke, Thomas Hardy, Daniel Adams, and the Rev. Jeremiah Joyce, private secretary to Earl Stanhope, were committed to the Tower on charges of High Treason. On May 16, Pitt moved in the House to bring in a Bill to empower the King to secure and detain all such persons as were suspected of conspiring against his person or Government; this Bill was passed on May 23. The panic-stricken Government forthwith became relentless on suspected sedition. Thelwall was visited not less than three times a day in prison by sergeants, corporals, and warders, nor was he allowed any writing materials for a fortnight after his committal. Later on Horne Tooke, Hardy, Thelwall, and their associates, were taken to Newgate, and there lodged in filthy cells, from one of which (that of Thelwall) the body of a man who had died of malignant fever had been removed to make way for the new-comer. There was a bed in this den, but its curtains were tattered and dirty, and there was neither ventilation nor light. At last, however, through the influence of his friends, Thelwall was returned to the Tower to await his trial.

A veritable Reign of Terror now set in; but here it was not directed, as in de-Christianized France, against the Church, monarch, and aristocracy—but engineered by the Government to crush common-sense reformers. The British "revolutionaries" at this period invariably tempered their words and acts with some degree of religion, and the meetings of the Convention (a Scotch Reform Society in Edinburgh) always commenced with prayers.[1] None the less, the power given to the ministers by the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, and the authority to arrest whoever they chose, was used unmercifully. Thousands emigrated from England — upwards of eighty thousand men, women, and children going to America in one summer, whilst in one week

[1] To show the peaceable nature of the three Reform organisations we have already mentioned, we need only quote part of the Rules of the chief of them, the London Corresponding Society: "Rule 8. Resolved, that this Society do express their abhorrence of tumult and violence: and that, as they aim at reform, not anarchy, reason, firmness, and unanimity, are the *only* arms they themselves will employ, or persuade their fellow-citizens to exert, against abuse of power." These Rules were approved by the Committee, of whom Thelwall was one, and signed by Hardy, the Society's secretary.

fifteen hundred arrived in the city of New York alone. Amongst the many families of fortune and station who were compelled to emigrate at this particular time, was that of the celebrated Unitarian, Dr. Priestley. But those who left the Old Country were at least free; those who were left behind went in constant fear for their liberty. At no time, indeed, have there been so many State prisoners in England as in 1794. We will mention just a few cases to show the vagueness of most of the charges. For instance, the Rev. Mr. Winterbottom was thrown into Newgate for four years for preaching sermons which the Attorney-General "called" seditious; a provincial journalist, Mr. Holt of the *Newark Herald*, was sent to gaol for re-printing a letter described by the Duke of Richmond four years before as "containing the best means of restoring our Constitution"; Mr. Breillat was imprisoned for making "seditious" remarks in a conversation with a Government spy a year before he was arrested; Dr. Hodgson, whilst drunk, called the King a "Hog butcher," he was imprisoned for two years and heavily fined. At an earlier date a model of the guillotine had been exhibited in the Haymarket, and when it ceased to be a curiosity there it was lodged with the man that kept the "Magpie" inn at Chelsea, as security for its owner's debts to him. It was kept out of sight in an unoccupied room, but being seen by a magistrate on the occasion of a parish dinner in the house, the unfortunate publican was described as a "Jacobin" and had his license revoked—which probably meant his ruin. It did not even satisfy the Government if a "seditious" Reformer was arrested, for his family had then to be persecuted: the house of one of Thelwall's brothers-in-law was searched at three o'clock in the morning, and his papers seized without compensation, although he had nothing to do with any of his kinsman's societies or reform schemes. Even children were called as witnesses against those whose only crime was a desire to ameliorate the lot of their more unfortunate countrymen. A boy aged fourteen, named Eaton, who lived in the same house as Thelwall, was brought before the Privy Council on the day after the latter's arrest. He was told that if he spoke the truth the Prime Minister would provide for him, but replied, "He is a traitor to his King and country." "How is he a traitor?"

asked the astonished inquisitors. "Because," said the boy, "he has taxed the people to such an extent that he will soon make them hate the King." "*Does* anybody hate the King then?" was the next question. "Not that I know of, but they soon may." Finding the boy would say nothing incriminating, he was dismissed, but before he went he begged that Mrs. Thelwall might be allowed to see her husband; next day she was permitted to visit him—which shows that occasionally the Ministers saw the error of their ways. But, at anyrate, they did not hesitate to wink at corruption, and it is a striking fact that the Grand Jury examined the witnesses against the Reformers, and held their deliberations on the evidence, in the presence of the Attorney-General and the Solicitor for the Crown, although such proceedings were, and are, usually strictly secret.

On Saturday, October 25, 1794, the twelve prisoners—Thomas Hardy, John Horne Tooke, John Augustus Bonney, Stewart Kyd, the Rev. Jeremiah Joyce, Thomas Wardle, Thomas Holcroft, John Richter, Matthew Moore, John Thelwall, Richard Hodgson, and John Baxter—were arraigned at the Bar of the Old Bailey on a charge of High Treason, the trials being ordered to take place separately. On the following Tuesday, Hardy was brought to the Bar; after eight days' trial, he was acquitted, to the immense joy of the people and the contrary disgust of the Government, who deliberated for twelve days before the trial of Horne Tooke. Tooke had been very violent in his remarks against the King, but after six days' trial he too was acquitted, no "overt act of treason" being proved against him. Later, Holcroft, Kyd, Joyce, and Bonney were discharged, and Thelwall was alone left to be dealt with. On December 1, he was placed at the Bar; thirty thousand people were massed in the vicinity of the prison, and the court was crowded to suffocation. Thelwall, although in an agony of mind on account of the recent death of his mother and the illness of his young wife, maintained a dignified attitude. At last the jury, amid unbounded enthusiasm, pronounced him "Not guilty." Thelwall, after making a manly, patriotic speech to the jury, attempted to escape from the court unseen, but the people, for whom he had suffered so much, took the horses from his carriage, and an enormous multitude, shouting lustily, dragged him to his house in Beaufort Buildings.

The expenses of these momentous State trials were not less than £100,000, which the nation had to pay, and literally for nothing, since the prisoners were set free. It was as well they were, for Lord Erskine, when speaking of the matter many years later, remarked that had any one of the Reformers, and particularly Thelwall, been sentenced to death, it would probably have cost the King his crown.

We have already spoken of Joseph Gerald, and we must now give a brief account of his sufferings in the cause of liberty. Gerald, who was a clever and learned young man, had been brought up in the lap of luxury by his adoptive father, the famous Dr. Parr. He had been rather wild, and had dissipated a good deal of his fortune, but his great intelligence, his generosity, as well as his magnificent personal appearance, endeared him to all who knew him, and he was for a time the people's idol. Gerald was never disloyal, but always an advocate of reform; which was all sufficient to imperil his liberty and life. He was arrested in Edinburgh and tried on a charge of sedition in 1794. The jury was "packed" by the Pitt faction, and Gerald was sentenced to fourteen years' transportation. Thelwall visited him in 1795 when he was on board the convict ship off Portsmouth, but so great was the fear of spies that the former dared not mention his intention of doing so even in private, lest an obstacle might have been placed in the way of his bidding the noble-hearted fellow a last farewell. During the first days of his journey out, Gerald charmed everybody by his irresistible hopefulness, the crew as well as his fellow-passengers, many of whom were common criminals; but beginning at last to realise the horror of his fate, he suddenly collapsed, dying not many weeks before the ship sighted land. If ever there was a man who deserved a public monument it was this victim of Pitt's bitter and blind persecution. He was what we should now call "a staunch Conservative," and, unlike Horne Tooke, who approved of the French regicide,[1] Gerald denounced the executions of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette as "abominable murders."

The eighteenth century ended in internal confusion, but,

[1] Horne Tooke was not a member of any of the Societies to which Thelwall and Hardy, etc., belonged.

none the less, hopefully. Already, as we have seen, questions of vital interest to the future welfare of the nation were openly and hotly discussed. Unfortunately, however, the Habeas Corpus Act was not reinforced until 1818, though several efforts were made with this purpose; and England remained in a state of incipient revolution up to the passing of the Reform Bill in the 'sixties. Our revolution was a very mild one compared with the French, but, on the contrary, it was far more efficacious, and has resulted in the highest expression of freedom and tolerance that has probably ever been known on this old earth of ours.[1]

[1] The fate of our Reformers was, fortunately for them, far different from that of the French Revolutionaries, who nearly all perished on the scaffold.

Coleridge lived, honoured and respected, until 1834. He was the object of much interest, not only as a poet, but as a philosopher, who exercised on the younger generation of his time much the same influence that attracted so many enthusiasts at a later date to worship at the shrine of Carlyle.

Horne Tooke, after Thelwall's acquittal, quarrelled with him over a private matter, and shortly afterwards retired from public life, dying at Wimbledon in 1812.

As to John Thelwall, after the death of his first wife, the accomplished Stella, he devoted himself to the science of elocution and to politics. In 1817 he married a second wife, the very young and beautiful Cecil Boyle, who lived with him happily until his death in 1827. The son, Weymouth Thelwall, born of this union of May and December, was an accomplished artist in water colours, who was accidentally killed in South Africa in 1868. Mrs. Thelwall lived to be an old and greatly loved woman, full of interesting reminiscences of her youth, which had been spent in the intimacy of most of the illustrious men and women of her time. From his aunt, Mrs. Thelwall, the writer obtained many anecdotes, some of which figure from time to time in these pages.

Thomas Hardy was buried on October 9, 1832, in Bunhill Fields burial ground, amid extraordinary demonstrations of grief, many shops being closed, and most of the houses in the City Road and Old Street being draped in mourning. Mr. Thelwall pronounced a panegyric on the deceased Reformer.

CHAPTER XV

SOME OLD STREETS AND THE GHOSTS THAT WALK THEM

I.—From Fleet Street to Leicester Square

NEVER since the Great Fire of 1666 has the pick plied with greater vigour round the heart of London than at the present time; day by day the merciless stroke obliterates another vestige of the past. It may, therefore, be well whilst some slight traces are still left, to record a few of the fascinating memories that hang round a part of London so conspicuous in the social and literary history of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries as the districts now under review.

Those sacreligious men, the housebreakers, have not even spared the classic buildings of Fleet Street, where fifty years ago, rows of old houses and inns were still standing; and 'tis but the other day they pulled down two venerable tenements, respectively known as Nos. 7 and 8, which in Edward the Sixth's time formed one building, owned by Richard Tothill or Totell, who had the monopoly of printing the law-books of his day. He also published the first edition of Stow's *Abridgement of the Chronicles of England*, and Tusser's delightfully quaint *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*. In the days of the Charleses, the house belonged to those admirable but little-known British sculptors, Edward and Joshua Marshall, who turned the printing office into a stone-mason's yard, and carved fine tombs for fine people, such a one, for instance, as the splendid monument to Edward, Lord Campden, of Campden in Gloucestershire, that represents two figures in their shrouds resting in an open tomb. After the death of Joshua Marshall in 1678, the ancient house was owned

by Richard Turver, that famed "Dick" after whom the renowned coffee-house was christened. Here, of an evening late in the seventeenth century, gossips gathered to listen to the tales of young Barkstead, the son of the regicide of that name, who used to swear that Cromwell was not buried in Westminster Abbey at all. The Lord Protector, so he said, had given Barkstead senior orders to bury him secretly on Naseby Field, which was done in the dead of night, young Barkstead, then a lad, being present. To keep up appearances, however, the funeral we have already described took place in the Abbey, but, so ran the story, instead of the body of Cromwell it was the exhumed corpse of Charles I. that was so solemnly interred in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, and which was afterwards exhumed and mutilated at Tyburn. Strange to say, Harley, Earl of Oxford, the collector of the Harleian MSS., was a firm believer in this queer story. In the eighteenth century, Steele was a frequenter of "Dick's," and, later still, Dr. Johnson used to enjoy the good fare provided by pretty Mrs. Yarrow and her prettier daughter, who kept the hospitable inn in his day. Cowper, too, was wont to take his coffee here and read the papers, until one day, finding that one of them contained a satire on himself, he rushed from the house in "a strong fit of passion!" and endeavoured to hang himself with a garter—which broke, and the melancholy poet lived to exchange the publicity of "Dick's" for the solitude of a lunatic asylum. Crabbe Robinson (the friend of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Flaxman, Thelwall, and Charles Lamb) was another frequenter of this hostelry; and here it was that Hogarth told Cheselden, the famous surgeon, that he was "as good a painter as Van Dyck, if he was given the time and allowed to choose his subject"! Strange to say, No. 8 ended as it began, for, in 1815, Messrs. Butterworth established their flourishing law-publishing business within its memory-haunted walls, and remained there until the end!

In the narrow courts off Fleet Street many celebrities of Georgian days lived and died. In Wine Office Court Goldsmith lodged in 1761, and wrote the immortal *Vicar of Wakefield*. Here, too, still stands the "Cheshire Cheese," in whose coffee-room the literary world even now forgathers to partake of beef-steak-and-kidney pie under the presidency of some celebrity or other, whose delight it is to sit in Dr. Johnson's very own chair,

the wall behind which is deep stained by the marks of his colossal head. Long may the "Cheshire Cheese" remain even as it is, unchanging and unchanged, the delight of cultured Americans, and Britons, too. At No. 7 Johnson's Court the great lexicographer dwelt from 1765 to 1776, and hard by, at No. 17 Gough Square, he compiled the greater part of the famous Dictionary, working here from 1748 to 1758. In old Mitre Court, once a sanctuary for thieves, Dr. Johnson was wont to frequent the "Mitre Tavern" and chat with Goldsmith; the Doctor had, it is said, a curious nervous feeling which made him sleep uneasily if he omitted to touch all the posts along Fleet Street between the "Mitre" and his own lodgings on his way home. By the way, it is said that the term "posting" playbills, and the word "poster" itself is derived from the custom of sticking public notices in olden times on the posts along Fleet Street. In Shoe Lane stood in mediæval times the town house of the Bishops of Bangor, part of the gardens of which were still visible in 1759, a large fragment of the mansion itself being demolished as late as 1828; Fleet Street must have been a great haunt of ecclesiastics in those days, for the palace of the Bishops of Cirencester stood in the fifteenth century where the London offices of the *Glasgow Times* are now. The present St. Dunstan's-in-the-West is fairly modern, having been built in 1831, after a design by John Shaw. The fine statue of Queen Elizabeth over the door was brought here from Ludgate in 1766, when the "images" of King Lud and his sons were deposited "in the parish bonehouse." When the old church was pulled down in 1829, "Queen Elizabeth" was sold for £16, 10s., but in 1839 her statue was restored to the position it now occupies. In Gunpowder Alley, Shoe Lane, died in direst poverty, in 1658, that "beautifullest of men," Richard Lovelace, writer of "Stone walls do not a prison make." In St. Andrew's Churchyard lie the remains of poor Chatterton, who was buried here after he committed suicide in a lodging in Brooke Street, Holborn, in 1770. In Salisbury Square Richardson wrote *Pamela*, and printed it at an office at the top of the court, now either 81 or 82 Fleet Street. Many people came to see the author-publisher here; amongst the famous who found their way down the dingy court being Hogarth, Dr. Johnson, Secker, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Mrs. Barbauld, then "a playful child." Nearly

opposite Bolt Court once stood the "Bolt-in-Tun" Inn, which was first licensed in 1443—a Railway Company's receiving office of that name stands there now. Hare Court was a sanctuary until quite the end of the seventeenth century; and Caxton's assistant, Wynkyn de Worde, "emprynted" the earliest books "at London in Fletestrete at the signe of the Swane," though where the "signe of the Swane" hung we now do not exactly know. Be it said here that such signs, for which Fleet Street was famous, were deemed a tremendous nuisance even then; a high wind would not infrequently wrench a heavy sign from its hangings, or even pull part of the wall down with it, the results of which occurring in daytime may be better imagined than described. It was such a disaster as this that on one recorded occasion killed in Fleet Street "two young ladies, a cobler, and the King's jeweller." But the signs were not the only dangers of Fleet Street; in very ancient times the Temple law-students were rather "lively"—did not the staid Geoffrey Chaucer once indulge in "beating a Franciscan Friar," for which offence he was fined two shillings? For a' that and a' that, Fleet Street was no thriftless Bohemia, for here were begun some of the greatest financial concerns in the metropolis: at No. 1 Messrs. Child and Co. first opened their famous establishment soon after the Restoration, and at No. 19 was Gosling's Bank, which is mentioned in the list of Secret Service Monies in James the First's time. At No. 37 Fleet Street, at the sign of the "Golden Bottle," Richard Hoare started, in 1680, the famed bank to which he gave his family name. Mr. Hoare, who was much respected in the city in those days, became Lord Mayor in 1746.

That erstwhile rapid stream, the Fleet River, which gave its name to the Prison and the ancient thoroughfare, took its rise amid the cool shades of Hampstead, a little below the bank still known as Well Walk. Flowing down through a fertile valley to Islington, the Fleet was joined near Hockley-in-the-Hole by the "River of the Wells" formed by Sadler's, Clerken, and Skinner's wells, when, uniting its rippling waters with the more sluggish Old Bourne at Holborn Bridge, it sped rapidly towards the Thames down what is now Farringdon Street, bordered by the city wall and Fleet Prison on the eastern side and by a more or less open space on the western. In mediæval times it was

navigable for the craft of those days—the remains of a small ship were once discovered in the bed of the river as far north as Camden Town. The Fleet must have presented many a varied and picturesque scene in the days when it was navigable, crossed by bridges and lined with busy quays and wharves. On the east side rose the city wall, with its towers and bastions, above which peeped, here and there, the sharp silhouette of a church steeple, or the mass of some fortified stronghold. Here on the banks of the river might be seen a lofty Gothic arch, there a filigree shrine, and, over all, the formidable walls of the most loathsome of our mediæval prisons, the Fleet; whilst the busy quays swarmed with traders, wharfmen with red caps, and bronzed sailors who had come off the queer-shaped vessels that lined the wharves, or which, well cargoed, sailed down under the Fleet Bridge Thames-ward, and so out to sea, to make the commerce of England known in foreign lands.

The river was so "goodlie" in Edward the First's time, and was of such depth and breadth that, says a statute of 1307, quoted by Stow, "ten or twelve ships, Navies at once, with Merchandises, were wont to come to the bridge of Fleet, and some of them unto Old-borne Bridge." By the beginning of the seventeenth century, however, the erstwhile silvery Fleet had become a stagnant horror, whose slimy bottom was a receptacle for dead cats and dogs, "measly hogs," and offal of all sorts, but too vividly described by Ben Jonson. In 1652 an attempt was made to clean it out, and after the Great Fire £27,777 were spent on making it once more navigable, but for all that the Fleet remained so filthy in the eighteenth century that Pope sung its dispraises in the "Dunciad" in the following unpleasant lines—

> "To where Fleet ditch, with disemboguing streams,
> Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames;
> The king of dykes, than whom no slime of mud
> With deeper sable blots the silver flood."

In 1737 the Fleet Ditch was covered over between Fleet Street and Holborn, and the Stocks Market for the sale of meat, fish, and vegetables was removed from the city to this place, the Mansion House being built upon its original site. The end of the foul stream, from Fleet Street to the Thames, was left un-

protected until 1765, when Blackfriars Bridge was built and the Fleet was diverted slightly westward, emptying itself into the main river farther up through a culvert. In 1829 the Stocks Market was taken down, and ten years later the obelisk at the end of Farringdon Street was erected in memory of Alderman Waithman, who commenced business as a linen-draper hereabouts in 1785; the other old monument is to the memory of John Wilkes! The Fleet was crossed in its time by four bridges, the first being Holborn Bridge, which was covered over in 1802, part of the arch being unearthed in 1841, when the bed of the erstwhile stream was turned over and Roman *lares*, arrow-heads, Saxon seals, keys, spur-rowels, crucifixes, etc., were dug up plentifully out of the slime and mud. The second bridge over the Fleet was Fleet Lane Bridge near the Prison, which stood exactly where is now the Memorial Hall in Farringdon Street; and the third was Fleet Bridge, which connected Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill, and stood about where is now Ludgate Circus.[1] It was destroyed in the Great Fire, rebuilt, and finally removed in 1765. A fourth bridge stood near Bridewell Place, and was protected in Saxon times by a formidable tower.

Another interesting street hereabouts is Fetter Lane, so called, says Stow, on account of "fewters or idle people lying there, as in a way leading to gardens," though even then it was "built through on both sides with many fair houses." Those Puritan worthies, "Praise-God-Barebones" and "Damned-Barebones" his brother, dwelt here, and Dryden is said to have lived at No. 16. Timbs,[2] to whose admirable works the author

[1] Probably very few people are aware that in the past, and even up to the 'fifties, the short street from Fleet Street to St. Martin's Ludgate Church was alone known as Ludgate *Hill*, the rest of the thoroughfare from the church to St. Paul's being designated Ludgate *Street*, and, at an earlier period, Bowyer's Row.

[2] In his youth the author had the honour and pleasure of knowing Mr. Timbs very well. He was a life-long friend of a near relative, Mr. P. P. O'Callaghan, who was also a great lover of London. In the company of Mr. Timbs and Mr. O'Callaghan, the author as a lad visited nearly every place of interest in London, and, thanks to their enthusiasm, derived that love for London which has proved so great a pleasure to him in after years. Mr. O'Callaghan, who was very well known in London Society in the first half of the century, was the writer's step-grandfather, and fortunately left behind him a mass of notes on London and London celebrities which have been of great

is greatly indebted, thinks that Fetter Lane was the principal street of Saxon London; an idea that is borne out to some extent by Stow's statement that at the time of the fire in 982, London "had most buildings from Ludgate towards Westminster, and little or none where the heart of the City now is: except [that] in divers places was housing that stood without order."

Between the year 1618 and the end of the seventeenth century, the space enclosed by Fleet Street and Holborn, and extending westward of Chancery Lane, towards St. James's and Soho, was built over with streets, squares, and courts. Greater changes still came in the early eighteenth century, but the district, after that, saw little alteration till about fifty years ago. It boasted many notable examples of Caroline and Georgian architecture, and even a few sturdy survivors that had lined suburban roads and lanes in Tudor days, forming a region haunted by memories of men and women whose names are even yet as familiar to us as household words. Aggas's bird's-eye map of London in 1560 shows us Chancery Lane with a few country-houses standing back from the flower gardens which lined the roadway.

But, for all that, Chancery Lane must have been fairly important in Henry the Eighth's time, for an order dated in the fifteenth year of that sovereign's reign relates to its being paved from end to end. In the last quarter of the sixteenth century several notable houses already stood in the lane: the Bishop of Chichester's Palace, part of which was standing thirty years ago between Bream's Buildings and Cursitor Street, must have been a large and fine place that stood exactly facing the entrance to Lincoln's Inn Fields. In one of these suburban mansions—"the house of his mother's father," Mr. Robert Atkinson, a bencher of Lincoln's Inn,—the luckless Lord Strafford was born on April 13, 1593.

His baptism is entered in the register of St. Dunstan's Fleet Street. In the Lane, too, the parents of Henry Barker must have dwelt, for the founder of the Society of Arts was born in

assistance in the compilation of these volumes. In an autograph letter of Charles Dickens, addressed to the writer many years ago, the author of *Pickwick* says, "If you want to know anything about old London ask P. P. O'C., and what he or Timbs cannot tell you, is, believe me, not worth the knowing."

a house at its Holborn end. He married Daniel Defoe's daughter. A still more distinguished "worthy," Isaak Walton, lived in a house seven doors from Fleet Street, on the right-hand side—the dwelling was only pulled down some forty years ago. Here the "divine Angler" was assessed at £3. Later in his life, Isaak is said to have inhabited a very picturesque old dwelling that stood, until the early part of the last century, at the corner of the Lane and Fleet Street.

In Charles the First's time, too, a comfortable-looking red brick mansion, with a big garden behind it, stood close to Sergeant's Inn—part of it is still in existence, though greatly altered and divided into offices. Lord Keeper Guilford resided here. North, in his *Life of Guilford*, tells us that the Lord Keeper was the "happiest man living," until Lady Guilford's health began to decline. He used to keep the congregation in St. Dunstan's waiting for him of a Sunday, whither he went in solemn state with his family and servants to prayers, a special pew with curtains being reserved for his use. The drains in the Lane were so terribly defective in those days, that Guilford made an effort to induce his neighbours to combine with him for their improvement. This they obstinately refused to do, wherefore, "rather than have the plague," he addressed himself to the Commissioners of Sewers, who granted his very reasonable request and attended to the matter. Archbishop Tillotson, was also an inhabitant of Chancery Lane in Queen Mary the Second's reign. Very little of the old street now remains unaltered, but the new Record Office, a fine Tudor building, and the dusky old gate of Lincoln's Inn which escaped destruction literally by chance, still give the street an old-world appearance. At the top of Chancery Lane stood Southampton House, the site being still commemorated by Southampton Buildings. This was the town residence of Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, the favourite of Henry VIII. A few portions of it were still standing as lately as 1860, but in the early part of the nineteenth century there were a good many fragments of it, including the chapel door, a large hall (*temp* Henry VII.), and a fine Elizabethan staircase. Nothing now remains of this historical palace, the scene of Lord William Russell's courtship of Lady Rachel. In passing it on his way to execution in

LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS

Lincoln's Inn Fields, the unfortunate man, remembering the joys of youth in the hour of sorrow, burst into tears, exclaiming, "The bitterness of death is now past."

Passing under the picturesque Tudor gate, built in 1518 by Sir Thomas Lovell, Secretary to the Society, we note as we go a plaque recording the fact that, in the chambers to the left, Cromwell's secretary, Thurloe,[1] dwelt from November 1644 to November 1650. One night, Oliver Cromwell, coming to Thurloe's chambers to disclose some important State secret, perceived his clerk, Morland, asleep on a bench. Drawing his dagger, the suspicious Cromwell would have despatched the slumberer, but Thurloe springing forward, prevented a disaster by assuring the great Parliamentarian that the sleep was genuine. Morland, however, was really playing a part, and, having heard every word the Protector said, was able to frustrate a conspiracy to entrap Charles II. and his brother, the Duke of York, at Bruges; his eventual reward was a baronetcy, and great promotion in the State.

As late as the reign of James II., Lincoln's Inn Fields was an open space, much frequented by beggars, "raffers or scoundrels who assumed the guise of wounded heroes from the battle-fields of Naseby, Edgehill, and Marston Moor, Lincoln's Inn Mumpers, Scarecrows," and other bad characters; and was even occasionally used for public executions, almost the earliest recorded being that of the luckless youths, thirteen in number, concerned in the Babbington conspiracy to place Mary Stuart on the throne. The pillory was frequently set up here for the better convenience of the rabble of human odds and ends that inhabited the neighbouring Clare Market. James I., having resolved to reclaim this ill-famed piece of land, invited Inigo Jones to draw a plan for its conversion into a public garden, with "walks and arbours." That fine architect undertook this work, his original scheme covering, it was said, a space equal to the area of the base of the Great Pyramid!—which it certainly does not, for whereas the base of the Great Pyramid is 768 feet on every side, Lincoln's Inn Fields measures 821 feet on one side and 625 feet on the

[1] Thurloe died at No. 13 in the court, where many years afterwards the Thurloe papers were discovered. The house was pulled down to lengthen the Chapel. A tablet, however, at No. 20 records the fact of his residence.

other. The "Fields" were enclosed with an iron railing in 1735, in consequence of Sir Joseph Jekyll, the Master of the Rolls, being ridden down there; the accident, however, significantly occurred at a time when he was moving in Parliament to raise the price of gin. In 1670, Nell Gwynne lived in Lincoln's Inn Fields, on the south side of the square, her house being between Lindsey House (afterwards the property of the Duke of Ancaster), and that of Sir John Glynne, Chief Justice of England under Charles II. Here Nelly gave birth to the first Duke of St. Albans; she must have been a very restless soul, for presently we shall find her living in Pall Mall.

At the request of Mary Beatrice of Modena, James II. allowed some Franciscan Friars to build a chapel and house in Lincoln's Inn Fields. This building was sacked by the excited populace on the night of December 12, 1688, after the flight of James II. On the same eventful evening, the mob burnt down the Sardinian Embassy which stood close to the religious house, destroying therewith a very remarkable library. Thirty thousand printed and MS. volumes, many of them unique copies and editions, were consumed in a few hours. During the last years of her life, Sarah Duchess of Marlborough occasionally made her home in Lincoln's Inn Fields. In his *Memoirs*, published in 1812, Mr. Hatsell tells us that he remembers seeing the famous "Duchess in her house in the Fields, consulting Mr. Fazakerley, who stood by her chair." Mr. Fazakerley was a very old man at the time this was written. The Duchess outlived Queen Anne nearly forty years, only leaving a world which probably did not regret the cruel tongue of this "diabolically haughty dame" in 1752. There were, however, occasional signs of humility even in this virago. In February, 1702, a student passing through the cloisters of Westminster Abbey saw a handsome woman in rags and tatters seated amongst the beggars that forgathered in that place. He at once recognised her as the termagant Duchess of Marlborough, who according to her lights was doing penance for the loss of her only son, "cut off in the promise of his youth at King's College, Cambridge, of a fever." Locke, when he left Dorset Gardens, Westminster, went to live next door to the "Plough Inn," a very important hostelry in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where literary

men and actors forgathered and chatted over their ale or port wine.

Here, too, dwelt Lord Chancellor Cowper, and in 1716 at her "new house in the Fields," Lady Cowper makes the following amusing entry in her diary: "Bit by a bug—'tis as bad an Enemy as a Scotch Highlander."

The dilapidated but still fine mansion at the corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields and Great Queen Street,—the one with the dark but picturesque arcade,—was built in 1686 by the Marquis of Powys, who sold it to the eccentric Duke of Newcastle. The architect, who certainly knew his business, was Captain William Winde. This house contains some splendid rooms with fine ceilings, now cut up into offices and otherwise mutilated. There are still one or two old Caroline and Georgian houses left in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and one of them deserves special mention. It stands on the south side, and has an archway at one side leading into Sardinia Street. The Tudor roses and fleur-de-lys used in the decoration are fair evidence that it was built before Inigo Jones' day. In the eighteenth century this house became the residence of the Sardinian Ambassador to the Court of St. James. Behind it is the historic Roman Catholic Church of SS. Anselm and Cecilia, the oldest place of worship belonging to that community in London. We have already mentioned the adventures that befell the chapel in the Gordon Riots, and we need only mention here a few of the many celebrities that have been connected with it. Dr. Arne, who composed that fine *bravura*, "Rule Britannia," and the charming, "Where the Bee Sucks," was a worshipper in this chapel, but although his obsequies were celebrated here, he was buried in St. Paul's, Covent Garden. Here, in July, 1793, Fanny Burney married M. D'Arblay, being afterwards re-married according to the rites of the Church of England at Mickleham. In this chapel in 1846 a Requiem was sung for the repose of the soul of Giuditta Grisi, the sister of Giulia Grisi, who, together with Persiani, Tamburini, Rubini, and Lablache sang in the choir a Dirge composed for the occasion. It was the fashion in those days for the singers of the Italian Opera to sing here during the season, upon which occasions the chapel was packed with a congregation more fashionable than devout. Once upon a time,

on a hot Sunday afternoon, H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex was in the gallery. The vocalists included Madame Malibran, Mdlle. Naldi, and Manuel Garcia. The heat was great and the Royal Duke fell into a profound slumber. Marie Malibran and Sophia Naldi were warbling a divine duet, which was presently interrupted by a solemn but mighty snore! The great singers paused, and Sussex's Duke was gently awakened. Then, to universal consternation he let fall on the solemn silence these memorable and never-to-be-forgotten words, "D——; where the d—— am I?"

King Victor Emmanuel II., the first King of United Italy, heard Mass in this old chapel on Sunday, December 9, 1855; but since then the Italians have abandoned Lincoln's Inn Fields for St. Peter's, Hatton Wall, the Italian Church, where many a great singer, including Adelina and Carlotta Patti, Rudersdorf, Santley, Faure, and Graziani were very often heard in the good old days before Cardinal Manning prohibited female voices in the choirs of the churches in his diocese. It is also interesting that on one occasion the late Pope Leo XIII., then Monsignor Pecci, celebrated Mass in the Sardinian Chapel. For many years Mrs. David Garrick attended Mass in this chapel, and the writer's grandfather, Mr. Patrick Boyle, also a Catholic, used to escort the old lady with great ceremony to her seat, in recognition of which act of politeness she would say, as she left the church, "Mr. Boyle, I'm obleeged to ye; ye'll dine with me, with the lady your wife, the day after Christmas, and New Year's Day, too, if we all be spared, God bless us." The proferred hospitality, we need hardly say, was invariably eagerly accepted and heartily enjoyed.[1]

Opposite this chapel, Benjamin Franklin lodged, when he was a journeyman printer in Great Wild Street.[2] Later, when the philosopher-statesman came to England to plead his countrymen's cause, he resided in Craven Street, Strand—where

[1] Mrs. Garrick, who lived to be over ninety years of age, was then living in the house on Adelphi Terrace in which her husband died.

[2] Franklin tells us he worked as a pressman because he felt he needed the exercise to which he had been accustomed in America. He never drank anything but water, although his companions were all great drinkers. He induced many of them to take a pledge to abstain from intoxicating drinks, and exercised a very considerable influence over them.

a plaque commemorates the fact. After his embassy to the French Court he returned to the same house, and visited, with great emotion, as he tells us, his old haunts in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Wild Street, now in process of demolition, was at one time a very fashionable thoroughfare indeed, and included amongst its householders the Welds of Lulworth, from whom the street took its name, and the Duke of Ormond.

In the good old times, when Guy Fawkes Day was celebrated with a great making of bonfires, and letting off of squibs and burning of "guys," a huge bonfire was lighted, on the night of every 5th of November, opposite to Newcastle House, Lincoln's Inn Fields, in the presence of a vast multitude that filled the whole square and the adjacent streets. As many as a hundred cartloads of wood were ignited, and the wonder is that the Pope and the Cardinals, whose effigies were burnt, were not avenged by a general conflagration of the neighbourhood.

The picturesque cluster of Tudor buildings which forms Lincoln's Inn, includes two Inns of Chancery, and occupies the site of the first Friary of Black Friars or Dominicans established in London. All the buildings, except the gate house in Chancery Lane, are more or less modern. All the same Aubrey tells us that Ben Jonson actually assisted his father-in-law, who was a bricklayer, in building a garden wall in Chancery Lane. The chambers which adjoin this picturesque portal are, indeed, old enough for the poet to have lent a hand in the building of them. The Chapel was designed by Inigo Jones, but has been so often altered and enlarged that very little of the original structure remains. In the vaults below it Thurloe and William Prynne are buried. Amongst the notable students in this Inn have been Sir Thomas More, Lord Keeper Egerton, Dr. Donne the poet, Sir Matthew Hill, Sir John Denham, Colonel Hutchinson, Rushworth, Sir Henry Spelmann, David Garrick, Lord Mansfield, William Pitt, Lord Erskine, and Lord Lyndhurst. The registers date from the reign of Henry VI. and are most interesting. The New Hall and Library, large modern Tudor buildings designed by Philip Hardwick, were opened by Queen Victoria in 1845, and contain 52,000 volumes, many of them MSS. of great value. In the Hall

hangs a very interesting Hogarth, representing "Paul before Felix."

A year or so ago that very charming French artist, Frédéric Houbron, declared that under certain atmospheric conditions Lincoln's Inn was, to him, one of the most picturesque spots in Europe; and, indeed, the greatest of contemporary French sculptors, Rodin, has made similar observations still more recently. Oh, that a monument to Lord William Russell by this able artist stood in the centre of the Square, now occupied by a most hideous pagoda-like bandstand!

At No. 15 in the Square is the little-known Soane Museum. The house, built by Sir John Soane, the architect, in 1792, is filled with his remarkable, but rather eclectic, collection, which includes the marvellous alabaster sarcophagus of Seti I.; Hogarth's "Rake's Progress"; the ivory chairs looted from Tippoo Sahib's palace; Reynold's "Snake in the Grass"; a fine Watteau, "The Marriage Feast"; Turner's "Van Tromp's Barges entering the Texel"; a MS. of the *Gerusalemme* of Tasso; and Peter the Great's gold-mounted pistol, etc., etc. Students of architecture would do well to glance over John Thorpe's designs for Elizabethan and Jacobean houses, and Fauntleroy's illustrated copy of Pennant's "London." Those who admire monstrosities can gratify their taste by an inspection of the Royal College of Surgeons' Museum—an imposing building on the east side of the Square. Together with the skeletons of fossilised mastodons and megatheriums they can contemplate the earthly remains of Charles O'Brien, the Irish giant who stood eight feet in his stockings, of the dwarf, Price, and many another freak.

The building of Great Queen Street, which leads out of the north-west end of Lincoln's Inn Fields, was commenced in 1606, and completed in 1636; the name being given in honour of Henrietta Maria. In the early days of its story, this street was inhabited by people of considerable quality. Before the Revolution, statues of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria (broken up by order of the Council of State in 1652) stood at either end.

In Little Queen Street (recently pulled down to make way for Kingsway) lived the Lambs, and here "gentle Elia's" life was darkened by a terrible outburst of insanity on the part of

his accomplished sister, who, in a fit of uncontrollable excitement, stabbed her mother. This dreadful tragedy brought out the most beautiful traits of brotherly love and self-sacrifice imaginable. Lamb lived a single life the better to protect and comfort his afflicted sister.

Bristol House stood where the Freemasons' Tavern is now. It was confiscated by Parliament in 1644, and granted to Lady Brook, widow of that Lord Brook who was killed at the Siege of Lichfield. Lord Bristol got his house back again after the Restoration, and presently entertained Royalty, as Evelyn tells us, "in seven rooms on one floor with a gallery and a garden attached." The Council Chamber of this important mansion was furnished with "atlases, mappes, charts, and globes." Lord Herbert of Cherbury lived, and wrote his *Life of Henry VIII.*, on the south side of the street. He was a sincere Deist and, though he refused the ministration of any sort of Christian clergyman, made an edifying end in 1648, "praying very devoutly to the last." General Fairfax and his father lived almost opposite Lord Herbert. The younger Fairfax, who married Cromwell's daughter, angrily resented his own aged father's taking unto himself a second wife "to console his declining years." On November 14, 1647, Great Queen Street was blocked with lumbering and much gilded coaches belonging to the Parliamentary party, whose occupants came in state to congratulate the young General on having brought the Civil War to an end. Some of the guests partook a trifle too freely of Fairfax's excellent wines, and had to be "carried to their coaches singing jovially and very merry."

Lord Rivers, the reputed father of the unfortunate Richard Savage, had a house in Great Queen Street, and so had Kneller the painter, who, in a letter dated from this street on June 16, 1719, asks Mr. Pope to "commend him to Lady Mary Whortley." He spells the lady's name wrong, but that is his affair! That fine artist, Thomas Hudson, resided in a house now divided into Nos. 55 and 56, and here he received the youthful Reynolds as his pupil. Sir Robert Strange, the king of line engravers, lived and died at No. 52. In 1803, that vivid painter Fuseli took up his abode at No. 7, where Opie dwelt some twenty years earlier, before he married his Amelia. Towards the end of the

eighteenth century, the unhappy actress and mistress of George IV., Mrs. Robinson, the "Perdita" whose lovely portrait by Gainsborough is in the Wallace collection, occupied an old-fashioned house in which she died in the first week of 1800, on part of the site now covered by the Freemasons' Tavern. Here, too, in 1780, dwelt Sheridan—a sufficient galaxy of celebrities surely for one street!

Great Queen Street brings us to Drury Lane, so called after the Drurys, who were great people in their day, and Drury House, which stood on the site of the old Olympic Theatre and Craven Buildings, was built by the courtly Sir William Drury, Lord Deputy of Ireland in the reign of Elizabeth. He was killed by Lord Burroughs in a duel, the result of a quarrel over a question of precedence! After Sir Robert Drury's death the property came into the hands of its present ground-rent landlords, the Cravens, through William, Lord Craven, said to have been the second husband of Elizabeth of Bohemia, and who certainly was the hero of the "tremendous breach of Creutznach." James the First's eldest daughter was a very interesting Princess, so popular that, after she had lost her husband and her kingdom, she was generally known as the "Queen of Hearts." Donne, the poet, addressed an Epithalamium to her on her marriage, in which he likens her to "a she sun," and her husband to "a he moon"—whatever those astronomical marvels may be. She was reported to have been secretly married to Craven, who was twelve years her junior, and to whom, when she died in 1662, she bequeathed her fine collection of pictures, china, and tapestry. These *mésalliances* were a sort of fashion of the period. Henrietta Maria was no more faithful to the memory of Charles I. than was her sister-in-law to that of her Bohemian consort, for according to recent historical investigation she was secretly married to Lord Jermyn. In the first year of Charles II., the Queen of Bohemia was residing in a mansion conveniently near to Craven House, and she subsequently removed thence to Leicester House, where she died. In the course of time, Craven House—"a stately mansion"—was dismantled and an Inn built on its site, which was only pulled down to make room for the Olympic Theatre in 1814, and the Craven family, as ground

landlords, owned two boxes and fifteen stalls in the new house, and did so until it was closed a few years ago. Owing, possibly, to the presence of the Queen of Bohemia in this locality, Drury Lane became quite fashionable under the Restoration, though it soon lost its high reputation. Clare House, a fine mansion with a very large garden, and the town residence of the Earls of Clare, stood on the site of the late malodorous Clare Market, while Anglesea House, another huge mansion, was not far off. Here, too, in an alley near the Lane, dwelt the daughter of a blacksmith, named Anne Clarges, who was first the mistress, and afterwards the wife, of Monk, Duke of Albemarle. Monk, at one time, was in great want, and Anne was good to him. When he came to fame and fortune he made an honest woman of her, even though her very unvenerable mother was one of the five "she-barbers" of Drury Lane, a company of oddly-titled females who turned a penny by the razor. Queries the old ballad—

"Did you ever hear the like,
Or ever hear the fame,
Of five women barbers,
Who lived in Drury Lane?"

Many a famous actress has lodged in the Lane,—Mrs. Bracegirdle and Mrs. Pritchard, "most honourable ladies both," —and hereabouts, too, once dwelt the ubiquitous Nell Gwynne; for did not Mr. Pepys in his Diary for May Day, 1677, write—

"To Westminster in the way, many milkmaids with their garlands upon their pails, dancing and a fiddler before them: and saw pretty Nelly stand at her lodging's door in Drury Lane, in her smock sleeves and bodice, looking upon me. She seemed a mighty pretty creature!"

Nelly is generally believed to have resided in Wych Street, but this is an error; her home was hard by in Drury Court, one of the minor arteries of the famous Lane, pulled down some ten or twelve years ago. At that time, the author was fortunate enough to buy for a few pence some of the wood panelling of the old room which Nelly must have often enlivened with her delightful face, and presented a frame made of this wood to Miss Julia Neilson, who night after night, for nearly a whole year, so charmingly impersonated "Sweet Nell of Old Drury."

In this house, no doubt, Nelly received the poet Dryden, when he came to "coach" her in the part of Valeria, the heroine of his fine tragedy, *Tyrannic Love.*

The house, nearly opposite the Olympic Theatre, in Wych Street, which used to be pointed out as Mrs. Gwynne's house, was really a very old Inn, built in Henry the Eighth's time. It may have derived its association with the fair actress from the fact of her having been sent there in her youth to fetch beer, and stronger drinks, for her estimable mother, Mrs. "Captain" Gwynne, who seems to have been a "perfect terror." Nelly, so tradition declares, had a dairy in a court behind the Adelphi Theatre, where a public-house is still called after her. There was a very good old copy of her portrait by Lely in the public-house hereabouts, which is now in the vestibule of the Adelphi Theatre.

Forty years ago there was no more picturesque street in London than Wych Street. It was lined on either side by quaint old houses, many of them associated with more or less celebrated or notorious folk—with Jack Sheppard's father, for instance, who once, when his villanous, but venturesome, son was particularly "hard up," obtained relief for him from Mr. William Kneebone, proprietor of the "Angel"—an act of charity which the hero of our childhood's admiration requited by robbing the good man's till! Kneebone got Jack apprenticed to Mr. Owen Wood of Wych Street, and it was at the "Black Lion" that he fell in with Edgeworth Bess and other choice characters. At the "Maypole" Tavern, hereabouts, he got "tight" one memorable night, and was captured, "after the most extraordinary hair-breadth escapes from the hands of Justice, ever known." "The Angel" in Wych Street, was a most interesting and picturesque building, to which Bishop Hooper was taken before being burned alive in 1555. Stage coaches for the North used to start from the "Angel" as late as 1853, when the old place was demolished, and St. Clement's Chambers built on the site. Not far off was yet another very old Inn—the "Shakespeare," where the symposiums were at one time presided over by Mr. Mark Lemon, afterwards editor of *Punch.* Here he organised the first music-hall entertainment on modern lines, and all the gay world of London came to hear the latest song and behold the newest dance.

Gone too, as Wych Street went, is Holywell Street, but lately a very picturesque, if rather questionable, oasis in modern London, with quaint old gabled houses forming an admirably broken sky-line, where the bookworm could pursue his peaceful calling without risk of being run over. It was called Holy Well from a miraculous spring dedicated to St. Clement, now hidden beneath the new Law Courts. In mediæval times one of those numerous anchorites who did penance in various parts of London, presided over the distribution of its clear and health-giving waters. Butcher's Row, a most curious, old-world place, pulled down in 1792, was a continuation of Holywell Street and led up to Temple Bar—which latter object many can still remember, and which, after a long and not inglorious career, now enjoys a peaceful old age, "far from the madding crowd," at the entrance of Theobald's Park, Lady Meux's country home; while that appalling monster, the Griffin, set up in its old place, attitudinises and grins at the passing 'buses, hansoms, and motor-cars, from the summit of a pedestal apparently all too narrow for its prancing occupant's comfort!

Drury Lane takes us to Long Acre, which was known in Henry the Eighth's time as the Elms, from a line of those trees growing in it, and later as Seven Acres, not receiving its present name till the reign of Charles I. In this street and in a cellar, that ubiquitous Admirable Crichton of the seventeenth century, Richard Lovelace—"the gayest, handsomest, the noblest, the most accomplished of men, the darling of the Muses, and the faithful friend of his King,"—spent a dreary existence. 'Twas he who, when in prison, wrote those tender lines to Althea—

"Stone walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage,
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty!"

It is a curious fact that as far back as 1630 coaches and carriages were sold in Long Acre, where they are still to be purchased, together with their newest rivals the motors that so

perfectly fulfil Roger Bacon's prophecy, and "go without horses."

Drury Lane and its vicinity began to decline in the first years of the eighteenth century, when they won an evil reputation—commemorated by Pope in some very objectionable lines. All is changing now, and it will soon be a blaze of light, full of new hotels and theatres, and traversed by new streets,—appropriately called Aldwych and Kingsway,—which, if the L.C.C. does not permit them to be defaced by incongruous buildings all at sixes and sevens with one another, may yet be fine enough to dull our regret for the memories which beautified the old thoroughfare and its crowded neighbourhood.

Covent Garden was not only the heart of Caroline and Hanoverian London, but was once upon a time extremely fashionable, being a favourite place of residence. In olden days it formed, as we have seen, part of the domain of Westminster Abbey, which at the Dissolution was granted by Henry VIII. to his brother-in-law Sir Edward Seymour, afterwards Earl of Hertford and Lord Protector. After the latter's attainder and execution, Edward VI. gave it to the Russells, who already possessed a mansion and orchard in the vicinity of the Strand end of the present Bedford Street. In James the First's time, the then Earl of Bedford commissioned Inigo Jones to build a large square with porticoes on the open space at the back of his house. Only the western side of this was completed, and this is still standing. Inigo Jones also designed the fine church of St. Paul's, Covent Garden—fine, that is, when one takes into consideration the fact that it was built as an ultra-Protestant place of worship; it is simple, but grand. The Earl of Bedford frankly told Jones he was disinclined to pay much for this church, and that he might make it "as plain as a barn" if he liked. Quoth Jones, "Then your lordship shall have the handsomest barn in England!" Gay has called this much abused, and, also, much admired building—

> "The famous temple with columns of plain magnificence
> That boast the work of Jones's immortal hand."

No other church in England, unless it be Westminster Abbey, shelters the remains of so many illustrious men and

women as this unpretending edifice. Here, in 1680, was buried Sir Peter Lely, who died at a house in the Piazza. He had a monument with a bust by Gibbons, and an epitaph by Flaxman, but it was destroyed in the fire of 1795. North, the economist, was originally buried in this church, but his remains were afterwards removed to Glenham in Suffolk, which still belongs to his descendant the Earl of Guilford. Wycherley, the brilliant dramatist who died in a house in Bow Street, rests below its flagstones, but without a monument; so too does Grinling Gibbons, sculptor and wood-carver, and Dr. Arne, the composer of much good music. The coffin of Butler, the author of *Hudibras*, touches that of Wolcot—"Peter Pindar"—who wrote the *Lousiad*; William Linley, the musician, father of the lovely Mrs. Sheridan; Mrs. Centlivre, the witty dramatist; Pierce Tempest, who drew "The Cries of London"; Sir Henry Herbert, "Master of the Revels" to Charles I., and Worsdale, the father of English water-colour drawing, all lie here. Many are the famous histrions buried within the walls, or in the lately arranged churchyard about them; among them Wilkes, the greatest player of Mary's and Anne's reigns; Thomas King, who "created" the part of "Sir Peter Teazle" in Sheridan's evergreen comedy; Charles Macklin, who first played "Sir Pertinax MacSycophant" in *A Man of the World*, and who died in 1797, aged one hundred and seven years; witty Dick Estcourt; and Edmund Kynaston, whose repertoire included "Lady Macbeth" and "Juliet," so faultlessly performed that, says a contemporary, "it has since been disputable among the judicious whether any woman that succeeded him so sensibly touched the audience as he." Crowning all the associations connected with this interesting church, is that of the baptism, on May 14, 1775, of Turner, the Raphael of landscape painters. His father, Mr. William Turner, and his mother, sleep the sleep of the just under the stones of the Nave. Once upon a time a lady, after looking at Turner's drawing of Covent Garden, turned to the artist saying, "Well, Mr. Turner, I see Covent Garden as often as you do, but truly I can't see it *as* you do." "Don't you wish you could, madam," replied the painter!

Covent Garden might well claim not merely a passing mention, but a whole volume to itself, linked as it is with the name of nearly

every illustrious Englishman and woman of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In a large house, afterwards famous as Evans' Hotel and supper-rooms, there died, in 1692–93, the great Earl of Orford, the victor of the Hague. The house is now tenanted by the Sports' Club; as the New Club, it became, a few years ago, a resort of the most fashionable. The stair-rails, representing anchors and other naval trophies, are made out of the wood of the ship on which Orford distinguished himself.

The neighbouring Piazza Hotel was one of Sheridan's favourite resorts; at the "Bedford" Hogarth quarrelled with Churchill. At Butler's Coffee House, one night in 1768, there might have been seen, playing cards and chatting, Dr. Johnson, Dr. Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Foote, Moody, Sir Philip Francis, George Coleman the elder, the Dukes of Northumberland and Montagu, Rodney—who needs no title to illustrate his name—and George Stevens. Another eighteenth-century celebrity also lived here: according to the *Morning Advertiser* on March 6, 1730, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, "who has been greatly indisposed at her house in Covent Garden, is now recovered, and takes the benefit of the air in Hyde Park by the advice of her physicians."

In no place in London can the past so readily become the present as in Covent Garden on a moonlight night—especially at that end where the solemn, almost archaic façade of St. Paul's Church recalls the memory of so many of England's best famed sons and daughters. It seems almost incredible that no monument should ever have been erected to the famous dead who rest in the vaults of this old church. Surely the members of the Garrick Club might at least set up a handsome tablet inscribed with the names of the great actors who sleep so near their hospitable *rendezvous*. The French would long ago have placed some grand monument or fountain, like the "*fountaine* Molière," to mark their graceful and grateful appreciation of so much worth and talent.

In Maiden Lane, at the sign of the "White Perruque," lived Voltaire, when he was in London in 1727; and in Henrietta Street lived and died Mrs. Clive, the actress, and Mrs. Hannah More.

Space, as inexorable in our case as Time itself, forbids us to linger longer in these fascinating purlieus, and we must hasten

westward to Leicester Square, where, in 1662, stood only one big Elizabethan mansion, that of the Sydneys, Earls of Leicester, which, with its gardens, occupied the site of the present Empire Theatre and adjacent buildings. Here on February 13, 1662, died Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia—"whose story was a romance full of tears." Here, too, during his stay in England in 1711, was lodged the famous Prince Eugene, at a time when London still rang with the fame of his name and of the glorious victories of Blenheim, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet. Pennant calls Leicester House "the pouting place of Princes," for it was hither that, in 1717, George II., then Prince of Wales, retired in a very bad humour with all and sundry, after his notorious quarrel with his father; and here too, that, by an odd coincidence, his son Frederick, Prince of Wales, father of George III., sulked heavily with the Princess his wife, and his numerous family, after a violent quarrel with his father. Here, also, Frederick expired in his wife's presence and in the arms of Desnoyer, violinist and dancing master. After this event, Leicester House seems to have fallen into a dilapidated condition and was at last pulled down in 1810. The square to which the house lent its name, was built in 1671, and soon became extremely fashionable. During the reigns of William and Mary and of Anne, Dr. Lloyd, Bishop of St. Asaphs, the Earls of Clarendon and Strafford, and the Marquises of Aylesbury and Carnarvon were among its denizens. Even in those aristocratic days, there were inns, or, as we should call them, hotels, hereabouts; the "Blue Posts" was a well-known and most reputable house, where, under the Georges, the members of county families "alighted," and hard by stood the Hôtel de Provênce, greatly frequented by distinguished exiles during the Reign of Terror. It had considerable vogue during the Exhibition of 1851, on account of the excellence of its table d'hote—one of the first established in London. Through "the roaring, 'fifties," an awful old metal statue of George I. on a horse, which had lost its tail, modelled by Burchard for the Duke of Chandos, was still allowed to remain in the centre of the Square, which had by this time become a rendezvous for the lower sort of foreigners. The statue disappeared, and its place was taken by "Wyld's Model of the Earth," the ruins of which

colossal globe were eventually swept away, thanks to the merciful interposition of Baron Grant, who carted off the disreputable relics of globe and statue alike, and replaced them by a pretty Square, centred by Shakespeare's statue "all in marble white," planted with sturdy young plane trees, and, at commendable distances one from another, excellent busts of Reynolds, Newton, Turner, and John Hunter. By degrees the tumble-down houses, which erstwhile surrounded the effigy of the great poet, the plane trees, and the busts, have gone the way of all things, and in their places have risen some middling reproductions of gabled Belgian dwellings of the sixteenth century, and a Turkish-looking Alhambra, which, especially of a moonlight night, endues the Square with a curious resemblance to the picturesque Grande Place at Brussels, touched with weird memories of distant Istambul!

Sir Joshua Reynolds had his studio in one of the few old houses still left, No. 47, now Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's auction rooms. Many a dinner-party did the greatest of our painters give, in the dining-room of this dwelling, to the "immortals" of his time. Among them must surely have been Goldsmith, Johnson, Boswell, and Garrick. Sir James Thornhill, also, who painted the interior of the dome of St. Paul's, had a fine house in this Square; and Mr. Heneage Jesse, in his *Literary and Historical Memorials of London*, tells a dramatic story of Hogarth and Thornhill, the scene being laid in another and smaller house, where "the Balzac of the brush," as an eminent French critic has called Hogarth, was living when he eloped with Sir James Thornhill's daughter. He was then only beginning his great career. No sooner did Sir James, at this time at the very top of the ladder of prosperity and fame, discover what had happened, than he rushed into Hogarth's house, scaled the stairs three at a time and burst into the studio. His son-in-law and the trembling bride, who had seen him tearing across the Square, concealed themselves in an inner chamber. The father paced up and down the studio in a foaming rage, till his eye fell upon the sketches Hogarth was preparing for his celebrated series of the "Harlot's Progress." In presence of such evidence of genius, Thornhill's artistic instinct quickened, and his resentment declined so rapidly that, when the door of the inner chamber opened and Hogarth and

his blushing wife appeared upon the scene, it was to receive both his pardon and his blessing. Thaddeus Kosciusko, the great Polish patriot, lived in the house in which Hogarth died, which, by the way, stood at the corner of Leicester Square and Green Street; and there also, for a short time, during the earlier part of the nineteenth century, resided the lovely Contessa Guiccioli, so intimately associated with Lord Byron, and whom the author remembers to have seen in Paris when he himself was a child, an aged, but still handsome woman, universally respected as the Marquise de Buisey.

Sir Joshua Reynolds had another house in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square, at No. 5 Great Newport Street, Cranbourne Street, now occupied by that genial gentleman, Mr. Rutley, the eminent virtuoso. In 1753, Sir Joshua moved into this old mansion, which in those days stood in a fashionable street that stretched as far as Long Acre. He had, as opposite neighbours, the two Misses Cottrell, the elderly daughters of the gallant Admiral. At a tea-party in their house, Reynolds first met Dr. Johnson, and, what is more, induced him to accept an invitation to supper, thus beginning a famous friendship. Reynolds remained in this house till 1760, when he removed to Leicester "Fields," now Square—to the house in which he executed his finest works and where he died. It was whilst he was living in Great Newport Street that he painted the full-length portrait of the beautiful Duchess of Hamilton, who, as the elder Miss Gunning, had driven the town half wild over her bewitching beauty. Here he also painted a small portrait of her lovely sister, the Countess of Coventry. How the town mobbed these two poor Irish girls. Wherever they went a rush was made to see them—even in fashionable houses people climbed on the chairs to get a better glimpse of so much beauty.[1] Reynolds also painted his famous portrait of Admiral Keppel in this old house, whose wide oak staircase is in itself a venerable relic, having been trodden by so many illustrious men and women. In the days of Reynolds there was a garden at the back of the house, shaded by leafy elm trees—in his neighbour Mrs.

[1] By a curious coincidence, only a few months ago the writer saw the portrait of Lady Coventry sent to be restored in the very studio where it was painted over a hundred and fifty years ago.

Law's garden grew a splendid and very old mulberry tree, which perished exactly sixty-five years ago. The learned Rod, who arranged the Library at Cambridge, also lived in Newport Street.

To return to Leicester Fields; John Hunter, the great physician, resided here, the better part of his house being filled with an unrivalled collection which afterwards became the nucleus of that of the Royal College of Surgeons. At the south side of the Square, there is a street, now undergoing great alterations and being re-named after St. Martin, the patron saint of the parish. On its left side, a little way down, is a house with a plaque over the door, informing the passer-by that "Isaac Newton dwelt here." Dr. Burney, with whom, of course, lived his clever daughter, Fanny, who ultimately became Madame D'Arblay, received half London in the best rooms of this rather tumbledown-looking dwelling. Being at the head of the musical world he was able to gather to his assemblies the greatest talent of the day. Here were often heard the glorious voices of Faustina, Gabrielli, Paccheordotti, Agujari, and "the divine" Mrs. Billington. The company that listened to them would include such celebrities as Baretti, the traveller, Colman, Barry, Reynolds, Miss Reynolds, Miss Angelica Kauffman, David Garrick and his agreeable wife. Fanny Burney in her interesting Memoirs tells us that, one night, the gigantic Count Orloff, the ex-lover of the Empress Elizabeth, joined the company and put everyone "out of proportion" by reason of his towering height, corresponding bulk, and voice. The Prince de Condé stayed next door for a short time, and Mrs. Inchbald, of "Simple Story" fame, lived next door but one. In Lisle Street, on the opposite side of the Square, Dryden died; and nearly a hundred years later the great Mr. Burke, "sometimes called the sublime," lived in the same thoroughfare.

St. Martin's Lane, now a street of theatres, was, in the seventeenth century, a "most growing and respectable thoroughfare." Built in 1618, it stretches from St. Martin's Church to St. Andrew Street. In Elizabeth's time, the church, a later Gothic building erected by Henry VIII., stood literally "in the fields," as one can realise by a glance at Sutherland's view of it, 1543, in which it appears with a low squat Tudor tower. It remained very much as it was (except that Henry, Prince of Wales, added a Chancel

in 1607) until 1721, when it was rebuilt, in its present form, an odd but effective mixture of classical and Dutch architecture, designed by Gibbs. George I. laid the foundation stone by proxy on March 19, 1721, and presented the organ, which cost £1500. The inauguration, "a very fussy function," took place on October 20, 1726. The passer-by who, of a Friday night at eight o'clock, hears the famous bells of St. Martin's ringing out a merry chime, should give a kindly thought to pretty, good-hearted Nell Gwynne, buried in St. Martin's Chancel. In her will, 'tis said, she left money to provide the parish bell-ringers with a leg of mutton and a glass of ale at Christmas and at Easter—for ever—on condition they pealed the bells every Friday night at eight o'clock, the hour of her death.[1]

Nelly sleeps in good company, for the church and churchyard are full of famous dead,—Hilliard, the miniaturist; George Heriot, founder of the Heriot Hospital, Edinburgh; Van Somers, the painter; Laniere, painter and musician; William Dobson, who almost equalled Van Dyck; Sir Edmundberry Godfrey, who was assassinated in 1677 in a ditch near Chalk Farm; Robert Boyle, the philosopher; Lord Mohun, who fell in a duel with the Duke of Hamilton; Nicholas Stone, the sculptor; Sir Winston Churchill, father of the great Duke of Marlborough; Roubiliac, the sculptor of the statue of Shakespeare in the Abbey; John Hunter; Jack Sheppard; Miss Ray, the actress who was assassinated by Hackman in Covent Garden, together with her murderer, the two coffins being linked together with a chain, and the one covered with crimson velvet, the other with black cloth; and many others, too numerous, indeed, to enumerate.

St. Martin's Lane, like the rest of London, is haunted by illustrious ghosts. We can name but a few of its former notables,—Mytens the painter, Kenelm Digby, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Dr. Tenison, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury and founder of the school which bears his name in Leicester Square, Sir John Suckling the poet, Sir James Thornhill, R.A., and Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose first London house was in St. Peter's Court, St. Martin's Lane, a cul-de-sac since lately pulled down. Coutts' banking house was established in this

[1] The dole is now given in money instead of meat and ale.

street in the time of Queen Anne. Very few of the original houses are now standing, and this street will soon be so overcrowded with theatres, Hippodromes, and Colossei, that at closing time locomotion will become perilous—if not, indeed, impossible—unless bridges are built to save the unhappy pedestrian from being crushed to death in the roadway, especially by the automobiles, those horseless carriages concerning which, as we have observed, Friar Bacon wrote prophetically some eight hundred years ago.

Soho is said to owe its name to a hunting-cry often heard in its neighbourhood in Plantagenet and Tudor times. "So! ho!" the huntsman would shout, when first he saw the hare dash from the coppice and make for the fields and open country. The fine square was built in the beginning of Charles the Second's reign, and was first called the King's Square, in his honour. The Duke of Monmouth lived, says Pennant, "in the centre house facing the statue." Monmouth's house, which was a very fine one, with a large courtyard, and a lofty flight of steps leading up to the door, occupied the site of St. Anne's Vicarage, now the residence of the Rev. Mr. Cardwell, the present vicar of the parish and author of a very interesting work on Soho. The Square was certainly known as "Soho" in 1683, two years before the battle of Sedgemoor. In addition to that of Monmouth, the ancient family of Bellayres had its residence here; and a little back from the Square, up a blind alley, there yet stands an old house which was once the mansion of the Howards, Earls of Carlisle, whose name may still be read over the façade of the dingy dwelling. The Carlisles had another house on the north side of the Square, which they sold to Madame Theresa Cornelys. She, as we have already seen, converted it into a place of various entertainment, and out in the garden built a concert and ball room, which in due time was converted into the Roman Catholic Church of St. Patrick, now pulled down, its site being included in Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell's premises. A new and very Italian-looking church in the Square, which replaces the older St. Patrick's—the national church of the Irish, which, by the way, contains a "Crucifixion" by Van Dyck—occupies the site of a house once inhabited by Cromwell's daughter, Lady Falconbridge. St. Patrick's, old or

new, is for ever associated with the name of Father O'Leary, famed both for his brilliant wit and for his benefactions to the Irish poor of London. During the Reign of Terror forty French bishops, and not less than eight thousand priests, exiled from France,[1] took refuge in the neighbourhood of Soho—especially in Denmark Street. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York started a subscription which returned £40,000; and the Government spent £500,000 in assisting these unfortunate victims of Tyranny masquerading as Liberty.

Sir Cloudesley Shovel lived and lay in state in what was called the "White House" in this Square. His body was carried to Westminster Abbey, by torchlight, with all the quaint and lugubrious ceremonial of the period. At the corner of Greek Street lived the rich Alderman Beckford, who built Fonthill Abbey, and was the father of the celebrated writer and virtuoso. That was in the brilliant days of the Square, when the Venetian, the French, and the Dutch Ambassadors had their residences hereabouts. Such was the fame of Soho Square for beauty and salubrity that Addison tells us the delightful Sir Roger de Coverley dwelt where John Evelyn had lived some fifty years earlier. But even a hundred and fifty years ago, the rest of the Soho neighbourhood does not appear to have been considered exactly fashionable; it was merely genteel. A few fine old houses may yet be seen in Greek, Dean, and Frith Streets, some of them containing elaborate wood-carving and chimney-pieces, but nowadays "they do shelter odd folk of many climes."

The dingy and dreary-looking church of St. Anne's, now well known for its Lenten music, shelters the mortal remains of William Hogarth, Lord Camelford, the notorious duellist, and of Theodore, the titular King of Corsica, who died December 11, 1756. His epitaph, composed by Walpole, runs as follows:—

> "The grave, great teacher, to a level brings,
> Heroes and beggars, galley slaves and kings.
> But Theodore this moral learn'd ere dead;
> Fate poured its blessings on his living head,
> Bestow'd a kingdom and denied him bread."

[1] Thirty of these prelates died whilst in exile and were buried in Old St. Pancras' churchyard, where so many Roman Catholics rest in peace in the good company of Paoli the Corsican exile and Sarah Siddons.

The monument to Theodore of Corsica will be found on the wall on the right-hand side of the church door.

This shadowy monarch, who was of Prussian origin, arrived in England in the middle of the eighteenth century, wholly destitute, and with a price set on his head by the Genoese Government, for as he had been elected King by the Corsican people, he was somewhat dangerous to the Sarenissime Republic. Thanks to good luck at the gaming-tables, he succeeded in keeping up appearances for a time, but eventually his fortune fell so low that he died in Chapel Street in a tailor's shop, whose owner had taken compassion on him and allowed him to pass the three last days of his life in his back premises.

In Frith Street, Soho, Vincent Novello, the father of cheap music, began his successful career by keeping a small shop, above which he lived with his remarkably gifted family. He was a Genoese of good birth, who had been obliged by political persecution to take refuge in England. Here his accomplished daughters, Mary (afterwards Mrs. Cowden Clark), Clara (Countess Gigliucci), and Sabilla Novello, who died only the other day, spent their childhood and youth. Mr. Novello's son, Alfred, a magnificent basso singer, eventually increased his father's business into an almost national institution, which has been of the utmost benefit to the development of sound musical taste. In the drawing-room above the shop, some of the finest music ever heard in London was listened to by a galaxy of literary and artistic celebrities of the early and middle Victorian era. Malibran often sang here to the accompaniment of her second husband, the composer, Beriot. Here Mendelssohn and Chopin played, and Mdlle. Naldi, with Naldi, her father, Rubini, and Lablache have frequently joined their superb voices in duets and quartettes. Charles Lamb and his pathetic sister, and Leigh Hunt, were often of the goodly company that shared the feast of delightful melody. Here that ripe Shakesperian scholar and critic, Charles Cowden Clark, courted and won the heart and hand of his accomplished wife. It is difficult, nowadays, to associate with this place music that might have inspired Milton himself with the subject for a companion sonnet worthy of that immortal one, a line from which—"Let the bright Seraphim"—set to music by

Handel and sung by Clara Novello, seemed glorious enough to fret the very angels with envy.

Crossing Oxford Street, and almost opposite Soho Square, is Rathbone Place, a narrow and "vanishing" street, once greatly in vogue with the better class of Scotchmen—for here dwelt the rebel peers, Balmerino, Lovat, and Kilmarnock. Bolingbroke was also a resident in Rathbone Place, where he once invited Pope to come to his house before going to sup with him at Battersea.

By this old street, now rapidly disappearing, we can soon reach the British Museum, whose history, and its contents, would require a volume to relate. The Museum occupies the site of Montagu House, which was designed for Ralph, third Baron Montagu, by Robert Hooke, "a mathematician and horologist," and which Mr. Evelyn was pleased to call "Mr. Montague's new palace neere Bloomsbery, built somewhat after the French pavilion way." This mansion was burnt down in 1686 by the carelessness of a servant "airing some goods by the fire," the house being at that time rented by the Earl of Devonshire. Lady Rachel Russell speaks of the sparks from the burning Montagu House covering Southampton House with ashes. An amazing number of magnificent pictures—including seven Van Dycks and four Rubens—the fine library and some splendid tapestry, perished in this disaster. The house was then rebuilt on the foundations and part of the walls of the old one, Peter Puget being the architect; La Fosse painting the ceilings, Rousseau the landscapes, and Jean Baptiste Monoyer the flowers. In style the new building resembled a French *hôtel* of the seventeenth century, with long windows to the ground. In the centre there was a dome which can be seen in the old engraving of the place when it was first converted into a National Museum in 1755. It was Ralph Montagu who married the eccentric Duchess of Albemarle, a lady whose amazing story is rarely correctly told. This strange woman had married, in 1669, Christopher Monk, second Duke of Albemarle, then a youth of sixteen, and by her avarice and arrogance driven him to drink. He was eventually sent out to Jamaica as Governor, being accompanied by the Duchess, who made the negroes tumble to their knees whenever she appeared. The climate and the rum

soon sent Albemarle to his grave, and the Duchess, who was one of the richest women of her time, returned to England with a firm determination of marrying no one under Royalty. But Royalty, even at its poorest, did not fancy her person, or covet her wealth, and she ran a chance of dying a widow until, one fine day, Lord Montagu, disguised as the Emperor of China, fell upon his knees in her drawing-room at Newcastle House, Clerkenwell, and declared he'd drown China in tears, and die of grief himself into the bargain, if she refused him her hand. The Celestial Empire, it is true, was far away, but here was its Emperor at her feet, and so the infatuated Duchess raised him up and accepted his offer. A clergyman and a fellow disguised as a mandarin being called in, they performed the marriage ceremony between them according to the combined religious rites of China and England. For a time the Duchess was treated by her husband as if she really was an Empress, but before long Montagu shut her up as a lunatic in her own house, sequestrating her so completely, that he was called upon by her relatives to appear in the courts of his country to prove her existence. "Emperor" Montagu died a Duke many years before the "Empress" passed away, in her ninety-sixth year, at Newcastle House, Clerkenwell, in 1734. To the last the servants kept up the Imperial illusion, and served the poor deluded lady on bended knees. Lord Ross, who had been one of her numerous suitors, addressed his successful rival after his queer marriage in the following clever lines—

"Insulting rival, never boast
The conquest lately won;
No wonder that her heart was lost—
Her senses first were gone!
From one that's under Bedlam's laws
What glory can be had?
For love of thee was not the cause—
It proves that she was mad!"

On the final demolition of Montagu House, in 1848–52, some of La Fosse's nymphs and some of Monoyer's flower-pieces were preserved; and the present British Museum, which is one of the finest buildings in Europe, was designed by Sir Robert Smirke, with the assistance of his brother, Mr. Sydney Smirke.

In any other civilised city a fine square would surround so important a monument, and its splendid façade would appear in all its majesty as the vista at the end of a broad avenue, leading, let us say, direct to the Embankment.

The Church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, which, unless they happen to live in the parish, very few Londoners ever take the trouble to enter, is none the less worthy of attention. Built on the site of a church erected in the twelfth century as a chapel for Queen Maud's leper hospital, and levelled to the ground in 1725, it was rebuilt in the curious style of that period in 1730, after the designs of Henry Flitcroft, and is an odd mixture of the Palladian and the Dutch. The interior is handsome, but the interest of the place is rather one of associations than of architectural beauty. Among the famous dead buried within its walls or in its churchyard may be mentioned George Chapman, whose translation of Homer is certainly the finest in our language. His monument, which stands in the churchyard, close up against the church wall, consists of an upright, oblong tomb, designed and erected by his friend, Inigo Jones. Lord Herbert of Cherbury is also buried here, and so are James Shirley, the dramatist, and his accomplished wife. In the churchyard there is an altar-tomb to the memory of Richard Penderell, who saved Charles the Second's life after the battle of Worcester. Andrew Marvell, who, notwithstanding his virulent abuse of Charles II. and his Court, escaped all persecution owing to that monarch's keen appreciation of his genius, wit, and brilliant conversational powers, sleeps here. He died in penury, in a house somewhere in the Strand. The most conspicuous monument, however, in St. Giles's, is a recumbent figure representing Lady Frances Knivton, daughter of Alice, Duchess Dudley, and granddaughter of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, Queen Elizabeth's prime favourite.

It is curious that Sir Walter Scott, in *Kenilworth*, should have described, as we have already said, the marriage of Amy Robsart to Robert Dudley as a clandestine one, whereas, in reality, it took place in the presence of the King and Court. The real secret marriage of Robert Dudley was the one which he contracted later in life, when he was privately united to Douglas, daughter of William, Lord Howard of Effingham, and widow of the Earl of Sheffield. Fearing Elizabeth should dis-

cover the fact that he had married a third time, Dudley denied the legitimacy of this bond, and described his only offspring by it as "his base son." This son became in due time the celebrated Sir Robert Dudley, the eminent explorer of the West Indies, who eventually married Alice Leigh. He, too, treated his wife very ill, and having become enamoured of a Miss Southwell, actually married her, declaring his union with Alice Leigh to have been uncanonical. Charles I. not only recognised Sir Robert as the legitimate son of Elizabeth's favourite, but testified to the legality of his marriage; creating Alice Leigh, his widow, Duchess Dudley, by Letters Patent dated May 23, 1644. Her Grace lived in great state in the parish of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, and, after having won considerable popularity by her munificence, died in 1670, at the advanced age of ninety. Although her cenotaph is in this church, her body rests at Stoneleigh in Warwickshire, where there is another memorial to her. Flaxman is buried in St. Giles's Church, as well as the beautiful Countess of Shrewsbury, concerning whose absolute lack of moral sense Pepys has so much to tell us. It will be remembered that she was the heroine of an almost incredible adventure in which, dressed as a page, she held the horse of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, whilst he fought a duel with her husband, which terminated fatally for the latter. The Countess of Shrewsbury was one of the loveliest women of her time, and was several times painted by Sir Peter Lely.

CHAPTER XVI

SOME OLD STREETS AND THE GHOSTS THAT WALK THEM

II.—From Charing Cross to Chelsea

THE village of Charing was, as we have said, in existence long before Queen Eleanor's famous Cross, erected in 1291, gave the triangular opening at the junction of the Strand and Whitehall the popular name which it still retains. Charing seems to have been a rather common name for villages in Saxon times, for there are no less than three Charings in various parts of England, one, by the way, in Kent. A fair reproduction of the ancient Cross stands in front of the modern railway station—a reproduction which, in a gust of enthusiasm, a popular novelist recently confused with its long-perished original. He even went so far as to contrast the four-wheelers and hansoms of "the ancient monument's actual environment" with the clover-fields which surrounded it when Edward I. was King! The original Eleanor Cross stood close to the spot now occupied by the beautiful equestrian statue of Charles I.

In Charles the Second's day, when Charing Cross was rather a lonely place after nightfall, it was the scene of a romantic adventure in which the profligate wit, Lord Rochester, abducted the wealthy Elizabeth Mallet — the *triste heritière* of De Grammont's *Memoirs*. This pretty little lady, the daughter of John Mallet, Esquire, of Ersmere, Somersetshire, possessed a very tidy fortune. Rochester wanted money, and thought he could not do better for himself than carry off the heiress. One evening, when she and her father were returning in their coach from a supper-party given by Mrs. Stewart, afterwards Duchess

of Richmond, at Whitehall, Rochester and his men surrounded the vehicle, knocked the old gentleman insensible, forced his daughter into another coach, and galloped off with her almost to Uxbridge, where the lady's friends rescued her. Rochester was arrested and sent to the Tower, but Charles II. interested himself on behalf of his witty comrade and forthwith arranged a match between him and the lady.

When, in the next century, Dr. Johnson looked out of the window of his favourite tavern, the "British," in Cockspur Street, on the open space we now call Trafalgar Square, he saw something very unlike the extraordinary agglomeration of discordant monuments on which we gaze—the elegant Nelson column, with its four colossal lions, dwarfing the rows of cast-iron warriors set on tombstone-like pedestals, the much abused "shaving-brush" fountains, and the ludicrous façade of the National Gallery, with its dingy fluted Corinthian columns, and all too famous "pepper-casters." Johnson's and Boswell's eyes rested on an open space, on one side of which stood the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields and a row of quaint old houses stretching down to the Strand, which thoroughfare you had but to cross to be on the narrow pavement in front of Northumberland House. The only monument then visible was the admirable statue of Charles I. On the north side of the quadrangle, where the National Gallery now stands, were the Royal Mews, a miscellaneous collection of buildings, some extremely ancient, whereas others, in Johnson's time, had only just been erected. Here Richard II. had kept his hawks, which were confided to the care of Sir Simon Burley, one of the most accomplished men of his time, who held the appointment of "Keeper" at the "Meuse" near Charing Cross.[1] In 1537, the King's Stables at "Loomsbury," (otherwise Bloomsbury), were burnt down, and Henry VIII. had

[1] The menagerie at the Tower was founded in the time of Henry III., who had been presented with a lion and lioness and three leopards by the Emperor Frederick in 1231. These animals were lodged in the "Lions' Tower," and a keeper deputed to look after them. From this period, lions were always kept here in a sort of cage which occupied the site of the present ticket-office and refreshment room. One lion was usually called after the reigning sovereign, and was popularly expected to die immediately after the ruler whose name it bore had departed this world. We know from ancient records that, in the reign of Edward I., food for "the leopard at the Tower" cost

THE NATIONAL GALLERY

his falcons and horses lodged and stabled at Charing Cross. The royal stables continued here from this period, down to the end of the reign of George IV. His successor removed them to Buckingham Palace.

The National Gallery originated in 1824, by the purchase by the nation, for £57,000, of Mr. John Julius Angerstein's collection of thirty-eight pictures. These were exhibited in his house—which occupied a portion of the site of the Reform Club—whilst the present gallery was being built after the unhappy design of Mr. Wilkins, R.A., who used up the columns of old Carlton House for the portico. It was opened to the public in 1838; but until 1869, one half of the building was devoted to the exhibitions of the Royal Academy, which for over fifty years previously had been held at Somerset House. The magnificent collection which had such a humble origin has developed in our time, and especially of late years, into one of the foremost in Europe. The opening of the Academy was, in the eighteenth century, considered quite as great a function as it is in our time. Rowlandson has given us an excellent idea of the scene presented on this annual occasion, in one of his most frequently engraved drawings.

In the first half of the seventeenth century, the ground now covered by St. James's Square, Pall Mall, and Piccadilly, consisted of fields, crossed by one or two roads, and a great number of lanes. The land was rented to dairy-men and small farmers, whose principal culture was that of vegetables for the London markets. The wall of St. James's Park ran along the

exactly three halfpence a day, that amount being paid to More, the keeper, besides a shilling a week, a sum equal to about fifteen shillings of our money, for his own maintenance. The lions at the Tower continued to be one of the sights of London until 1836, when they were transferred to the then recently established Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park. Other menageries formerly existed in various parts of London and its vicinity: at the King's Mews at Charing Cross; at Exeter Change (nearly opposite the site of the present Cecil Hotel) in the Strand; and at the Sand Gate Pit, Windsor. The King's Mews collection was open on certain days of the month, in a building which formed part of the royal stables. At the Exeter Change Menagerie they boasted of the possession of the giant elephant, "Chunee," whose bones are now preserved in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons.

site now covered by palatial clubs, and there were no other buildings west of Charing Cross, except a small Gothic church, long since destroyed, and a rather handsome conduit, in Tudor architecture, which rose in the centre of what is now St. James's Square. Near this was a public-house called "The Old Pall-Mall," where Mr. Pepys occasionally supped. A meadow, which it seems was ever green, stretched from end to end of what is now Pall Mall, and was a favourite promenade with ladies and gentlemen, especially of a summer evening, when they went there to show off their finery and enjoy a sort of game with mallets called *paille-maille*. They could, if they chose, continue their walk through pleasant lanes as far as Hay Hill. In course of time, houses were built on either side of this meadow, which was eventually replaced by a paved road. One of these ancient houses, No. 79, on the south side of the street, was occupied by Nell Gwynne, who died there in 1691. Mr. Pepys once beheld her talking and laughing on the terrace of her house with Charles II., who stood below on the path. From this house her funeral procession passed by night to St. Martin's Church, where her panegyric was preached by Dr. Tenison, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. Nelly had by way of neighbours, Mrs. Mary Knight, "the divine singer," the Countess of Portland, the Lady Rayleigh, and Dr. Barlow. Her house must have stood somewhere on the east side of the street, near the Marlborough Gallery, where that "worthy" of our own times, Mr. Martin Colnaghi, still tells his many friends, with inimitable spirit, a thousand anecdotes of the celebrities he has known,—and who has he not known?—and shows them such works of Reynolds, Gainsborough and Romney as pass through his skilled hands—not infrequently on their way to the New World, having left for good "the halls of England's nobles" to grace those of American millionaires.

Two other of Charles the Second's notorious mistresses, the beautiful Hortensia Mancini, Duchesse de Mazarin, and the vixenish, but very handsome, Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland, lived in Pall Mall. Madame de Longueville, who also lived here with her father, the French Ambassador, in the days of William III., used to relate that she well remembered the famous M. de St. Evremond, "a little old man, in a black silk coat," who

was carried past her house every morning in his chair to the residence of the Duchesse de Mazarin, to whom he always brought a pound of butter for her breakfast. The Duchess died in 1699, much to the sorrow of the "little man"; "Alas!" he says, "the poor Duchesse de Mazarin is dead. Had she lived, she would have had peaches, which I should have carried her and which she would have shared with me. Had she lived, she would have had truffles from Normandy, of which I should have partaken with her!" It was in Pall Mall that the Duchess of Cleveland in her coach passed Wycherley on foot, and thrusting her head out of the window insulted him. Wycherley presently retorted by publishing some lines on her Grace, which it were wiser not to quote here, but which had the desired effect. Very soon afterwards, the worthy couple became great friends, and thus Wycherley was brought to the notice of Charles II., who became so enamoured of the poet's wit, that when he fell ill of a fever, the King visited him at his lodgings, and afterwards sent him to the Continent at his own expense to recover his health. The celebrated Beau Fielding's house was certainly in Pall Mall, but we do not know the exact number; it was here, at anyrate, that he was the hero of the most extraordinary piece of mystification of the century, unless, indeed, it be that in which Marie Antoinette was involved in connection with the celebrated "diamond neckless." Fielding was the handsomest and most extravagant man of his day. Having ruined himself, he thought he would mend his fortunes by marrying a rich widow, Mrs. Deleau, with whom, however, he was not personally acquainted. To attain his end, he employed a Mrs. Charlotte Villars, a woman of good family, but indifferent morals, who declared she was intimate with the widow. Fielding promised Mrs. Villars £500 if she would induce Mrs. Deleau to accept his hand, and marry him privately, and she agreed. From that time, Fielding was her dupe. The better to deceive him, Mrs. Villars brought upon the scene a very pretty young woman named Wadsworth, who bore a striking resemblance to the widow, and to this person Fielding, being under the impression all the time that she was none other than the rich Mrs. Deleau, was actually married by a Roman Catholic priest. The account of the wedding, taken from evidence given at the trial which ensued upon Fielding's discovery of his mistake,

is very interesting. The priest, who was the chaplain of the Bavarian Embassy, wanted water, salt, and rosemary for the ceremony. There was no trouble in getting the first two, but there was a great hunt to obtain the sprig of rosemary, without which the priest refused to tie the knot, although rosemary is not essential to the rite of matrimony. It was invariably used in those days, however, both by Catholics and Protestants in England, just as orange blossom is in our time; the bride's head-dress was stuck over with sprigs of rosemary, and all the guests held a sprig of this flowering shrub in their hands. There seems to have been merry-making on the night of this fraudulent marriage, for Mr. Fielding engaged Signora Margerita, the greatest prima donna of the day, to sing "Ianthe, the lovely," "The Charming Creature," and an Italian bravura entitled "*Se il mio bene!*" The pseudo-bride, Mrs. Villars, and Margerita all stayed to supper, and were regaled with plum-cake and two pints of wine, fetched from a neighbouring public-house! Let the reader imagine, if he can, the beau's fury when he became aware of the fraud that had been practised upon him. It cannot have lasted long, however, for within a fortnight he married Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland! A year later, in 1706, he was tried and condemned for bigamy, but, though his marriage with the Duchess was annulled, his misdemeanour was condoned, at the instance of Queen Anne, who procured his pardon.

One of the most interesting old houses still remaining in Pall Mall (now Nos. 81 and 82), is Schomburg House, built in the reign of William and Mary, by Charles, second Duke of Schomburg and son of William's celebrated favourite, who fell at the Battle of the Boyne at the age of eighty-two. Later on, this house passed into the hands of the Duke of Cumberland. Then, for a time, Beau Astley had it, and on his death, Cosway, the famous miniature painter, occupied it until he died, considerably over ninety years of age. He was succeeded by Gainsborough, who painted half the aristocracy in his studio. It was at Schomburg House that the notorious Dr. Graham first introduced an admiring public to Miss Emma Hart, in the character of Hygeia, which she impersonated by reposing, in a less than classical costume, in a glass tank of medicated water.

HYDE PARK CORNER

This "professional" beauty became Romney's favourite model, and, eventually, the wife of Sir William Hamilton, and British Ambassadress at the Court of Naples, where she captivated both Caroline, the Neapolitan Queen, and Nelson, the English hero. Swift lodged in Pall Mall in 1710, and was often to be seen at its popular coffee-house, "The Smyrna." Here, too, in 1735, Richard Dodsley, a footman who became a poet, a dramatist, and eventually a publisher, opened a bookseller's shop, which was the favourite resort of Pope, Young, Gray, the two Whartons, Horace Walpole and Edmund Burke. The Young Pretender lodged for a few days in Pall Mall in 1750, on a secret visit to London to meet fifty of his friends in solemn conclave.[1] It was during this visit that he issued the manifesto in which he professed his Protestantism. From Pall Mall he wrote some letters in French which prove his ignorance of this language, and some others in English, the spelling of which is quite archaic—even for that period. He gave himself up to the composition of popular poetry, and among the numerous Stuart papers in the Library at Windsor is a fragment that reads thus—

> "Papists, Irish, such is fools,
> Such as them can't be my tools,
> I hate all priests and the regions they reign in
> From the Pope in Rome to the Papists of Britain."

None the less, he died a "Papist," though they said he lived a pagan!

Carlton House and its beautiful gardens stood on the site now occupied by Carlton House Terrace; it was purchased, in 1732, from the Earl of Burlington by Frederick, Prince of Wales. After Frederick's death, the house was inhabited by his widow, Princess Augusta of Wales, mother of George III., a very able woman. We need scarcely add that Carlton House afterwards became the gorgeous home of George IV. when Prince of Wales, and the scene of those splendid supper-parties and other gay gatherings over which his wife, Caroline of Brunswick, never presided.

Marlborough House, now so affectionately associated by the

[1] The noble club-houses which make Pall Mall one of the finest streets in Europe were all of them built in the nineteenth century.

nation with memories of the reigning King and Queen of England, and the present London home of the Heir-Apparent and his consort, was designed by Sir Christopher Wren for John Churchill, the great Duke of Marlborough, on a piece of garden ground filched from St. James's Park, which, in 1709, was in the hands of Henry Boyle, one of Queen Anne's principal Secretaries of State. The house was originally intended to have been a gift to the great warrior from the nation, but his Duchess takes good care to inform us in one of her letters that it cost her husband £45,000.

The money might perhaps have been better spent, for the building is by no means imposing; but it contains a good staircase, decorated with paintings by Laguerre, which, after having been hidden for nearly a century, were discovered in 1861, and, thanks to the good taste of his present Majesty, restored. The details of military costume, etc., are extremely interesting. The Duke of Marlborough died at Windsor, but his remains were brought to Marlborough House, where they lay in state. The funeral procession on August 9, 1722, curiously enough, followed almost the same line of route as that of his present Majesty's Coronation. It went up Constitution Hill to Hyde Park Corner, and thence passed by Piccadilly, Pall Mall, and Charing Cross, to Westminster Abbey. Not even in Catholic times were more torches and candles burnt than at the obsequies of the hero of Oudenarde and Blenheim; and the Dean and Canons were arrayed in copes and "splendid habiliments." Dr. Atterbury, Dean of Westminster, preached so eloquent an oration that even his enemies were fain to confess it worthy of the occasion. After the Duke's death, his extraordinary Duchess lived on at Marlborough House, making herself disagreeable to all and sundry, especially to Sir Robert Walpole, and to the King, whom she called "my neighbour, George." He excluded her equipage from the Park, which drove her quite mad with rage. Her intrigues and angry letters notwithstanding, her carriage and six was not allowed to enter it for a very long time; even though, as she writes Dr. Hare in 1726, "the Duchess of Buckingham is allowed in, and I so ill that I cannot bear the jolting of the coach on the stones, yet knowing this, they will not let me enter." Here too, she died in 1744, "game to the last," as

her friends and enemies were alike willing to acknowledge. Queen Adelaide lived at Marlborough House as Dowager. After her death, the Vernon collection of pictures was exhibited in its large rooms. In the "'sixties," it became the town residence of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

How few of our French visitors are aware, when they admire (as they generally do) St. James's Park, and extol its formal beauties above the more sylvan charms of Hyde Park, that it was designed by their own celebrated gardener, Le Nôtre, who planted the stately avenues of Versailles and of so many other French parks of the Louis Quatorze period? Charles II. invited him over for the purpose; and the Mall, which was formerly included in the Park, and which was also planned by Le Nôtre, became the fashionable promenade of London until nearly the end of the eighteenth century. A volume might be devoted to the Mall alone, the scene of so many curious anecdotes of the great and of the literary worlds of London, from Charles the Second's time down to the end of the reign of George III. During the night on which Oliver Cromwell died, a fearful storm destroyed many of the older trees in St. James's Park, a fact commemorated in the following lines by the Laureate Waller:—

> "We must resign! Heaven his great soul doth claim,
> In storms as loud as his immortal fame;
> His dying groans, his last breath shakes our isle,
> And trees uncut fall for his funeral pile:
> About his palace their broad roots are tost
> Into the air. So Romulus was lost!
> And Rome in such a tempest lost her King,
> And from obeying, fell to worshipping."

Hatton describes the Haymarket in 1708 as "a very spacious and public street, length three hundred and forty yards, where is a great market for hay and straw." In Aggas's map of London the Haymarket figures surrounded by hedgerows, with a few houses and some washerwomen drying clothes on the site now occupied by the Carlton Hotel and His Majesty's Theatre! It was the "Merrie Monarch" who first granted the right of holding a cattle market here twice a week, in 1664; it was only in 1830 that, by Act of Parliament, the market for hay was removed to Cumberland Market, Regent's Park. The streets

branching off the Haymarket began to be built early in the seventeenth century, and it was at the corner of Suffolk Place, then a rather fashionable byway, that Sir John Coventry had his nose cut to the bone in 1669 for "reflecting on the King"—an outrage which led to the passing of the "Coventry Act" against cutting and maiming. Panton Street was called after Colonel Panton, the ground landlord, who also owned Piccadilly Hall, a notorious gaming-house in the seventeenth century which stood at the corner of Coventry Street and Great Windmill Street. On one occasion Colonel Panton won in a single night's play a sufficient fortune to enable him to purchase an estate worth £1500 a year; after which, says the legend, he never again touched a card! It was in Panton Street that Joseph Baretti, the author of the English and Italian dictionaries, and the friend of Johnson and the Thrales, unfortunately stabbed a drunken brawler who had insulted him. Baretti was tried for murder at the Old Bailey, the records of the witnesses bearing such illustrious names as those of Edmund Burke, Oliver Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and David Garrick. A verdict of "Not guilty" was returned, this sentence being due, it was said, to the dramatic manner in which the "great Davy" delivered his evidence. A book might be written on the murders that have happened in the Haymarket. Not less tragic than Baretti's adventure was the murder perpetrated by Boroski, a Pole, who, one evening in 1682, murdered Mr. Tom Thynne of Longleat, the crime being paid for by that scoundrel, Count Koningsmark, who had been a favourite of Charles II. Koningsmark escaped punishment, but Boroski was hanged in the Haymarket, close to the scene of his crime. In the reign of George IV., Thurtell, the murderer of Mr. Weare,[1] was captured in bed at the "Blue Posts" in the Haymarket, by Ruthven, the Bow Street "runner."

[1] Mr. William Weare was a well-known gambler, who was murdered by Thurtell at Elstree, whilst on a visit to that place in 1823. The murder, a particularly ghastly affair, is commemorated in the following laconic lines, which are said to be by Theodore Hook—

"They cut his throat from ear to ear,
His brains they battered in;
His name was Mr. William Weare,
He dwelt in Lyon's Inn."

To return to the Haymarket proper: even in the first years of the seventeenth century it had already obtained an unenviable reputation, which stuck to it until quite lately. On either side were taverns and gambling houses which soon became resorts of the gay and vicious worlds of the metropolis, and almost every night witnessed some outrage or other. From 1840 to 1870 the pavement of the Haymarket was the nightly rendezvous from midnight to dawn of ill-famed men and women, and so it remained until the passing of the Early Closing Act, when the evil throng began slowly to diminish. The respectable shopkeepers on either side of the way complained in vain of the nuisance, and during the year of the Great Exhibition one of the sights of London which no foreigner failed to see was the Haymarket, then at the height of its unpleasant reputation. To-day it has become respectable, and ladies going to the theatres in full evening dress can pass from end to end of the street to their destination without exciting the least remark,—which they certainly would not have been able to do thirty-five years ago.

St. James's Square is one of the oldest in the West End of London. It was planned in the time of Charles I., and one or two of its present houses date from that period. Even now, although clubs have invaded St. James's Square, it has an old-world, aristocratic air which is full of charm, and quite bears out the quaint remark made by Hatton in 1708, that it is "inhabited by the prime quality." Norfolk House, the largest in the Square, occupies the site of a mansion which was the town residence of the Earl of St. Albans until 1683. Somehow it was inhabited, in 1738, by Frederick, Prince of Wales, and his wife, and here George III. was born, June 4. The present house dates from 1742, and is built considerably in front of the site of the older mansion, part of which is still standing and is used by the Duke as a store-house. It had a very large garden, extending almost down to where the Haymarket Theatre now stands. For nearly two hundred years this was quite the most aristocratic Square in London, and amongst its illustrious residents were the Duke of Hamilton, whose body was brought thither after he was killed by Lord Mohun, on the morning of November 15, 1712. The Duchess was asleep when she was awakened by the noise of the rabble that had followed her

husband's corpse from Hyde Park. Swift, who was a great friend of hers, describes her condition "as the most piteous and soul-moving he had ever seen." Sir Robert Walpole also lived in St. James's Square, and so, too, did Warren Hastings, and, nearer our own time, the unfortunate Marquis of Londonderry, better known as Lord Castlereagh, over whose tragic fate a veil of mystery still hangs. At No. 15 resided Sir Philip Francis, the reputed author of the *Junius Letters*. Queen Caroline was an occupant of his house during her trial, and drove thence every morning in great state to Westminster Hall. It was in St. James's Square that Dr. Johnson, as he afterwards told Sir Joshua Reynolds, being without a shilling to pay his lodging, walked up and down through the long bleak night with his unlucky friend, the poet, Richard Savage. Johnson rose to fill the highest place in the literary world of his age; Savage, a man of greater genius, died a wretched death in a common gaol!

Jermyn Street is another very interesting thoroughfare in this neighbourhood, but the old houses in it are rapidly disappearing. The "Hammams," the most fashionable Turkish bath in London, now stands on the site of the St. James's Hotel, in which Sir Walter Scott may, in a sense, be said to have really died, and which finally disappeared in the autumn of 1902. The illustrious novelist was brought, in as much haste as was possible in his day, from Italy, in order that his heart's desire of breathing his last at Abbotsford might be fulfilled. When he reached London, and was carried to this hotel, he was almost insensible. He lay in a comatose state all the while he was in Jermyn Street, visited several times a day by Ferguson, who assures us he never beheld anything so magnificent as the symmetry of the great poet's colossal bust and head, as he lay back on the pillows, his chest and neck exposed. On July 7, 1832, Sir Walter embarked for Scotland. Once only did he seem to rouse himself out of the lethargy into which he had fallen, and that was when his eyes caught sight of the waters of the Tweed, and recognised the towers of his beloved Abbotsford. With a cry of almost childish delight he started up in the carriage, only to fall back insensible in his attendants' arms. On September 31, the "Wizard of the North" expired, within the walls of the home he had built with the results of his genius and untiring industry.

Jermyn Street was at one time an exceedingly fashionable place of residence. The first Duke of Marlborough—then plain Colonel Churchill—lived here from 1675 to 1681, in which latter year the celebrated Duchess of Richmond—"*La Belle Stuart*"—also came to inhabit its northern end. Three doors from her Grace dwelt Verelst, the flower painter, whose lodgings, when he left them, were taken over by Sir William Soames, the poet. Even in the eighteenth century, Jermyn Street had acquired the reputation it still enjoys of being a favourite resort of wealthy bachelors. Gray, of the *Elegy*, lived there in 1753, having previously asked his friend, Mason, to find him lodgings not to cost more than "one guinea a week, for a best room, overlooking the street, and not on the second floor"! Twice over, in 1794, Madame du Barri took up her residence in Jermyn Street, having come to London to help the police to track the rascals who had stolen her jewels. On her return to France, after her third and last visit to England, the unfortunate woman was arrested, imprisoned, and finally guillotined. The writer at one time possessed her last English passport, but this, together with several other interesting papers connected with the French Revolution, was unfortunately lost in a fire in Constantinople in 1894, a century after it was issued!

St. James's Church, Piccadilly, which has an entrance in Jermyn Street, was designed by Wren, and consecrated in 1684, and became at one time the most fashionable in London. Defoe tells us that a stranger could not get a convenient seat without paying for it as dearly as he would for a chair at the play; "because all the beauty and quality comes there." The marble font, representing Adam and Eve and the serpent, by Grinlin Gibbons is of extraordinary beauty. So, too, are his wood-carvings in various other parts of the church. A good many celebrities are buried here: amongst them, James Huysman, the painter; Dr. William Sydenham; Charles Cotton, Izaak Walton's associate in *The Complete Angler*; Tom D'Urfey, the dramatist; Mrs. Delany; James Dodsley; the famous Duke of Queensberry—"old Q." as he was called; James Gillray, the caricaturist, and Henry Harlow, the painter. The "polite" Earl of Chesterfield was christened in this church, as also was the first Earl of Chatham. The building has, within the last few years, received an addition in

the shape of an open-air pulpit, erected against the wall facing Piccadilly, round which, on Sunday afternoons, a motley but picturesque crowd gathers to listen to a short sermon.

All the smaller streets near St. James's Square may be considered historical. In King Street, for instance, though it is comparatively new, was Almack's, while Crockford's, or the St. James's Bazaar, was removed to make an opening into St. James's Street as late as 1832. Christie's famous auction rooms are almost exactly opposite the St. James's Theatre, where the greatest of French actresses, Rachel, made her first appearance in London, and was seen by Charlotte Brontë, who in *Villette* has so vividly described the illustrious tragedienne's performance of "Phédre." Napoleon III. lived as an exiled Prince at No. 3; Nelson at No. 19; and it was while Sir William Hamilton was lodging at "the Hotel" in this street that he purchased, direct from the Duchess of Portland, the "Portland vase," now one of the treasures of the British Museum. Swift dwelt for a time in Little Ryde Street; and in Bury Street Moore wrote some of his sweetest lyrics.

St. James's Street must have come into being when Henry VIII. converted the old leper hospital of St. James's into a palace, for even as early as Elizabeth's reign it was a favourite residence for people about the Court. But it was not until the days of Charles II. that "Long Street," as it was originally called, assumed real importance as a fashionable thoroughfare. It then became the chosen lounge of the witty and the gay, and so remained throughout the eighteenth century. In Queen Anne's time it contained several coffee- and chocolate-houses which excluded the general public; and of these a few are even yet in existence; witness, the "Cocoa Tree Tavern," now the Cocoa Tree Club; "White's Chocolate House," now "White's"; the "Thatched House"—which stood on a part of the ground now occupied by the Conservative Club; "Boodle's," known in the eighteenth century as "Crockford's," club and gaming-house, to be distinguished from the bazaar of that ilk; "Arthur's," and one or two more that flourished under other names.

Some very interesting old engravings, representing St. James's Street in the early part of the eighteenth century, show the roadway blocked with prodigious coaches, drawn by four and

even six horses, and with a similar number of footmen hanging on behind, whilst the narrow footpath is crowded with be-hooped ladies, mincing beaux, and elaborately decorated sedan chairs. It was in this street that, between seven and eight o'clock one dark December evening in 1670, the great Duke of Ormond, proceeding homewards in his coach and six, was attacked by the notorious Colonel Blood, who, bearing his Grace a grudge, had planned to capture him, ride off with him to Tyburn and there hang him. The Duke, who was a humane person, fearing that the weight of the six flunkeys, "a' hanging on behind" his coach, would be too much for his horses to drag along, had given orders for them to walk behind the coach. On this unfortunate occasion they lagged behind, so that Blood and his minions were able to pounce upon their victim unopposed. Dragging the Duke out of his coach, they carried him off as far as Berkeley House, now Devonshire House, in Piccadilly. There the captive, who, though elderly, was a very powerful man, managed to trip one of his assailants up, and thus caused a delay which gave his servants time to run to his rescue. Perceiving them, Blood and his companions rode off as fast as they could gallop, leaving his Grace senseless on his back, in the gutter, where, as the street was very dark, he would not have been discovered till morning but for the glitter of his diamond star. Blood, who seems not to have been recognised, contrived to escape for a time, but not long afterwards he was arrested on the famous charge of attempting to steal the Crown Jewels from the Tower, and examined by Charles II. in person. The King, for some reason which has never transpired, not only pardoned him, but actually granted him a pension for life. During this inquiry, Blood confessed that it was he who had attempted to abduct the Duke.

Gibbon the historian died in St. James's Street. In 1815, the clever caricaturist, James Gillray, committed suicide by throwing himself out of the window of No. 29. It was at No. 8 that Lord Byron woke one morning and "found himself famous," after his maiden speech in the House of Lords, and the publication of the two first cantos of *Childe Harold*. In St. James's Place, which leads out of the street towards the Park, Addison was living about 1716, shortly before he married Lady Warwick. At

her house in the same place, the pleasant Mrs. Delany died on April 15, 1788, aged eighty-eight. Sir Francis Burdett died at No. 25 on January 23, 1844. The finest house in the place belonged, at one time, to Samuel Rogers, the banker-poet, the ugliest man of his time. His mansion overlooked the Park, and was crammed with a heterogeneous collection of works of art, from pictures by Titian to Etruscan vases, and English china. The dining-room was the scene of some of the most interesting dinners and breakfasts ever given in London, for round Rogers' hospitable board were often gathered such men as Wellington, Sheridan, Sydney Smith, Walter Scott, Coleridge, Erskine, Grattan, Campbell, Moore, Washington Irving, and Bunsen, and such women as Mme. de Staël and Mrs. Norton. It was at a dinner at Rogers' that Byron first met his biographer, the poet, Tom Moore.

The two neighbouring palaces—St. James's and Buckingham—have each a fair record of historical interest. The former has been frequently alluded to in previous chapters. Amongst its earliest royal occupants were Henry VIII., Anne of Cleves, Princess Elizabeth, Katherine Parr; and Edward VI., who passed the first seven weeks of his reign in this palace, whilst in residence here gave consent for his uncle, Thomas Seymour, to marry his step-mother, Katherine Parr, a few weeks after King Henry's death. Here the said Thomas Seymour wrote to the future Queen Mary, condoling with her on the fact that whilst she was on a visit to her brother Edward at St. James's, the virginals had been removed from her apartment, because the young King, who apparently was not fond of music, did not like to be disturbed by his sister's playing. In one of the State bedrooms, as we have already seen, Queen Mary died; and nearly a century later, Anne Hyde, Duchess of York, passed away in the same chamber. William III. and Mary rarely kept Court here, but in 1698, Peter the Great was entertained at a ball at St. James's Palace. Good care, however, was taken to confine the young but uncouth Tzar in a sort of golden cage from which he could see the dancing without mingling with the company. Throughout the Georgian period St. James's Palace was in constant use—here Caroline of Anspach passed away, after a lingering illness, and her daughter, Princess Mary, literally died of unrequited love for Lord William Hervey, who loved her not at all.

Buckingham Palace stands on ground once used as a sort of public promenade, well known to Mr. Pepys and his friends as the "Mulberry Gardens." Dryden used to come here to eat mulberry tarts with his friend, Mrs. Annie Reeve. Tart Hall occupied the site of the present palace. It was built in 1632 by Althea, Countess of Arundel, and after her death was inhabited by the unfortunate Earl of Stafford. Here the "Arundel Marbles" were brought from the old house in Arundel Street, Strand. The Protestant mob, under the impression that the marble deities and Roman emperors were "Popish idols," threatened to demolish them; and they were actually hidden away in the garden till the storm passed over. Arlington House, where the Cabal was held, succeeded Tart House; and finally, John Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, in 1703 erected on its site the present palace, which, in 1761, was presented to Queen Charlotte at the time Somerset House, her old dower house, was converted into Government Offices. The palace was greatly enlarged when it became a royal residence in the reigns of William IV. and Victoria, and still more recently, when his present Majesty ascended the throne. The pictures are well worth seeing—notably the Rembrandts and the numerous excellent examples of Sir David Wilkie's works, collected here by the late Queen.

There has been a good deal of dispute as to the origin of the name "Piccadilly," some authorities declaring it to be derived from a peculiar sort of ruff, called a *pickadill*, others, from an Italian game of this name, said to resemble ninepins. An entry in the Overseer's Book for St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, for 1640, settles the matter satisfactorily. It mentions a widow, named Mary Barker, as possessing a windmill and a public-house, built upon the site of her late husband's place of entertainment called "Piccadilla Hall." Further investigations led to the discovery of Mr. Barker's will, dated 1623, in which there occurs a reference to "Piccadilla" as a large house, or hall, in two acres of ground, which evidently stood somewhere near the present "Comedy Theatre" in Panton Street. This "Piccadilla" was a favourite resort even in Queen Elizabeth's reign. It was probably built in that of her predecessor, Mary, by one of the Spaniards who came over with Philip II., as a sort of dancing-hall, where people could sup, gamble, and amuse themselves on summer

evenings, its title being derived from the Spanish word, *peccadillo*, or venial sin. This festive establishment may indeed have given its name to the fashionable collar, or ruff, to which allusion has been made above. As early as 1642, there was a street in this neighbourhood, the first part of which was called Piccadilly, while the second, from Cockspur to Albemarle Street, was named Portugal Street, in honour of Catherine of Braganza. Pennant, when he says that Richard, third Earl of Burlington, built Burlington House, now the Royal Academy, because he was certain nobody would build beyond him, talks a good deal of nonsense. Long before Burlington was born, country villas extended along a thoroughfare known as "the road to Reading," and now called Piccadilly. Hereabouts Evelyn had a house which he called "his hut near Hyde Park Gate." In Anne's time, Theophilus, first Lord Lanesborough—who had such a rage for dancing that when he could not find a partner he would dance by himself—built a large house on the site of the present St. George's Hospital. On one occasion, seeing Queen Anne in sore affliction over the death of her son, Prince George, this eccentric peer suggested she should dance a jig to dispel her grief! Apsley House, which stands on the site of the old Ranger's Lodge, was built by Lord Chancellor Apsley, afterwards second Earl Bathurst, whose memory is completely eclipsed by the associations of a later date, when that great grey mansion became the town residence of the famous Duke of Wellington. At No. 130 Piccadilly, a large and handsome house, now occupied by Lord Glenesk, the genial proprietor of the *Morning Post*, that cold-blooded woman Lady Byron, left Lord Byron one evening, with a smile on her handsome face, never to return to a home she had shattered. Here Byron wrote the *Parisina* and *The Siege of Corinth*, and here, in one year, he was served with no less than eighteen writs! The Rothschilds own three mansions, crammed with works of art, a few doors below Apsley House. No. 80 Piccadilly is associated with the name of Sir Francis Burdett. After a stormy career as a reformer, Sir Francis was threatened with arrest in 1810 for a published letter accusing the House of Commons of illegal action. When the Sergeant-at-Arms, the police, and some soldiers arrived at his house in Piccadilly to take him in charge, they found the

mansion barricaded. Sir Francis held out for two days, during which time some serious fighting took place between the people and the soldiers; several lives were lost. On April 9, Burdett was compelled to yield to force, and was conveyed to the Tower. This "siege" in Piccadilly was commemorated by the following amusing lines:—

> "The lady she sate and she played on her lute,
> And she sang, 'Will you come to the bower?'
> The sergeant-at-arms had stood hitherto mute,
> And now he advanced, like an impudent brute,
> And said, 'Will you come to the Tower?'"

After Parliament was prorogued, Sir Francis Burdett was released. He was a Conservative when he died in 1844.

The large house at the corner of Stratton Street belonged at one time to the celebrated Duchess of St. Albans, who as the delightful actress, Miss Mellon, left the stage to marry Mr. Coutts, the rich banker. The Duchess, whose second husband, the Duke of St. Albans, was many years her junior, true to the memory of her "dear Mr. Coutts," fulfilled her promise to him, and actually died in the bed in which he breathed his last. At her death she left £1,700,000 to her step-granddaughter, Miss Angela Burdett, better known to the present generation as the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

The Albany—that "famous residence of bachelors"—occupies the site of the notorious and infamous Earl of Sutherland's house. He was one of James the First's ill-chosen favourites, who, whilst flattering, betrayed him. The Albany dates from 1770, but only assumed its present appearance in 1804. In the hundred years since then, many a famous man has lived in its commodious sets of chambers. In 1814 Byron resided at No. 2, and a little later, Lord Brougham and George Canning had "rooms" in the Albany, whose most celebrated inmate was undoubtedly Lord Macaulay, who passed fifteen of the best years of his life—1841 to 1856—in this quiet, cloistered place, where he wrote his later *Essays* and the greater part of his *History*. "After fifteen happy years, I am going to leave it," he wrote, "thrice as rich a man as when I entered it and far more famous. . . . I hate partings, and when I climbed, panting

and weary, the endless stairs for the last time, the tears would come into my eyes."

Nearly all the streets leading out of Piccadilly date from between 1700 and 1750. Half Moon Street derives its name from a once well-known public-house which has long since disappeared, and here Boswell had his lodgings and entertained Johnson. At No. 1, Madame D'Arblay (Fanny Burney) passed the last years of her life. In Clarges Street stood Clarges House, the residence of Sir Thomas Clarges, brother-in-law of the celebrated George Monk, Duke of Albemarle. At No. 12 Clarges Street, Edmund Kean lived for some years, and actually kept a tame puma in the house; here, too, Mrs. Kean, a very ambitious woman, endeavoured, despite the rough manners of her husband, to entertain "quality."

Old Bond Street is much older than people imagine, having been commenced in 1686 by Sir Thomas Bond, Bart., Comptroller of the Household to Queen Henrietta Maria; after which it soon became fashionable. The *Weekly Journal* in 1717 speaks of "Bond Street loungers, who pass from two till five o'clock." Macaulay, in an eloquent passage, asserts that Gibbon was inspired to write his famous *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* by the sight of the ruins of ancient Rome, but, as a matter of fact, the work was written in a house which occupied the site of the present No. 10 Bond Street. At No. 41, Lawrence Sterne died neglected and heavily in debt in 1786; and Boswell lodged for a time in this street, where on one occasion he gave a dinner to Johnson, Goldsmith, Reynolds, and Garrick. New Bond Street is, as its name implies, newer than its continuation, being a mere lane leading through an open field called—from the water conduit there—Conduit Mead as late as 1700. At No. 141 Lord Nelson lodged for a time in 1797.

Devonshire House, Piccadilly, stands on the site of a mansion belonging to Lord Berkeley of Stratton, the building of which, Pepys tells us, cost £30,000. The original mansion, which contained many noble saloons, and a staircase of cedar-wood, was burnt down in the first year of the eighteenth century, when the present extremely ugly one was erected on its site by William, third Duke of Devonshire. Here the Duchess Georgiana held

her "court," and ruled the world of politics with a smile. She also presided over her own card-table, for, although she was a very bad player she was an inveterate gambler, and often had to pawn her jewels to gratify her dangerous propensity. Here Fox, Burke, Wyndham, Fitzpatrick, and Sheridan did homage to this charming woman, who, in addition to many accomplishments, had an unrivalled grace of manner, accompanied by genuine kindliness. Later on, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, the honours of Devonshire House were dispensed by the Duke's second wife, Elizabeth Foster, whose portrait by Gainsborough, falling into the hands of thieves in our day, won a fame quite beyond the artistic merits of the picture, which is now in the possession of Mr. Pierpont Morgan.

The first buildings in Berkeley Square date from the seventeenth century. Needless to say, most of the old houses have been pulled down and rebuilt since those days, but the Square has essentially what the French call "*le grand air.*" The south side is occupied by Lansdowne House, which was designed by Adam, in 1765, for the then Earl of Bute, who sold it a few years later to the first Marquis of Lansdowne for £22,000. This house contains a very fine collection of pictures, amongst them several superb full-length portraits by Reynolds and Gainsborough. Many notable people have dwelt in this Square. At No. 9 Pope lived for a time, to be near his friend Lord Burlington. The house has long since been replaced. Horace Walpole lived for nearly twenty years at No. 11, dying there in 1797. Colley Cibber, the dramatist, died at No. 4, and the second Earl of Chatham at No. 6. At No. 38 the beautiful Lady Sophia Fane, afterwards Countess of Jersey, lived for several years. No. 13 witnessed the last hours of Admiral Rous, and next door to him died, not many years ago, Mr. Frederick Swindell, so well known in sporting circles. At No. 29, Lady Anne Barnard, who composed "Auld Robin Gray," lived and died. On the east side of the Square is Gunter's, the first confectioner's shop ever opened in London. Thomas's Hotel (No. 25), was at one time the London residence of Charles James Fox. Berkeley Square is also a lasting testimony to the unhappy fact that England, when she yields to one of her fits

of hysterical sentiment, is apt to commit monstrous crimes. Our treatment of Admiral Byng was as unrelentingly stupid as was that accorded by France to Lally Tollendal, but even these acts of official malignity may not be compared with our outrageous attitude towards the great Lord Clive. He who saved India and raised a trading Company to be masters of an Empire, committed suicide on November 22, 1774, at his house, No. 45 Berkeley Square, driven desperate by unjust treatment and malevolent calumny—a victim, if ever there was one, of a nation's ingratitude.

Not far away, round the corner in Charles Street, lives, and let us hope will long live, Lady Dorothy Nevill, by birth a Walpole and, therefore, a near kinswoman of the great Horace. Lady Dorothy has contrived, by her charm of manner, her sprightly wit, and her dainty personality, to bring into the twentieth century something of the grace and refinement of the eighteenth. She is, indeed, a link with the past, for as a girl she knew Agnes Berry well, and Agnes was once upon a time engaged to Horace Walpole! She was very old when she died in 1853, when Lady Dorothy was the young and fascinating wife of Mr. Richard Nevill of Dangersten.

But a short distance westward of Berkeley Square is Mayfair, a district anciently known as Brook Fields, where a celebrated fair was held, in the midst of green meadows, from the reign of James I. until about 1750. Pennant describes it as very disorderly, even more so than those of Bartholomew or Greenwich. It opened on the first of May, lasting for sixteen days, and was so ill-conducted that at last, in 1708, it was suspended, though it must have been revived very soon afterwards, since on May 24, 1748, the *Tatler* informs us that "the downfall of May Fair has sunk the price of this noble creature. [Meaning an elephant exhibited there.] A tiger will sell almost as cheap as an ox, and I am credibly informed that a man may purchase a calf with three legs for very nearly the value of one with four!" A donkey-race was actually held in this part of the town as late as 1756, though the green meadows were being rapidly covered with fashionable residences. The celebrated Mayfair Chapel, presided over by the notorious and very irreverent parson Keith, stood a few yards beyond that which was pulled down only two

or three years ago to make room for the present Duke of Marlborough's town residence. For some years it was a sort of West End "Fleet Chapel," where people could be married without a proper license. A remarkable advertisement still exists in which the Rev. Alexander Keith sets forth the advantages of his chapel. It runs as follows:—

"To Prevent Mistakes: the little new chapel in Mayfair, near Hyde Park Corner, is the corner house opposite to the City side of the great chapel. The minister and the Clerk live in the same corner house, and the license on a Crown stamp, minister and Clerk's fees, together with a certificate, amount to one guinea, as heretofore, at any hour, till four in the afternoon."

As regards the fashion in which the business was conducted, there does not seem to have been much difference between this matrimonial agency and the more notorious one in the Fleet, where as many as six thousand marriages were said to have been contracted in one year; but there the parson stood outside the chapel door, like a showman, inviting passers-by to come in and get married, even for half a crown if they had not the necessary guinea about them. It was in the Mayfair Chapel that the youngest of the beautiful Miss Gunnings was married to the Duke of Hamilton, with the ring of a bed-curtain, half an hour after twelve at night. A little later her younger, and even lovelier, sister married the Earl of Coventry. The Duchess of Hamilton, widowed of her "impossible" Duke, afterwards espoused the Duke of Argyle. She was thus twice a Duchess and the mother of two dukes, their Graces of Hamilton and Argyle.

Grosvenor Square, perhaps the handsomest in London, whose garden was laid out by Kent, one of our most celebrated landscape gardeners, was commenced about 1695, and has ever since been a favourite residence with people of great "quality." Here, early in the eighteenth century, dwelt that very ugly old dame, Melusina Von Schulenburg, Duchess of Kendal, the hard-featured friend of George I. Before the erection of Chesterfield House, in Chesterfield Street,[1] the Schulenburg's daughter, Petronilla Melusina, Countess of Chesterfield, lived next door to her mother. At

[1] The site of Chesterfield House is now occupied by Chesterfield Gardens.

39 Grosvenor Square lived Lord Harrowby, who, together with Lords Sidmouth and Castlereagh, were the intended victims of the Cato Street Conspiracy which created such a huge sensation in 1820. Their lordships were to have been assassinated by Thistlewood and his confederates whilst at dinner. Unluckily for Thistlewood and his fellow-conspirators, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who lived next door to Lord Harrowby, also gave a dinner-party on the fateful night, whence arose considerable confusion; and the traitors, instead of bringing away the heads of the three Ministers as they had vowed they would, bungled the affair, and were captured in a loft in Cato Street, off the Edgware Road, now renamed Homer Street. Thistlewood himself was caught at 8 White Street, Little Moorfields. The whole party of conspirators were sent to the Tower, being, by the way, the last political offenders ever imprisoned there. After a three days' trial, Arthur Thistlewood and his four accomplices were condemned to death, and hanged May 1 at the Old Bailey. They met death with dignity, in the presence of a multitude of people. Many sympathised with the condemned, and looked upon them as martyrs, whilst others hooted and jeered at them as the worst of criminals. Possibly we should take a middle course, and rank them with the crazy anarchists of our own time. We should certainly not have hanged them, for, after all, no one was hurt—but themselves! Half London went to see the house in Cato Street where the plot was hatched, and the man who owned it is said to have made a small fortune by showing it to the curious at sixpence a head.

All the streets in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor Square date from about the middle of the eighteenth century. In Upper Grosvenor Street died, in 1765, the Duke of Cumberland, certainly not the hero, but rather the "butcher" of Culloden. In Grosvenor Street, in 1730, the beautiful Mrs. Oldfield, the actress, expired, after a long illness. Her corpse, superbly dressed in fine Brussels lace, with "a tucker and double ruffles, and a pair of new kid gloves on its hands," was conveyed by night to the Jerusalem Chamber at Westminster, where it lay in state for a whole day, being subsequently buried in the cloister of the Abbey in the presence of a great crowd of mourners, among the pall-bearers being Earl de la Warr,

Lord Hervey, and Bubb Doddington. Grosvenor House, in Upper Grosvenor Street, now the town residence of the Duke of Westminster, at one time belonged to the Duke of Gloucester, brother of George III. It was greatly enlarged in 1842, from the designs of Thomas Cundy, and contains one of the finest private galleries in England, being especially rich in pictures by Rembrandt, Rubens, Van Dyck, and other Dutch masters. The gems of the collection are, however, the splendid "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse," by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the equally celebrated "Blue Boy," by Gainsborough.

Hanover Square dates from 1718, and although many of its finest houses have disappeared, to be replaced by rather unsightly flats, a few yet remain to give it that air of picturesque distinction peculiar to the finest parts of London in the eighteenth century. It is associated with many eminent people, and among them the Duchess Augusta, wife of that Duke of Brunswick who fell at Jena, and mother of him who fell at Quatrebras. She was the daughter of Frederick, Prince of Wales, was born in 1737, and lived far into the first quarter of the last century. George Granvil, Lord Lansdowne, the poet, passed away in Hanover Square in 1735. Admiral Lord Rodney died here in 1792, and the gallant Lord Anson thirty years earlier. The Dukes of Montrose and Roxburgh had houses here, with Lord Dunmore, Sir Theodore Jansen, Colonel Fane, Lord Brooke, and the Austrian Ambassador, as their neighbours. At the corner house of Brook Street, Talleyrand lived, when French Ambassador in England; and in the west centre of the square, the lovely Madame de Balbi held her "court" at a time when she exercised a very great influence over the facile heart of the Prince Regent.

The history of the King's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, would be well worth writing and reading, since it would be an epitome of the rise and progress of the higher form of classical music in England. The rooms were built for Johann, a son of the great Sebastian Bach, who settled in London in the middle of the eighteenth century; they were decorated by West, Gainsborough, and Cipriani. Bach the younger continued to give concerts here for many years; and Haydn's *Creation*, Handel's *Messiah*, and Beethoven's sonatas were first heard in England in

these Rooms. Here Catalani, Malibran, Storace, Muzio Clementi, Chopin, Pasta, Persiani, Braham, Rubini, Ivanhoff, Paganini, Grisi, Mario, Clara Novello, Sarasate, Alboni, Sontag, Jenny Lind, Santley, Giuglini, Graziani, Gardoni, and Theresa Titiens were often heard by the Court and the worlds of music and fashion. In 1875, the Rooms were closed and the place turned into a club-house. The town had grown too big and the Rooms too small for the purpose for which they were originally designed. The Albert and the St. James's Halls were better suited for concerts, and large heterogeneous audiences and competition eventually closed the old home of chamber music, which had held its own for over a century.

St. George's Church, Hanover Square, was begun in 1713 and completed in 1724, since when it has remained the most fashionable of all London churches for weddings. The notorious Duchess of Kingston was married here to the Duke of that ilk, in 1769, her first husband, Mr. Hervey, afterwards Earl of Bristol, being still alive. She is described in the registers as "a spinster." Sir William Hamilton was married in this church, on the 6th of September, 1791, to Miss Emma Hart, so famous for the sake of Romney and of Nelson. Richard Cosway, the miniaturist, was married to Mary Hatfield, also an accomplished miniaturist, in 1771; and Augustus Frederick, Duke of Sussex, to his morganatic wife, Lady Augusta Murray, on December 5, 1793. She was afterwards created Duchess of Inverness, and died late in the 'sixties. Here the only too celebrated Lola Montes was married in 1849 to Mr. Heath. In the churchyard lies buried Lawrence Sterne, the author of *Tristram Shandy* and *The Sentimental Journey*.

Cavendish Square is also of the early Georgian period, and derives its name from Robert Harley, second Earl of Oxford and Mortimer, whose name is associated with the famous Harleian collection of books and manuscripts, and who married Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles; hence, also, Holles Street in this neighbourhood. In 1717, the building of the Square was commenced, but the works were interrupted by the disastrous bursting of the "South Sea Bubble," which for a time put an end to the speculation. The eccentric but very clever Lady Mary Wortley Montagu dates many of her letters from Cavendish

Square, between 1723–31. George Romney lived for over twenty years at No. 32. Reynolds, who did not like him, usually described him as "the man that lives in Cavendish Square." Romney eventually sold his lease to Sir Martin Archer Shee, President of the Royal Academy. Frederick Cotes, whose pictures are often confounded with the early works of Reynolds, was also a resident here; and so too was John Wootton, the animal-painter. Captain and Mrs. Horatio Nelson lived, but none too harmoniously, at No. 5. The large corner house of Harley Street, which was the left wing of the Duke of Chandos's intended mansion, was bought and presented, after the death of her father George II., to Princess Amelia, who held her "tiny Court" here for over a quarter of a century. The whole of the west side of the Square is occupied by a huge and rather dismal-looking house, containing some extremely handsome rooms, which was lately the town residence of the Marquis of Breadalbane.

All the houses hereabouts, Harley Street, Wimpole Street, Welbeck Street, Queen Anne Street, etc., were built in the first half and middle of the eighteenth century. Some of them, especially in Wimpole and Harley Streets, still possess ceilings ornamented in the graceful stucco style of decoration known as "Adam's," which does not, however, in any way prove that this distinguished artist had a hand in designing them. The brothers Adam built Portland Place, which is still quite the handsomest street of private residences in London. Portland Square was begun in 1765, and amongst its noteworthy inhabitants was Mrs. Montagu, whose wit and originality attracted all the rank and talent of her day to her *salon*; the walls of which apartment were covered with the feather hangings rendered famous by Cowper—

> "The birds put off their every hue,
> To dress a room for Montagu.
> The peacock sends his heavenly dyes,
> His rainbows and his starry eyes.
> The pheasant's plumes, which here enfold
> His mantling neck with downy gold.
> The cock his arched tails azure show,
> And, river blanched, the swan his snow."

In the summer of 1796 a crowd used to assemble of a summer afternoon round the railings of Portman Square, in the

hope of obtaining a good view of the Turkish Ambassador Maveroudi Effendi, and his suite, who were wont to squat, in full Oriental dress, upon the greensward, and occasionally astonish the natives by touching the ground with their foreheads while saying their prayers.

Somewhere about 1805, the celebrated Madame Tussaud eclipsed Mrs. Salmon by the perfection of her waxen presentments of celebrities past and present, which she collected in her renowned Exhibition in Baker Street. She was a remarkable little woman, of a good Swiss family, and a niece of Curtius, a Swiss artist in waxwork, who was much mixed up in French politics during the Revolution. As Mdlle. Gresholthz, the future Madame Tussaud had the honour of teaching waxwork to Marie Antoinette and the Princess Elizabeth of France, a connection with Royalty that eventually got her into the clutches of the Jacobins and sent her to La Force, where her name figures in the same list of condemned prisoners as Josephine Beauharnais, afterwards Empress. The late Mr. Francis Tussaud, the old lady's son, once told the writer that his mother had often related to him how one day she noticed from her prison windows a woman pass by, pointing in a curious manner to her dress (*robe*) and then picking up a stone (*pierre*), run her hands round her neck; meaning to convey to the prisoners by these antics that Robespierre had been guillotined. As a matter of fact, a few hours later the doors of La Force were thrown open —Thérmidor had liberated the intended victims of the Terror, which came to an abrupt close with the death of the "green" demagogue.[1] The old Duke of Wellington, who had much regard for Madame Tussaud, used to enjoy a chat with her, and to hear her relate the terrible scenes she had witnessed during the Revolution, in which her uncle, Curtius, took a far more prominent part than is generally imagined. Much that happened was plotted in his studio, and, being a humane man, he was the means of warning several victims and saving many lives. This he was able to do, thanks to the remarks he had heard fall from the lips of such men as Robespierre, Danton, and Marat, who often forgathered at his supper-table. The popular Exhibition

[1] So called on account of his strange complexion—a pale, sea-green white —the external sign of a deadly internal complaint.

was removed in 1885 to the Marylebone Road, where it still flourishes. Sarah Siddons died in the house at the right-hand side of the top of Upper Baker Street, which was pulled down only last year to make way for the "Tube" Station.

In York Place Pitt lived for some years; and nearer our own time, Cardinal Wiseman resided, when Archbishop of Westminster, in this same street, and held receptions attended by many political, social, and literary celebrities. Round the corner in Marylebone Road dwelt Faraday, and in Gloucester Place Wilkie Collins spent the last and most prosperous years of his life. In Devonshire Terrace Charles Dickens resided for many years, and in Blandford Square George Eliot wrote *Romola*; the house and the Square have, however, gone the way of all things, and the Great Central Railway's Marylebone Station covers the site of the quiet, old-fashioned Square, in one corner of which stood a convent.

CHAPTER XVII

THE DAWN OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1801, dawned damp and muggy, and it was with some surprise that people noticed an unusually large flock of seagulls hovering over the upper part of the Thames. The suburban gardens were full of flowers, and primroses—so the *Gentleman's Magazine* informed its readers—had already been seen "in the shady nooks of Kent." King George III. and Queen Charlotte, who, on account of his Majesty's declining health, had spent the previous New Year's Day at Frogmore, arrived in town on December 31, 1800, and drove to Buckingham Palace in the very State coach used by King Edward VII. when he opened his first Parliament. On January 1, about eleven o'clock, the King went in semi-state to the House of Lords, walking to the Throne Room between the Lords Hood and Nelson. That evening Queen Charlotte gave a banquet, which included all the members of the Royal Family, with the exception of the Prince and Princess of Wales, neither of whom were in favour. The daily papers inform us that "Her Majesty was dressed in pale blue watered silk shot with silver," spread over one of those huge hoops which still formed part of the Court costume imposed by etiquette, although in ordinary life hoops and panniers had both long dropped out of fashion. Princess Amelia, the handsomest of George the Third's daughters, wore pale pink, and looked, we are assured, "very beautiful."

No special rejoicings, religious services, illuminations, or bonfires commemorated the dawn of the most progressive of the centuries. The *Morning Post*, it is true, burst into verse, and the *Times* commemorated the date by a violent attack on Napoleon Bonaparte, at this time the best hated man in Europe. The

"Thunderer" of Printing House Square could not even mention the First Consul without insulting his wife, "that woman, Josephine, whom Bonaparte has had the impudence to palm off on respectable society as his wife." From end to end of Great Britain "Old Boney" was regarded as the very devil incarnate, his name being even used as a bogey with which to frighten children. The shop-windows teemed with caricatures by Bunbury, Rowlandson, and Gillray, in which the Corsican was represented as His Satanic Majesty, tails, horns, and hoofs complete; for although as yet only First Consul, the influence of this extraordinary man had made itself felt even in the remotest corners of the civilised world. The conversation of the period teemed with exaggerated anecdotes concerning his career, his phenomenal adventures, his rapid and perilous passage across the Alps, and the regal style in which he lived in Paris.

The names of Castlereagh and Grattan were rising into prominence; the possibility of Catholic emancipation was being boldly asserted, and the necessity for the abolition of the Slave Trade less timidly discussed. Fox was doing all he could to obtain peace. Malta, meanwhile, was being bombarded and annexed to the British dominions. Our Indian Empire was slowly consolidating, and the daughter of Tippoo-Sahib, whose terrible father had been killed two years previously at the siege of Seringapatam, had just landed in England, to become the ward, and afterwards the wife, of Sir Richard Hill.

The political horizon was undoubtedly threatening, but there was still much, so at least said the Press, for which Englishmen ought to be both thankful and hopeful. If France had her Bonaparte, we had our Nelson, our Wellington, and many another warrior by sea and land. Although taxes were heavy, trade paralysed, and the fashionable world, debarred from foreign travel, was fain to drink the waters at Bath, Buxton, Cheltenham, Clifton, Tunbridge, or even Hampstead and Islington, the public mind might rest easy in the conviction that Britain's enemies would soon be overcome, and that she herself would, in the choice language of the National Anthem, shortly "frustrate their knavish tricks"!

Socially speaking, indeed, we were not much better than our neighbours. It is true that the King and Queen gave an

admirable example of domestic virtue, but the Prince of Wales and his brothers were leading very irregular existences. The Heir-Apparent was considered the handsomest man of the day; "to a superb figure," says a contemporary, "he added a noble head, fine features, splendid blue eyes, glorious colouring, and beautiful brown curling hair." Inordinate love of pleasure and excessive selfishness ruined what might otherwise have been a remarkable character. His marriage with Caroline of Brunswick was most unfortunate; she was a plain, coarse, red-cheeked woman, whose behaviour, at best, was exceedingly imprudent, and from the moment of first seeing her the unhappy Princess contrived to inspire both the Prince and his mother, Queen Charlotte, with an invincible feeling of repugnance. The ascendency of the handsome Mrs. Fitzherbert, to whom the Prince had been clandestinely married by a Roman Catholic priest some years before the arrival of the Princess of Wales, had not improved his reputation. The first year of the century saw this beautiful woman, who was a good many years older than the Prince, living in fashionable exclusiveness in the somewhat ambiguous position of his morganatic wife. Her rival in his fleeting affections, the lovely Mrs. Robinson,—"Perdita,"[1]—died on the eve of the new century, and was buried in its first week. But if the Prince of Wales had made himself over-conspicuous, Nelson's attachment to Lady Hamilton, the wife of our Ambassador at Naples, was also food for much gossip. The print shops were full of her portraits, mostly after Romney,[2] and there was talk of the time, not long past, when, as we have said, at Schomburg House, Pall Mall, as Emma Hart, she sat in a bath of mineral water, with her head elaborately dressed, while the quack doctor, Graham, whose real name was Abraham, sat opposite her and lectured. People of all ranks came in their thousands, and paid sixpence to see the pair. In 1800, Lady Hamilton, although her beauty was already fading, was at the

[1] See her lovely portrait by Gainsborough in the Wallace Collection.

[2] This lovely, and, in many ways, kindly woman was the most celebrated of the great painter Romney's models. He has portrayed her in an incredible number of poses, varying from "Lady Hamilton as Innocence," to "Lady Hamilton as Despair." The most beautiful of them all is the charming "Lady Hamilton as a Bacchante," and the wonderful sketch of "Lady Hamilton reading the news of the Battle of the Nile."

zenith of her popularity. Six years later the death of Nelson proved how fickle the popular affection really was, for although the hero recommended "poor Emma" to the Nation, with his last breath, the Nation, in a fit of prudery, allowed the woman whom its hero adored to die of sheer want at Calais, in 1816.

The London of a hundred years ago was very different from the London of to-day. A very large city, and by far the most populous in Europe, though closely rivalled by Naples and Constantinople, in outward respect it had changed but little since that fine day in the eighteenth century when Dr. Johnson philosophised in Fleet Street on its prodigious size and the "variety" of its inhabitants. The town virtually ended at Park Lane, then a narrow, irregular thoroughfare, whose houses—like the palaces that have succeeded them—faced Hyde Park. It contained very few "genteel" dwellings. Rows upon rows of stone-cutters' yards, full of the unsightly tombstones then in vogue, gave it that depressing air which still cast a gloom over the Euston Road, then known as the New Road, whither the "artists in funereal monuments" migrated, some ten years later, and where their descendants still flourish. Intermingled with these cheerless "depositories" were a few dairy farms, and an amazing number of public-houses.

In Piccadilly, however, there were a good many fine mansions; in fact, it was already a fashionable thoroughfare. Along the Knightsbridge and Brompton Roads were very few private houses, and no continuous streets. Turnip and wheat fields covered the area occupied by modern Belgravia and what we now call South Kensington. Should my readers desire to realise the exact extent of London in 1800, they have but to look at the map of the metropolis and its suburbs in the Print Room of the British Museum; a glance at this will reveal and explain the fact that the population of our capital then barely exceeded 900,000.

There were no houses round Kilburn, where a considerable ruin of the famous Priory still stood; St. John's Wood was a wood indeed; Chalk Farm retained its farm buildings; Belsize House, with its beautiful park and lake, was the only dwelling near Primrose Hill. Camden Town was a village, and a handful of dwellings marked the site of Kentish Town. "Merrie"

Islington consisted of one straggling street. There were nursery gardens at Hoxton; and as to Pentonville, it was not yet born, nor thought of. Bow was a hamlet; Stratford was not yet; and Tottenham, Hackney, Dalston, Clapham, Canonbury, and Barnsbury, were nice little country villages with red-brick houses set in delightful old-fashioned gardens full of venerable fruit trees and flowering shrubs. There was scarcely a house on Notting Hill; on Campden Hill stood several Elizabethan and Georgian mansions within their own well-kept parks. Three of these, Holland House, Campden House—almost entirely destroyed by fire in 1863, but rebuilt in the same style—and Aubrey House, still remain, but their grounds have been slowly eaten up by the builder, more often than not the jerry-builder! Earl's Court was famous for its gardens; and the very extensive ones attached to Rutland House covered the site now occupied by terraces, squares, and so-called gardens, wherein never a shrub doth grow. On another side of London, Bloomsbury was rapidly growing into a quarter much frequented by rich West Indian and East Indian Nabobs. In 1804, the Duke of Bedford pulled down Bedford, formerly Southampton, House, and on the site of its fine garden—which, by the way, contained a splendid avenue of lime-trees—built Russell, and the adjoining squares and streets. Houses were rapidly springing up along the Oxford Road, beyond Tyburnia; and the birth of Bayswater was not far distant. Marylebone had already 762 houses, and a population of over 60,000. In 1820, Oxford Street stretched no farther than where the Marble Arch now stands. Regent Street was commenced in 1813, when houses first began to be built round Regent's Park. Nash was the architect, not only of the Street and now abolished Quadrant, but also of the church in Langham Place, which he intended to have been its terminal feature. Portland Place was to have ended in a magnificent palace, of which the plans accepted by the Regent exist, though the foundation stone was never laid for want of funds.

Kensington proper was far more fashionable then than it is now, and very great people still lived in the Square immortalised by Thackeray.

From 1700 to 1800, the increase of the London population

had only amounted to the difference between 670,000 and 840,000, or, according to another account, 900,000. The population of London proper is now at least four millions and a half—an increase of more than three and a half millions during the nineteenth, as compared with 170,000 or 230,000 in the eighteenth century.

The approaches to London were considered so unsafe, even as late as 1810, that strangers were cautioned to avoid arriving after dusk on account of the highwaymen and footpads who frequently attacked the coaches and robbed their passengers. Nearly twenty years earlier, things were equally bad in the very heart of London. In 1786, as Walpole wrote, "the mail from France was robbed last night [January 7] in Pall Mall, at half-past eight. The chaise had stopped, the harness was cut and the portmanteau was taken out of the chaise itself. A courier is gone to Paris for a copy of the despatches. What think you of banditti in the heart of such a capital?"

In 1700 there was one bridge across the Thames; in 1800 there were three—London, Blackfriars and Westminster; at the present time there are fifteen, one of which is for trains and foot-passengers only. The outward aspect of the city proper underwent no very material change between Charles the Second's time and the Battle of Trafalgar. In a word, the London which witnessed the birth of the nineteenth century compared with that which saw the dawn of the twentieth, was as a small tangerine to a big orange.

Two main arteries traversed the city as in Roman and Plantagenet times. One, beginning with Uxbridge Road at the north side of Hyde Park, stretched to beyond St. Paul's, changing its name during its course, from Oxford Street to Holborn and Cheapside; the other, commencing at Kensington Church, ran by Knightsbridge, Piccadilly, St. James's Street, Pall Mall, Charing Cross, Strand, Fleet Street, to Ludgate Hill. Except in a few of the newer West End streets, there were no side-walks. There was nothing, of course, to protect passengers who crossed the road; and, strange as it may seem, the traffic was comparatively greater than it is now, especially that connected with the transport of heavy goods, which has been relieved by the various railways. It was no uncommon sight to see great

waggons hauled by six or eight horses, and piled with all sorts of goods, which had travelled from places as far distant as Edinburgh, trundling through the fashionable quarters at the most inappropriate hours of the day. Then there were short-stage mail-coaches with two horses, and long-stage coaches with four, that blocked the roadway; their somewhat erratic progress heralded by a perpetual blowing of horns and cracking of prodigiously long whips. The coach between Paddington and the city ran once a day, and took three hours to reach Holborn Bars, the coachman's son being regularly employed to tell stories and play the fiddle to while away the time! Yet another coach stopped twenty-two times between Richmond and the Bank.

When the century was young, sedan chairs were still generally used by ladies going to the theatres or to parties. It was not until 1829, that an undertaker named Shillibeer introduced the first 'bus, which ran from the Bank to the "Yorkshire Stingo," "New Road." Shortly afterwards another 'bus ran from the "Angel," Islington, to Capel Court. Clumsy donkey-carts laden with small coal, and wooden drays bearing giddy piles of beer casks, frequently provoked the satire of the portly coachmen, who charioteered the bright canary-painted coaches and cabriolets of the aristocracy and gentry. These, too, were sometimes drawn by four horses, attended by two or three—ay, and even six—gorgeous flunkeys who hung on behind by ornate straps.

Some five thousand persons, who earned their living as porters in the metropolis, constantly barred the passage of pedestrians with their unwieldy loads, their jostling and quarrelling adding not a little to the general confusion. Hundreds of articles now only to be had in shops were then peddled in the streets, and the London "cries" were fifty times noisier and more numerous than nowadays. Fish barrows were common all over the town; shrimps, cockles, oysters, prawns, herrings, and periwinkles were cried from dawn to dusk, and so also were mackerel, soles, and "fine fresh herrings." In spring, barrows of cucumbers were pushed along by country-women with big poke-bonnets and very short petticoats. Earthenware, toys, fruit, flowers—everything, in short—was hawked up and down the street, with shrill-voiced cries, each cry differing from its fellows, yet familiar to every housemaid and kitchen-wench.

There was the old-clothes man with his "Old clo', old clo'." He generally wore a bag slung across his shoulders, and three or four hats, one crammed above the other, on his head. This fellow was almost invariably of the Hebrew persuasion.

"Cabbages, turnips!" cries a fellow whose donkey is piled with the vegetables in question. "Sand o'!" shouts another with a donkey whose burden is baskets full of sand. "Buy my live geese!" yells a good country dame, driving a flock of live birds before her. "Any new River water, water here?" "Buy a rope of onions, o'!" "Any bellows to mend?" "Knives to grind?" "Who's for a mutton pie or an eel pie?" "Buy my fire-stone!" "Roasted pip-pips, piping hot!" "Brick-dust to-day?" "Doormats, want?" "Buy my clove water!" "Quick [living] periwinkles!" "Songs, three yards a penny!" "Cherries o'! ripe cherries o'!" "Wallflowers all a-growin' all a-blowin'!" "Oysters, twelvepence a peck!" "Rue, sage and mint, farthing a bunch!" "Tuppence a hundred cockles!" "Brave Windsor beans!" "Buy my mops, buy my good wool mops!" "Buy a linnet or a goldfinch?" "New laid eggs, eight a groat!" "Buy a broom?" "Young lambs to sell!" "Hearthstone!" "Nice Yorkshire cakes!" "Buy my matches, maids, my nice small pointed matches?" "Hot rolls!" "Will you buy a beaupot?"—probably *beau* was a word of Norman origin; the term "beaupot" is still used in out-of-the-way country places to signify a posy or nosegay, in which sweet-smelling herbs and blossoms, such as rosemary, sweetbriar, balm, roses, carnations, violets, wallflowers, mignonette, sweet-william, and other good old-fashioned, heavy-scented flowers predominate. Cherries were sold on a long stick; one never sees them thus hawked nowadays, though only a few years ago the habit still prevailed. It must be remembered that these cries not only resounded—as indeed they still do—in certain crowded by-streets off the Strand, Oxford Street, Holborn, and Whitechapel, and on the other side of the Thames in the Borough, but in every street in London from early morning till late at night, swelling not a little what Dr. Johnson was pleased to call the "roar of the mighty city."

Although the prevailing architecture of the town, especially in the West End, was Georgian, of which, as we have seen,

innumerable fine specimens still exist (principally in Mayfair and Bloomsbury), a great number of old mediæval houses, dating back to the sixteenth and even to the fifteenth centuries, were dotted about in all directions, especially in the Strand, Holborn, and in side streets which had not been completely destroyed by the Great Fire. It is but a few years, as we have said, since Nell Gwynne's so-called house in Wych Street and the whole of picturesque old Holywell Street, were pulled down. In the Strand, near where the present Law Courts stand, there was Beaumont Row, a row of old houses, one of which had been inhabited not very long before by no less a personage than the Chevalier d'Eon de Beaumont, that queer individual who spent one half of his life dressed as a woman, which did not prevent his representing King Louis XVI. at the Court of St. James's.

The Old Royal Exchange, designed by Edward Jerman, was not as yet replaced by the present structure, to be opened by Queen Victoria in 1844. In this old Exchange there was an inner cloister or gallery, devoted to the sale of fancy goods, and it was the fashion for our immediate forebears to make their purchases of gloves and haberdashery there. That picturesque but very inconvenient old Jacobean building, Northumberland House, was still inhabited by the Dukes of that ilk. Hungerford Market occupied the space now covered by Charing Cross Station and Hotel, and continued so to do until late in the 'sixties; and Temple Bar, which should never have been removed, still marked the boundary line between the cities of London and Westminster. In the place of the present Law Courts, there was a labyrinth of lanes and streets, mainly inhabited by small solicitors, racing and betting men, and all manner of adventurers. All the principal London roads were blocked by turnpikes, and people had either to show their "pass" or pay their "pike." In the Euston Road, there were no less than three turnpikes, one to the east, one to the west, and one at Battle Bridge (now King's Cross), and there were as many in the East India Dock Road. Men, not far past their fortieth year, can still remember the scene on Derby Day when hundreds of carriages were stopped while the pikeman fought for his fees. There was a turnpike close to the Marble Arch which still bore the ominous name of Tyburn, another at the beginning of Kensington Gardens, and yet another in the

NEW LONDON BRIDGE

Hampstead Road.[1] As for Trafalgar Square, its site was covered by a number of very old buildings, and by the ancient and not ill-designed edifice known as the King's Mews, already described. Nelson's Monument was not; there were no fountains and no National Gallery.

Most of the shops had bay windows, with very small panes, and the display of goods was of the most meagre description. Although then, as now, jewellery was mainly bought in Bond Street, none was exhibited in the windows; it was all kept inside in iron boxes. The shops in the side streets were open and unglazed, as they are in many Continental cities to this day. Indeed, the tax upon light was so heavy that as much business as possible was transacted by daylight; people rarely left their houses after dusk unless to attend a theatre or go to a party, or to some tea-garden such as Vauxhall or Ranelagh. After dusk, indeed, the streets were anything but tempting or lively. They were still ill-drained, ill-paved, dirty, and so badly lighted that Bond Street, with its ten oil-lamps slung at intervals across the road, was considered "quite brilliant."

After sunset, the greater part of the metropolis was in something like Egyptian darkness; for although a German named Frederic Albert Winzer (anglicised to Winsor) had, in 1804, taken out a patent for the manufacture of both coke and gas, and had even attempted to start "The National Light and Heat Company," he made very slow progress. Even scientific men were not agreed as to the value of the discovery, and the celebrated Sir Humphry Davy scoffed at it, being supported in his opinion by Sir Walter Scott. But in the same year, by an experiment made at the Lyceum Theatre, Winzer demonstrated the possibility of lighting houses by the new process. This playhouse, by the way, was not then used for theatrical performances, but as a lecture-room. Winzer's demonstration obtained him a few wealthy clients, and a considerable sum of money was soon subscribed to support his scheme. The first attempt to light a street by gas was made in August 1807, when Golden Lane Brewery and a portion of Beech and Whitecross Streets were illuminated. The first gas-lamps, if we may judge by a curious

[1] This last is commemorated to our day in a public-house called "The Gate House," bearing the appropriate sign of a five-barred gate.

contemporary engraving, had triple burners, were exceedingly ungainly, and must have been lamentably wasteful. The print in question represents a group of people as asphyxiated by the foul smell of the hydro-carbon. The gas may have been vile, indeed, but its influence can hardly have produced the effects delineated, for a lady and gentleman are seen running away from a lamp-post with their fingers to their noses, an elderly gentleman is taken sick, and a dog races off, as fast as his legs can carry him, in quest of fresher air! The *Morning Post* of June 15, 1805, announced that Messrs. Lardner and Co.'s shop at the corner of Piccadilly, "is illuminated every evening with the Carbonated Hydrogen Gas. It produces a much more brilliant light than either tallow or oil, and proves in a striking manner the advantages to be derived from so valuable an application." Ashton, in that excellent work, *The Nineteenth Century in England*, tells a droll story of a lady, who was so pleased with the gas-light in Collins' Fine Art Repository in Piccadilly, that she begged to be allowed to carry some home in her carriage! In 1810, the Gas Light and Coke Company obtained their charter, and the use of gas gradually became general. If the writer is not mistaken, the first London street regularly lighted with gas was Pall Mall. Bond Street followed suit, and by the year 1819 a few other leading thoroughfares were fairly well lighted, though tallow candles were still used even in first-class shops. The aristocratic inhabitants of Grosvenor Square absolutely refused to be "lighted with gas," and it was not until 1842 that this fashionable Square ceased to be illuminated by the old methods in use since it was first built in the seventeenth century. As late as 1837, the clergy belonging to some of the leading city churches preached against the introduction of gas into sacred edifices as "profane, and contrary to God's Law." According to these excellent theologians, the Divine Law especially demanded lamps and candles, which, however, required incessant snuffing and caused a fearful stench!

Except in the matter of costume, the manners and customs of the English people underwent very little modification between 1800 and 1850. The day began much earlier than with us; the apprentices, still a very numerous class, were supposed,

even in winter, to take down the shop shutters by eight o'clock, or half-past at the latest. The position of these lads was, by the way, improved—they could no longer be kicked, cuffed, or beaten with impunity by their masters. The banks and offices opened at nine; but it should be remembered that, in those days, even in the city itself, the merchants and their employés generally lived above their offices. The wives of rich merchants gave parties and balls in what are now the purely commercial districts of Austin Friars, Bishopsgate, Tower Hill, and the Minories. Many well-known business men lived in the neighbourhood of the Tower; and, as locomotion was slow, and distances consequently seemed greater than they do at present, only those who had retired from business dreamed of living in suburbs now included in our metropolitan district. On Sundays, in those good old times, the "City madams," as they were called, and their daughters, were wont to air their finery in the various city churches, many of which have long since lost their congregations and themselves disappeared.

Bloomsbury was still a favourite quarter, especially with rich retired West India planters; but the aristocracy was rapidly colonising in the West End, and in 1840 Belgravia was even more fashionable than Mayfair.

Class distinctions were as strongly marked eighty years ago as ever, and there was a good deal of truth in Lord Willoughby d'Eresby's observation, that "there were only six hundred people in society." The middle class, which had become very wealthy,—and especially the section engaged in the West and East Indian trade,—was only just beginning to form a society of its own, the development of which has been one of the most interesting features of the century. The learned professions kept aloof. But the upper middle class took quite as much interest in the doings of Lord d'Eresby's "noble six hundred" as it does to-day. The fashionable periodicals supplied them with minute details of the dinners, balls, and routs of such social leaders as the beautiful Duchesses of Rutland and Devonshire, Lady Duncannon, the Hon. Mrs. Hunter, and other ladies of high degree, who decided the admissions to Almack's, and, in their solemn conclave, even determined which young gentlemen in the Guards, or which

"City madam," might be allowed to purchase a box or stalls for the Opera.

At one o'clock most people sat down to dinner; but the fashionable and exclusive world dined at six, though some dined at two and supped at eight. During the French wars, provisions were very dear and the price of luxuries quite prohibitive. Soup was almost unknown, and, in many circles, was considered to be a sort of French abomination, to be avoided by patriotic Englishmen. Dinners generally began with a plain suet or plum pudding, eaten either with meat gravy, white sauce, sugar, or "West Indy" syrup (otherwise treacle). On Sunday there would probably be a joint, either roast or boiled, and then again the inevitable fruit tart or pudding. Of a Sunday, too, among the *bourgeoisie* it was the fashion to remove the cloth and display the fine Spanish mahogany, of which every right-minded housekeeper was exceedingly proud, and which pleasantly reflected from its highly polished surface the old cream-jugs, decanter-stands, and other articles of silver plate which formed the joy and glory of our great-grandmothers' hearts. Fruit was very scarce, very little being imported. Oranges did not become really cheap till after 1850, and, until the last quarter of the century, bananas were only to be seen in picture-books. But Norfolk biffins were in great demand, and almonds, raisins, and dried figs were to be found on every well-ordered dessert table. Sweetmeats, and the thousand and one other dainties, now so cheap and popular, were scarcely known until after the Exhibition of 1851. Toffee, hardbake, turkey-rock, bulls'-eyes, liquorice stick, barley-sugar, coltsfoot-rock, cocoanut paste, and peppermint drops were the staple "goodies" of those far-away times. French cooking, entrées, and other foreign "kick-shaws," as they were contemptuously called, were only known to the nobility, and not particularly relished even by them. Poultry was considered a luxury, and was very dear; and as to game, the price was so excessive that it only appeared on state occasions, and on the tables of the very rich. From the entries in a household book in the possession of the writer, and dated 1848, it would appear that pheasants then cost from 10s. to £1 the brace, and partridges 6s. to 10s. The preservation of game for commercial purposes was absolutely

unknown until about thirty years ago; before that time, a nobleman would rather have been called a liar than have been accused of selling his birds. The fish market was not nearly so plentifully supplied as it is at present, and a silly prejudice excluded many excellent fish now in daily use.

Life, however, was comfortable enough in the first half of the last century, and people were perhaps even more hospitably inclined than nowadays. Port and sherry were always at hand in every well-to-do household; but claret was not popular, and as to champagne, many wealthy folk went to their graves without even tasting it. Beer, mostly home-brewed, and ale, were the staple drinks of every class in the country, and until about forty years ago rum and gin were in much more frequent use than whisky. Long church-warden pipes were smoked in the dining-room, especially after dinner on Sundays, when the cloth was removed and the gentlemen sat sipping their gin-and-water or rum-punch. Very little coffee was drunk, but tea in plenty. This beverage cost four or five times as much as it does now, and young people had to be content with hot or cold milk at breakfast and supper. Owing to the difficulty of intercourse between England and the Continent during the first decade of the nineteenth century, chocolate, which had hitherto been imported in large quantities, and had been very popular, went completely out of fashion. In the lower classes, diet had changed very little, either as to variety or quantity, but it had certainly grown much cheaper. As the metropolis was very much smaller in those days, social intercourse was correspondingly greater. People were more neighbourly, and would "drop in" on each other of an evening, without ceremony, to take a hand at whist, beggar-my-neighbour, or Pope Joan, and stay to supper, which was generally served between nine and ten o'clock.

At the Opera, then exclusively patronised by the aristocracy, the singers were admirable and the scenery superb; but the great ladies who composed the committee boycotted one half of the young gentlemen of the town in favour of their own particular friends. The beautiful Elizabeth Foster, Duchess of Devonshire, and her sister, Lady Duncannon, struck all save a dozen of the Guards off the list. Nobody paid any attention to

the singing, and one night, exasperated by the hubbub, Madame Catalani, the most brilliant prima donna of her day, loudly proclaimed her disgust and refused to proceed with her part. At the theatres, the quality still sat upon the stage and frequently crowded out the actors. Such parts as Lady Macbeth and Cleopatra were performed by actresses who wore the cast-off finery of the great Court ladies, but the acting witnessed on these old-fashioned stages was far superior, so we are assured by trustworthy tradition, to anything we can now show. John Kemble still held supreme sway as tragedy king, and his sister Sarah Siddons had as yet no rival, for in 1800 Miss O'Neil was only just beginning her brilliant career. Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. Nesbit, and Madame Vestris—this latter the beautiful daughter of Bartolozzi the engraver, and first wife of Charles Mathews, whose second wife died recently—were extremely popular in comedy, in which particular branch of the Thespian art Elliston and Munden were supreme. By the end of the first decade Sarah Siddons had grown very stout, yet such was her dignity and pathos that when once, whilst playing Lady Constance, she flung herself on the ground in an agony of grief, no laugh arose from the audience when two liveried flunkeys advanced and raised the bulky genius to her feet.[1] Grimaldi and Bologna were still the matchless clown and harlequin of an epoch which enjoyed pantomime for its fun and not for its *mise-en-scène*. Apart from Shakespearian pieces, of which the favourites were *Hamlet*, *King John*, *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It*, *Measure for Measure*, and *Henry VIII.*, the plays which drew the largest audiences were *The Stranger*, *Jane Shore*, *Rollo*, *Douglas*, *Pizarro*, *The Bleeding Nun*, and *The Castle Spectre*, any of which would speedily empty a theatre in these days. John Kemble had, by this time, greatly improved the archæological accuracy of the scenery and costumes, and played Coriolanus in classical garb. People were very easily pleased then, but they expected good measure for their money. The performance began at five o'clock. The seats cost exactly half what we now pay: boxes £1 to £2, dress-circle 3s. to 2s., pit 1s., gallery 6d. For this amount—after eight o'clock the

[1] The writer had this anecdote direct from the late Charles Cowden Clarke, who was present on the occasion.

admittance was at half price—the management would provide a five-act drama or comedy, two farces, a musical sketch, and possibly a pantomime.

Between 1800 and 1815 the ladies of Paris assumed the scanty draperies, the tiaras and cothurnes of Olympian goddesses, and as Paris, notwithstanding the war, influenced London in the matter of ladies' dress, these pseudo-antique costumes were soon adopted in England, with certain modifications which reflect agreeably to our national sense of decorum. In the *Ladies' Magazine*, published in London in 1803, we find elaborate descriptions of "Calypso robes," "Diana skirts" and "Juno head-dresses." Even the features had to adapt themselves to the fashion, and the beaux of the day were expected to succumb to a "Roxelana nose," and to fall in love with a "Euphrosyne contour." At all events, these bastard classicisms put a stop to the unpleasant fashion of wearing wigs and powder, which had lasted unbroken for nearly a hundred years; though a greater factor in the overthrow of powder was probably the heavy tax levied on it during the long wars by Mr. Pitt, who was publicly denounced by an assembly of fashionable ladies for this "act of cruelty." Powder and pigtails, costly though they were, were still worn by old-fashioned ladies and gentlemen; and, as late as 1853, a very aged gentleman was well known about Russell Square, by his stately carriage and his queue, which he wore carefully tied up with a bunch of black satin ribbons. The early portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence and Raeburn, and those of Opie and Beachy, give a fair idea of how our great-grandmothers looked, with their waist-bands below their arms, and their hair dressed *à la* Juno, often with a gold or silver Roman *bandeau* glittering among the ringlets. A curious and little-known fact connected with the history of costume in the early part of the century may here be cited. Owing to the irregularity of communication between England and France, the Parisian milliners had recourse to a very singular device for keeping their London correspondents well posted in the modes; from time to time they contrived to send over boxes of dolls dressed in the very latest fashions. The stuffs most in use during the first quarter of the century were paramatta (a kind of very fine black cloth), silk, velvet, taffety, tiffany, India gauze, and French muslin of

a peculiar and very fine quality, now rarely used. Owing to the high price of materials, fashions lasted much longer than they do at present. Thus, the wardrobe of a woman of medium fortune did not, as a rule, contain more than one or two silk gowns, destined to do duty for several seasons; but even then, and up to 1850, when stuffs began to cheapen, a middle-class matron had to make considerable efforts to keep up with the fashion, and arrange her one silk, satin, or velvet "best gown" to meet the exigencies of the mode.

Whilst our great-grandmothers affected the airs and graces of goddesses and nymphs, the gentlemen, more modest in their aspirations, endeavoured to combine hair, dressed *à la* Titus, with a costume consisting of very tight-fitting, striped "inexpressibles," pink silk stockings, miraculous ruffles, light coloured, long-tailed coats and—sandals! Fifty years hence, it may be, the vision of a twentieth-century West End "masher," in a long frock-coat, roomy trousers, and patent leather boots, the whole surmounted by a black silk stove-pipe, will present quite as odd an appearance! In the first decade of the century, ladies, when they went shopping, wore capacious bonnets or beaver hats, black or grey, adorned with drooping feathers and "weeping" veils; long Italian scarves draped their shoulders, their skirts were skimpy, and their shoes, of vivid colour, were very pointed, and sandalled half-way up the leg. This was the age of fly-away boas and voluminous muffs, of prunella slippers, paramatta frocks, and long mittens. A family group must have offered an amazing spectacle, for the children were dressed exactly like miniature editions of their parents, and, to judge from the fashion-plates of the day, were quite the oddest-looking little monsters in the world. Evening dress, on the other hand, was rather elegant, for, with the First Empire (1804–1815) a considerable amount of dignity was added to the pseudo-classic gowns that still continued in favour. Waists were very high, skirts narrow, but "trained," and Greek tiaras and bandeaux, Etruscan bracelets and Roman girdles were all the rage. About 1815, the Turkish turban was introduced as part of a European lady's toilet. This innovation is ascribed to Madame de Staël, the Ægeria of her day, whose enmity to Napoleon made her more popular in England than she was in France. "Ægeria" de Staël

when in London resided, by the way, at No. 30 Argyle Street, Regent Street, having as neighbour Sarah Siddons, who lived at No. 49 Great Marlborough Street.

The Empress Josephine, who had exquisite taste, introduced the long and flowing robe so well-known in her numerous portraits. Caroline of Brunswick, Princess of Wales, who was stout and shapeless, affected the flowing skirts of the Empress, but adopted the turban of Napoleon's gifted enemy; whereupon all the middle-class matrons, who had espoused her cause against the recalcitrant Prince Regent, turned Turk, so far as their headgear was concerned, and, like Thackeray's Miss Pinkerton, wore turbans in the evening, till this Oriental headgear disappeared for good about the year 1840. The beautiful Duchesses of Rutland, Bedford, and Devonshire, and Lady Duncannon, led female fashion; whilst Beau Brummel regulated the cut of the gentlemen's trousers and coats and the length of their waistcoats. So peremptory was his sway that the Regent himself dared not disobey his stern decrees.

Now let us see what the newspapers said that our grandfathers and grandmothers were doing on the auspicious day in 1819, when Queen Victoria was born. In the first place, we learn that Dr. Emerson "will deliver a lecture on Botany at the Argyle Rooms at two o'clock." He will, we are assured, "treat of the Irritability of Plants." In the evening, the Argyle Rooms will be devoted "to a concert for the benefit of the widow and children of the late George Ebenezer Williams, late organist of the choir at Westminster Abbey."

The following is the complete list of the various theatrical representations at the London Theatres on the eve of her Majesty's birth:—

"Surrey Theatre.—*The Heart of Midlothian; or, The Lily of St. Leonard's.* Boxes 4s. each seat, or £1 the entire box, pit 1s., front row 2s.; gallery 1s., back row 6d. Half price at 8 o'clock. Doors open 5, begins 5.30 with a new drama in two acts entitled *Kouli Khan; or, The Terrific Signal.*

"Astley's Royal Amphitheatre.—Under the Prince Regent's and the Duke of York's Royal patronage. The present evening, at half-past six precisely, the grand historical equestrian melodrama of *Hypolita, Queen of the Amazons.* Hypolita by Mrs. Astley. Chivalrous combat in superb war chariots. Total

conflagration of the Castle of the Amazons, and final defeat of the rival Amazons. Comic songs and dance by Mr. Sloman, to conclude with the laughable burletta of *Henry VIII. and the Cobbler*. Boxes 5s., pit 2s. Doors open half-past 5, begin 6. Second price at a quarter to 8. Prices of boxes to be taken of Mr. Kinloch, at the theatre from 10 to 4.

"Coburg Theatre, under the patronage of Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg, the historical melodrama of *Robert Bruce; or, the Battle of Bannockburn*; after which the laughter-provoking farce by Mr. Barrymore, *The Secret*. The whole to conclude with the popular and interesting local melodrama, *The North Pole*, also by Mr. Barrymore.

"Places to be had for the accommodation of the nobility and gentry at Fentoni's Musical Warehouse, 78 Strand, or at 183 Piccadilly, opposite Burlington House."

Let us turn to the doings of the fashionable world during this same memorable week. Society was exceedingly busy in 1819. This is the list of fashionable engagements for the week including May 24, as announced in *The Morning Post*—

"Monday. Earl of Carnarvon's first ball, Grosvenor Square. Lady Hyde Parker's masquerade, Cumberland Place. Countess of Limerick's ball, Mansfield Street. Sir William Abdy's concert, Hill Street. Lady Smith's rout, Piccadilly. Mr. and Mrs. Knight's ball, Grosvenor Square. Mr. Blackburn's ball, Park Street. Wednesday, Almack. Miss Bridgeland gives a ball in Great Russell Street. Thursday, the Duke of San Carlos' grand ball and Lady Salisbury's grand conversazione. Monday 31st, Mrs. Henry Baring's magnificent fête. Sunday, Lady Salisbury's second conversazione and whist party. Monday, the Ladies Walpole's ball, Cavendish Square."

The Marchioness of Salisbury in question was the lady who accidentally burnt down a wing of Hatfield House and perished herself in the flames. She was renowned in society for her skill at whist and other games of cards. Her whist party on the Sunday in question was attended by the following distinguished ladies and gentlemen: The Duchess of Wellington, Lord St. Helen's, the Duchess of Richmond, the Countess of Essex, the Earl of Shanon, Mr. Giles, General Ross, the Countess of Verulam, Mr. Maxwell, Countess of Westminster, Lord Henley, Mr. Grenville, Lady Clifford, etc.

Almack's was then in its halcyon nights. To be admitted to

this exclusive club was far more important in social life than an introduction to Court. The Committee included the Countess of Jersey, Viscountess Castlereagh, Lady Cowper, and the two intriguing Princesses, Esterhazy and Lieven, who excluded supplicating Duchesses and penitent Countesses. They even one night refused admittance to the great Duke of Wellington because he was not dressed according to the inexorable laws laid down by these fair Medes and Persians. At Almack's the "Volta" of Henry the Eighth's time was revived, but transformed into the Waltz, and here also the Polka first "polked" itself into popularity.

Be it observed that in 1819 Society treated Sunday very much in the same manner as it does in 1905—a fact which must strike many of us as singular, for certain pious people are constantly reminding us how differently Sunday was observed in London in the "good old times." In the *Hermit in London*, written in this year, a lady of quality declares that she wishes "that Sunday did not exist." "One has literally nothing to do," her ladyship asserts, "unless it be to show oneself off in the Park for the benefit of the counter-jumpers, the bank clerks and other persons of that description, who have quite crowded out the fashionable world," in which her ladyship moves. "But," she continues, "unless one goes and airs one's gowns in the Park, what is one to do until it is time to dress for dinner, and sit down to whist?" The Hermit himself informs us, that, after church, the crowd in the Park is simply prodigious, and the costumes of the gentlemen beyond power of words to describe, "'tis so ridiculous. Their breeches are so tight that they display the imperfections of their legs, and the fellows from the shops make themselves laughable by the colouring of their socks." "No one is anybody unless he wears at least three rings, with real or false jewels in them, and at least three yards of satin twined round his throat."

The ladies' Magazines of the period also inform us that the mob in the Park on Sundays, which included personages of the highest distinction, is "monstrous," the "ladies of quality are hustled, their trains torn, and the well-assorted colouring of their gowns ruined by the crying vulgarity worn by persons from the east-end and from the suburbs of London, who would do

much better to parade their finery in Shoreditch, not to say Houndsditch, to which by rights they belong."

Here is the description of the costume "for a lady of quality" to be worn in the summer of 1819. "Round dress of white and green chequered summer silk, with broad honeycomb border of the same, the bust and short trimmed sleeves to correspond. Marie Stuart bonnet of white satin, elegantly trimmed with a double blond quilling at the edge, and surmounted by a full half-wreath bouquet of maiden's blush roses and ears of corn. Marguerite de Valois ruff of fine lace, fastened in front with a small cross bow of yellow coloured ribbon. White kid gloves and shoes." An evening dress for the same year is thus described: "Dress of yellow China crape, the corsage cut bias, made rather high and plain, simply ornamented round the bust with a wheel trimming of the same colour in satin and gauze, composed of ornamented rings placed at equal distances on a circular satin wadded stem or rouleau. The corsage is rather long, and set in a band with white satin corded edges, and fastened behind with a rosette to correspond. Tucker of fine blond, drawn at top with a silken thread. • Short full sleeves, with perpendicular rows of the wheel trimming. The skirt is decorated with the same trimming, only much larger, and the wadded satin hem at the bottom gives weight and grace to the folds of the drapery. The hair is arranged in one row of regular curls, and two long ostrich feathers, tipped with ponceau, are placed on the right side, and bend over the head. Necklace, earrings, and bracelet of topaz and turquoise. Embroidered large scarf with Vandyke ends. White kid gloves, white satin shoes." To conclude, let us give an account of the "correct" manner in which a gentleman, if he wished to make any sort of appearance, of fashion should be attired in the year 1819. "Superfine Corbeau coloured coat, with covered buttons, white marcella waistcoat, single-breasted, light sage green or cream-coloured kerseymere breeches. Also those of black Florentine silk are very fashionable and consistent in this style of dress. Dark blue coat with plain gilt buttons are likewise considered fashionable. The cravat is still worn high and full." Ladies went to Court with astounding head-dresses of nodding plumes a yard high "standing up as if they were frightened."

The favourite colours were yellow,—pronounced "yallar,"—prune, puce, and Donna Maria blue—pronounced "blyew."

After the death of George IV., Lord Petersham, afterwards Earl of Harrington, set the fashions for gentlemen. He invented the Petersham trousers, in a pair of which he was married to the beautiful actress, Miss Foote. These trousers were full, like those worn now, and replaced the breeches of former times, which were so mortally tight that vexatious accidents were unpleasantly frequent.

Behold how a dandy spent his day, according to a Diary of 1818–19 still extant—

"September. Saturday. Rise at noon with a d—d headache —mean not to drink the Regent's punch after supper; green tea keeps one awake.

"Breakfast at 1.—Read the *Morning Post*—the best paper after all, always full of fine writing and good news. Sent for the barber and staymaker, ordered a morning surtout of the last Parisian cut with a collar *à la guillotine* to show the neck behind—a pair of Petersham pantaloons with striped flounces at bottom—a pair of Cumberland corsets with a whale bone back.

"Then drove in a dennet; took a few turns in Pall Mall, St. James' Street and Piccadilly. Got out at Granges, was told me the thermometer in the ice cellar was eighty. Had three glasses of pine and one of curaçoa.

"5 to 7.—Dressed for the evening, dined at 8.30, nobody with me but myself, as the old Duke of Cumberland said. A most excellent dinner at Long's—a tureen of turtle, a small turbot, a dish of Carlton House cutlets, *remonté*, a turkey poulet, and an apricot tart. Dessert, pine apple. At nine, went to the Opera. Then to White's, where I lost £600 at cards."

The masses of the people, especially in London, had during the last half of the eighteenth century lapsed into paganism. In the capital and the larger towns very few churches were attended by working men and women. But the Wesleyans, and certain newly-established bodies of Dissenters, were now beginning to attract great crowds, and to diffuse the Gospel among the down-trodden classes. The Roman Catholics had only a few small chapels under the protection of foreign ambassadors, and, like the

Jews, were still struggling for emancipation. There was as yet no People's Palace or cheap concerts, and, above all, little or no interest was manifested by the aristocracy and wealthier classes in those of their fellow-subjects who laboured and suffered in the depths of poverty, ignorance, and misery. The mere fact that, during the year 1819, £2,800,000 was spent on gin in London alone, will afford some idea of what Saturday night meant during the first quarter of the nineteenth century in the lower parts of the metropolis, when almost every second man or woman one met would be reeling, roaring drunk. The energy and eloquence of Father Mathew were sadly wanted, but long years were to elapse before the Temperance Movement acquired strength, consistency, and, what was yet more important, popularity.

If we except the theatres and the opera, the chief amusements were still very brutal. The ring, which still, unfortunately, has its charm, not only for the lower, but even for some prominent members of the upper classes, was then in its fullest glory. There still were dog-fights, and cock-fights, and duck ponds in all directions, especially in Tottenham Court Road, whither, on Sundays, the London workmen came with ducks, cats, and dogs, and proceeded to entertain themselves with hunts of a most cruel kind. There was bull-fighting, even, and badger-drawing, and other degrading exhibitions, including the casing of live animals in fire-works, which such foreign Princes as happened to visit our Court were duly taken to see, attended by an escort of fashionable noblemen.

Bartholomew and Greenwich Fairs afforded such picturesque sights that one almost shares the late Sir Walter Besant's regret that they have been abolished; but they certainly attracted multitudes of roughs, who indulged in the rowdiest horse-play.

The prisons were in an awful condition, Mrs. Fry's splendid life-work having barely commenced. Young girls and women who went into gaol comparatively virtuous, came out abandoned criminals. Lads and young men were soon corrupted in such places as Newgate, and in one short week learned enough evil to become past-masters in every kind of iniquity. In the night-rooms, fifteen or twenty prisoners were locked up together irrespective of

sex, and left till daylight to interchange their experiences—and what experiences! Only those who were under sentence of death had separate cells. These poor wretches were thrust into dark and narrow rooms, lighted only from the court in which the prisoners were allowed to walk during the day. They slept on a mat, had but twenty-four hours between sentence and execution, and were given nothing but bread and water.

As said elsewhere, Tyburn ceased to exist as a place for executions in 1783, and the Old Bailey took its place, the first person being executed there in the December of the same year. The executions were, of course, public, and gave rise to those disgusting street-scenes condemned by Charles Dickens in the burning words of his never-to-be-forgotten letter to *The Times* on the occasion of the execution of the Mannings in 1852.[1]

As to the justice or humanity of the punishment given, we need only mention the sentence executed on Captain Despard to show that England, a hundred years ago, had not much advanced in her methods of punishment since Tudor times. Captain Despard, who was a man past fifty, was falsely accused of an intention to shoot the King as he rode on his way to Parliament. The three other men implicated with Despard in this supposed plot were of less family and position, but, like the Russian revolutionaries of our own time, earnest in their hopes of forcing the King and his Ministers to grant an independent Constitution. Arrested, tried, and condemned, on no other evidence than that of a most circumstantial character, they were all

[1] It was fully twenty years before Dickens's letter had any effect. The execution of Muller for the murder of Mr. Briggs in a railway carriage in 1864 gave rise to scenes of the most revolting description outside Newgate. Some fifty thousand persons were massed about the Old Bailey, and even Smithfield was white with the upturned faces of men and women who had spent the whole of a Sunday night in the open air that they might get a sight of the dreadful proceedings. They sang, they shouted, they blasphemed, and behaved more like a set of savages thirsting for blood than the inhabitants, however degraded, of a Christian country. They sang in chorus—

"Oh! my!
Think! I've got to die."

and—

"Muller, Muller,
He's the man."

four hanged in St. George's Fields, Southwark, on Monday morning, February 21, 1803. The three common fellows accepted the ministrations of the chaplain, but not so Despard, who, arrayed in a blue double-breasted coat with gilt buttons, cream-coloured waistcoat, grey breeches and top-boots, declared he was an atheist, and stepping on to the scaffold with a light foot and an airy manner, met death with the utmost coolness. The others followed him in succession, very bravely, McNamara, a Catholic, praying all the time, and his two fellows in misfortune answering him aloud. Now comes the horrible part of the affair—and remember, good reader, it took place only one hundred and two years ago! After strangulation, the bodies of the four men were publicly disembowelled, and their heads cut off and held up by the executioner with the time-honoured exclamation, "Behold the head of a traitor." Captain Despard's corpse was handed over to his family and buried in the Crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral (!), not far from Nelson, under whom he had served with courage and integrity.[1]

Such, in brief, was our country and our metropolis until long after the birth of her late Majesty. For all its only too evident crimes and follies, both social and political, it was still a great London, whose best brain was already busy seeking means to alleviate the suffering of those whom a callous legislature regarded less as human beings than as machines to be used for the sole benefit of those on whom Providence had bestowed wealth and station. In eighty years all this has either been changed or completely modified. Religion, liberty, education, temperance and charity, have, indeed, wrought miracles.

[1] See, for further particulars, Burke's *Naval and Military Trials.*

CHAPTER XVIII

THE PAGEANTRY OF THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY

THE pageantry of the early part of the nineteenth century, although frequent and popular, was greatly reduced in splendour from what it had been only fifty years before. The monstrously ugly uniform of the soldiery could not be redeemed even by the grace of the ladies and the marvellous airs of the "dandies"—the word was just then coming into vogue. On the other hand, the State coaches of the Court, the Civic officials and the aristocracy, were still magnificent monuments of "art and gingerbread," as a wit once described their gilded ponderosity. In a word, it was a quaint but inartistic age.

The most striking pageant of this period was the Frost Fair on the Thames in 1813–14. The frost commenced on December 27, 1813, with a thick black fog, followed by nearly a week of continuous snow. The weather was intensely cold, and the river was frozen from side to side, with the exception of a very small break in the middle, and continued so until February 5, 1814. On February 1, a frost fair began; a street of tents was erected between London and Blackfriars Bridges, being christened the "City Road." Booths for dancing and plays attracted crowds, whilst a sheep was roasted whole on the ice and the meat sold as "Lapland mutton" at a shilling a slice. Punch and Judy shows were erected, and even races were organised. Printing-presses were set up, and ballads and sheets printed and distributed to the motley crowds that thronged to the scene. Here is a specimen of one of these compositions—

> "You that walk here, and do design to tell
> Your children's children what this year befell,
> Come buy this print, and then it will be seen
> That such a year as this hath seldom been."

The following extract is from a pamphlet printed on the Thames during this never-to-be-forgotten frost:—

"Friends! now is your time to support the freedom of The Press! Can the Press have greater liberty? Here you find it working in the middle of the Thames; and if you encourage us by buying our impressions, we will keep it going in a true spirit of liberty, during the frost."

When the fog lifted and the moon was at its full, the scene by night on the Thames must have been exceedingly picturesque. Far away in the clear atmosphere loomed the great dome of St. Paul's, the parapet and outline of London Bridge, edged with snow, the heaped-up ice banks, and the smooth sheets of unfrozen water on which small boats sailed, would have formed an admirable background to one of those picturesque scenes of winter revelry in which the Dutch masters of the seventeenth century excelled. On February 5, the ice began to thaw and crack, and presently the dancing-booths and printing-presses floated off seaward. Throughout the night of February 7, the rain fell in torrents; the river broke free and flowed as majestically as before. The thaw brought about a terrible amount of damage, and hundreds perished in the floods that devastated Lincolnshire and the Fen district. Among many notes left by the writer's grandfather is one referring to the great frost fair of 1813–1814. "The gaiety of the scene on the Thames was extremely interesting both by day and by night. All London was on the frozen water; people of every class, including members of the Royal Family, forgathered round the numerous booths to enjoy a spectacle which was, in its way, quite unique. The Duke of Sussex came to see the sport, as did, amongst others, Mrs. Siddons, now grown very stout and much muffled up in furs. She supped with Mrs. Garrick, who had a fine view of the fair from her windows [on Adelphi Terrace], although the best part of the show was nearer London Bridge. Here too on the ice I found Dr. Kitchener, and John Thelwall, Philip Kemble and Grimaldi, with whom I walked about for quite a couple of hours. There was, as usual, a good deal of drunkenness, and it was funny to see half-tipsy fellows toppled over into the snow-heaps. Unfortunately, if the scene on the

Thames was agreeable and gay the state of the city was very dreadful. Business was practically suspended, the shops closed, and the poor suffered extremely. Fires were lighted at the street corners to warm the frozen hands and feet of those poor creatures, who could not afford a fire at home. Thousands of workmen were out of employment and went about in gangs asking for work and alms. Old Mr. Emden told me that he had never experienced such bitter weather. He was then over ninety, and remembered the great frost of 1740, but told me it was nothing, either in point of intensity or duration, to this one. There was a most singular occurrence with respect to a large drinking booth owned by Mr. Lawrence of the 'Feathers' public-house at Queenhithe. At two o'clock on the morning of the 7th, one of the men who watched at night in the booth felt a sudden motion, and greatly alarmed rushed out on the ice to see what was happening. He found the ice breaking and the booth being rapidly propelled towards Blackfriars Bridge, against which it was about to dash. Suddenly he perceived to his horror that the booth had been set on fire, presumably by the upsetting of the cooking-stove, and was burning fiercely. His companions were now awakened, and they all managed to leap on board a lighter that was drifting past in a helpless manner. This in turn was dashed against the piers of the bridge, and the men must have perished had it not been that, with superhuman presence of mind, they threw themselves into the icy river and clung to the bridge, being thus saved, whilst the booth and the lighter were dashed to pieces on the bridge by the force of the current. This was indeed a surprising adventure, and many men about town went to see these brave fellows next day at the 'Feathers'—and so did I and thus heard their story from their own lips. Grimaldi came with me to see them, and told them who he was and gave them 5s. which surprised and greatly gratified them."

The masses were boisterously demonstrative in the early nineteenth century; and when the victories of Trafalgar and Waterloo were proclaimed, the mob went round the town threatening every window with instant destruction that had not at least a lighted tallow dip on the sill. The death of the hero, the pathos of the closing scene of his great career, and, above all,

his intensely human last words—"Kiss me, Hardy"—touched the heart of the nation and somewhat sobered its joy. None the less, balls were given in honour of the victory in every city and town in England long before the State funeral. The body did not arrive in London for some weeks after the momentous battle. The following hitherto unpublished account of Lord Nelson's funeral was written a few days after the event by a near relation of the author:—

"I have just returned from such a sight as will never be seen in London again. I managed at an inconveniently early hour to get me down into the Strand, and so to Norfolk Street, to a house overlooking the river. Every point of vantage wherever the procession could be seen from was swarming with living beings, all wearing mourning, the very beggars having a bit of crape on their arms. The river was black with boats and barges. The procession opened with two large state barges draped with black. Then came a third which contained the body, over which was a sort of temple-like canopy, covered with black velvet and adorned at the corners with black feathers. In the centre was a Viscount's coronet, and three bannerols were affixed to the outside of the barge. In the steerage were lieutenants of the navy, and six trumpeters. Clarencieux, King-at-Arms, sat at the head of the coffin, bearing a viscount's coronet on a black velvet cushion. The Royal Standard was at the head of the barge, which was rowed by forty-six seamen from the *Victory*. The other barges in the *cortège* were rowed by Greenwich pensioners. The fourth barge contained Admiral Sir Peter Parker, the chief mourner, and other admirals, vice-admirals, and rear-admirals; whilst the Lords of the Admiralty, the Lord Mayor of London, members of the various worshipful companies and other distinguished mourners, occupied the remaining barges, which were seventeen in number, and were flanked with row-boats, with river-fencibles, harbour marines, etc. All of course had their colours half-mast high. Unfortunately the weather was overcast, and a violent storm of hail and rain burst just as the coffin was borne into the Admiralty.

"On the following morning, the 9th, the land procession, which I also contrived to see, started from the Admiralty to pass through the streets of London to St. Paul's, between dense crowds all along the route. This procession was of great length, and included sailors from the *Victory*, watermen, judges and other dignitaries of the law, many members of the nobility, public

officers, and officers of the Army and Navy, whilst in it were carried conspicuously the great banner, gauntlets, helmet, sword, etc., of the deceased. The pall was supported by four admirals. The procession was not, however, very well managed. The men from the *Victory*, instead of following immediately after the hero's coffin, were marshalled by themselves in another part of the procession, and as they were not very numerous, (some thirty all told), they did not produce the effect they should have done, since they were nearest to him at the last. Nearly 10,000 military were assembled on this occasion; and these consisted chiefly of the regiments that had fought in Egypt, and participated with the deceased in delivering that country from France. The car in which the body was conveyed was peculiarly magnificent. It was heavily decorated with a carved resemblance of the head and stern of the *Victory* surrounded with escutcheons of the arms of the deceased, and adorned with appropriate mottoes and emblematical devices, under an elevated canopy in the form of the upper part of a sarcophagus with six sable plumes and a viscount's coronet in the centre, supporting palm trees entwined with wreaths of natural laurel and cypress. As it passed, all uncovered and many wept. I cannot say I admired the catafalque, 'twas so ponderous and truly ugly. I heard a great deal said among the people about 'poor Emma' (Lady Hamilton), and some wondered whether she would get a pension or not. On the whole the proceedings were most imposing, and I am very glad I saw the funeral, although I am much fatigued at it from standing about so much and pushing in the crowd, and faint from the difficulty of getting food, every eating place being so full of people; and surely, though a nation must mourn its heroes, equally certain is it that it must also eat."

The mental condition of the aged George III. had been for a long time a matter of anxiety, not only to the Queen and Royal Family, but to the people, none too well pleased with the Prince of Wales, whose extravagance and misconduct was a general scandal, and the subject of repeated public denunciation! A very handsome and very elegant man was this "Prince Florizel," whose questionable adventures were the talk of Europe, but he was heartless, and, what was worse, tactless! His morganatic marriage with the Roman Catholic Mrs. Fitzherbert, one of the loveliest, and, according to all accounts, one of the most lovable women of her time, had not sobered him; and his official marriage with his cousin, Princess Caroline of Brunswick, who was repugnant

to him, fired his worst, while quenching all his good, propensities. His social influence was thus pernicious in the extreme.

The old King's health declined rapidly. In 1809, when the nation was preparing to celebrate the jubilee of his long reign, blindness overwhelmed him. One morning the Queen found him in his chamber, reciting to himself, pathetically, Milton's beautiful lines, so terribly appropriate to his own cruel fate—

> "O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
> Irrevocable dark! Total eclipse!
> Without all hope of day!
> O first created beam, and thou, great Word,
> 'Let there be light, and light there was o'er all':
> Why am I thus deprived Thy prime decree?"

To loss of sight was presently added "the merciful horrors of madness." Grief, for the death of his favourite and most beautiful daughter, Princess Amelia, in 1811, brought about this dire catastrophe. He was "put away" in a padded chamber at Windsor, where every care and attention was vainly bestowed upon him. Parliament now proclaimed his eldest son, George, Prince Regent. A gay world surrounded "Prince Florizel" at Carlton House—a world of gamblers and dice-throwers, and bejewelled courtesans. Extragavant dinner and supper parties, of most ill-timed prodigality, angered the people, who were in great distress, especially during the terrible years of 1815 and 1816. Even Queen Charlotte experienced the ill-feeling of the mob. Her Majesty was reputed to be very avaricious, and was even most wrongfully accused of neglecting the heiress to the throne, the popular Princess Charlotte of Wales, and when proceeding along the Mall in her chair to hold her last drawing-room she was roundly hissed. Nothing daunted, the brave old lady lowered the glass and cried, "I'm over seventy, and have been for more than half a century Queen of England and I have never before been hissed by any mob,"—whereupon the populace, admiring her Majesty's pluck, let her pass in respectful silence.

King Mob was growing all too powerful in the metropolis. How few of us are aware that on the occasion of Queen Charlotte's last State visit to the city, she was not only hissed

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and hooted by the people,[1] but that roughs actually thrust their heads into her carriage and called her names as vile as any ever launched at Marie Antoinette by the frenzied Revolutionists of Paris? Her Majesty never quite recovered the shock of this terrible experience, and, on November 17, 1818, she passed quietly away at Kew Palace. Her obsequies were almost private. Her jewels—and they were superb, including as they did the stupendous collection presented to her by the Nabob of Arcot, valued at £1,000,000—were the only property she had to bequeath. The proceeds of the sale of these was to be given to her four daughters; to the fifth, the Queen of Wurtemburg, she left her blessing only, believing her to be well provided for!!

Old King George lingered on until 1820. From some notes in a pocket-book in the possession of the author, made by one who saw him in his padded chamber at Windsor a few weeks before his death, he appears, at this period, to have looked like an ideal King Lear. "His hair was as white as snow, whilst his long beard flowed in a silvery shower to his waist. He was apparently quite happy, living in a world of dreams, singing snatches of old songs and talking to himself. He was, moreover, always gentle, but did not recognise even his own children. All was dark! Sight gone, mind gone—nothing left but the majestic frame of one who for over fifty years had been King of England!" Both George III. and his consort were buried with less than ordinary pomp and circumstance. They were the first monarchs of the Hanoverian Dynasty, and, indeed, the first of our sovereigns since Charles I., who were laid to rest in the Royal Tomb House at Windsor.

George IV. ascended the throne at a time when his unhappy consort had unheedingly made his name a byword in Europe. Into the scandals associated with her we need not enter. In 1818, she resolved to make what was known in those days as the "Grand Tour." She went direct to Italy, and thence

[1] Lady Anne Hamilton, the lady-in-waiting of Queen Caroline, in her Memoirs, accuses Queen Charlotte of having bribed Dr. Croft, the royal accoucheur, to neglect Princess Charlotte, who died in child-birth. The accusation was monstrous, but was undoubtedly believed by many people at the time. Dr. Croft was so distressed at the death of his patient that he committed suicide, and thereby emphasised the report of foul play.

wandered over Europe, going even as far as Jericho—alas! even in the proverbial sense of the word! We hear of her living gaily in a villa on the shores of Lake Como; playing her part in the Carnival at Milan, "not wisely nor yet well"; making friends with Murat at Naples; and at Athens, scandalising the Turks—who still possessed the capital of that "fair land of the unforgotten brave"—by the exuberance of her frolics and the scantiness of her attire! Thence she betook herself to Jerusalem, where the Capuchin Friars entertained her—and she, to please them, instituted an extraordinary Order of Chivalry, placed under the patronage of an imaginary St. Caroline! The Prior, and a certain Bergami—once her courier, and now a Baron—with her Chamberlain, were elected *Comméndatori* of the Order. This Bergami was the direct cause of the Princess's ruin. Guilty of real wrong-doing she apparently never was, but a more foolish and imprudent creature surely never lived. Jerusalem, we may be certain, had never beheld so excitable a dame since that holiest of cities had been visited by the erratic Æleanora of Aquitaine. Caroline and her train of Italian retainers were likened to a troop of itinerant players, and well did they deserve the comparison. From Palestine and Greece, the Princess proceeded to Rome, where she learnt that her husband was King of England, and that her only child, the Heiress-Apparent, Princess Charlotte, had, to the nation's deep distress, been snatched away by death. Somewhat sobered and subdued by these events, Caroline returned to England by slow stages. Her passport was made out to Princess Caroline of Brunswick, as that astute statesman, Cardinal Gonzalvi, foreseeing future complications, had refused to recognise her as Queen of Great Britain. Her arrival in London gave rise to some remarkable scenes of popular enthusiasm. Before her trial, the Queen was generally looked on as an ill-used woman. The truth was not then known concerning her—to say the least—very irresponsible conduct, and the people sympathised with one at whom, however "flighty" she may have been, the King, her husband, was about the last person who should have cast a stone.

The trial of Queen Caroline is an event of too great importance in the history of the Pageants of London to be passed un-

noticed. The scene in Westminster Hall lacked, no doubt, the magnificence of that which attended the trial of Katherine of Aragon at Blackfriars. No King arrayed in cloth-of-gold, furred with royal ermine, sat on the throne; no Cardinals, Campeggio or Wolsey, gave a note of flame-colour amid the glint of silver and gold cloth, and the varied hues of Italian and Flemish brocades worn by the peers and dignitaries of an age that revelled in sumptuous apparel.[1] None the less the scene in the House of Lords in August, 1820, when Caroline of Brunswick appeared, day after day, before the Peers, to answer aspersions on her reputation as vile, almost, as those once heaped upon Anne Boleyn, was impressive in its own way. The poor lady had not the majesty of innocence which ennobled Katherine, the only other Queen of England who had ever been tried in an open court within these realms, before the wretched and injured consort of George IV. was summoned to the Bar. The Spanish-born Queen had been dressed in crimson velvet, richly furred, and her coif blazed with the subdued fires of magnificent rubies and carbuncles. Caroline appeared in a black satin gown, and a plain lace coif with voluminous frills, over which a long white lace veil was draped. She was led into Court by Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt and Mr. Brougham, each holding one of her hands. Behind her walked her Lady of the Bedchamber, Lady Anne Hamilton, her Chamberlain, Sir William Gell, and her Usher, Mr. Keppel Craven. Alderman Wood, a Member of Parliament and a staunch supporter of her cause, who insisted upon accompanying her, had to enter the House through the "Commons." Brougham's speech against the Bill was magnificent. He defended his royal client with judgment, and scored heavily when he pointed out the anomaly of the accused person in a divorce case not being allowed to prove her accuser's guilt! The Attorney-General, Lord John Russell, in opening his case gave powerful evidence against the Queen, and offered to substantiate it in every detail. He produced his first witness, Majocchi, an

[1] The trials of Anne Boleyn and Katherine Howard were not really "trials" in the accepted sense of the term—merely "tragi-comedies," whose result was a foregone conclusion. No witnesses were called to defend these wretched Queens. It was otherwise with Queen Caroline, whose trial was fair enough.

Italian servant who had accompanied her Majesty on her fateful tour through Italy. Like Katherine of Aragon, Queen Caroline of Brunswick had her dramatic incident. There was no King before whom she could kneel, whilst she moved the Court by a pathetic speech, such as that immortalised by Shakespeare, but when Majocchi had closed his villainous deposition, she rose, exclaiming in Italian, and with tragic force, "*O! traditore!*" (O! traitor!) and hurried from the hall, resolved to hear no further vilifications of her character from hirelings such as he.

On October 3, Brougham pronounced his great oration for the defence, one of the finest "in this or any other language." Not less powerful was the speech of Mr. Denman, the Queen's Solicitor-General. Before the whole assembled peerage he denounced the King's brother, the Duke of Clarence, as a liar and calumniator. "Come forth, thou slanderer," cried he. The Duke, who really deserved the opprobrious epithet Denman had bestowed upon him, did not retaliate, and in after years promoted his denunciator to the position of Attorney-General of England, and even to the exalted dignity of Lord Chief Justice. But his brother, King George, never forgave the Queen's advocate for likening him to Nero and his consort to Octavia.

The trial dragged its slow length along until the beginning of the second week in November, ending, at last, in what was virtually "a drawn game." The Bill of Pains and Penalties was withdrawn, but the Divorce Bill was retained. The truth is that, though the Ministry had declared the Queen unworthy to enjoy her rights and privileges, rank, and station, yet, owing to the intensity of popular sentiment, they were afraid to act upon their declaration. Queen Caroline now found herself in an extraordinary position. She was an "unqueened" Queen-Consort in name, but not in fact! Had any attempt been made to degrade her, the results might have altered the course of English history, for the popular excitement was intense. The cheering as the Queen entered her carriage, weeping bitterly, was so tremendous that "it was impossible to hear oneself speak." The roar of ovation accompanied her Majesty to her house in St. James's Square.

Passing over the ensuing events connected with this sad

business, which literally convulsed London with party excitement, we come to the most extraordinary pageant ever witnessed, before or since, in this metropolis. Caroline of Brunswick, as Queen-Consort—such was still her rank—announced her intention of attending a Thanksgiving Service in St. Paul's, for her delivery out of the hands of her enemies. Dean Van Mildert and the Chapter would fain have been excused the honour of officiating on this occasion, but they dared not refuse. A singular frame of mind was theirs!—for as Christian ministers they should surely have rejoiced that anyone, let alone a Queen, should publicly thank God for His help in an hour of great tribulation. The Lord Mayor and Corporation, however, favoured the Queen, and the Dean and Chapter were at last induced to show a more conciliatory spirit, and assist in maintaining decorum. Their Reverences had the people of London to consider, and the people of London were in a dangerous state of exasperation. The Queen drove to the Cathedral with her only attendant, Lady Anne Hamilton, in a plain brougham, without any escort. Her whole Court consisted of Mr. Vice-Chamberlain Craven, not another soul; even the faithful Hoods were absent. But from St. James's to St. Paul's she passed through myriads of people, who lined the streets, crowding the windows, and swarming even to the roofs.

At the Cathedral, which was packed from end to end, the Service was the usual Evensong. The Clergy had not even the good grace to include the poor Queen's name in the prayer of General Thanksgiving. Nothing was wanting to her humiliation — she knelt upon the pavement at the entrance to the choir, without even the customary cushion placed for her convenience!

Back went the brougham through the cheering multitudes in solitary state to the borrowed house in St. James's Square, and so closed this unprecedented and pathetic incident.

The coronation of George IV. was the most costly ever known in this Kingdom, over £250,000 having been spent upon it; the banquet alone costing £130,000. The King, one of the vainest of mortals, designed his own costume, with the assistance of Sir Thomas Lawrence. To a tight-fitting white satin suit, in sixteenth-century style, he added a neo-classical mantle of

blue velvet, embroidered in gold, and lined with ermine. It was prodigiously long, and so heavy that, although supported by eight eldest sons of the peers, his Majesty, by the time he reached the Altar—he had walked from Westminster Hall—very nearly fainted. Every inch a King he looked, and Lawrence, who afterwards painted him several times in his coronation robes, declared him the "finest made man" he had ever seen. The function followed time-honoured lines, with the utmost state and precision. The procession, which was extremely lengthy, left Westminster Hall on the morning of July 19, 1821, passing through a dense crowd of spectators. Every detail of mediæval precedent was followed, and even exaggerated. The Officers of State were robed in striking, if not very accurate, reproductions of the costumes of bygone ages. Their robes and gowns were splendid, but so incongruous, that even the enchanted throng voted the show "theatrical." His Majesty was by no means well received; every head was bared, indeed, as he approached, but the cheers were neither loud nor hearty. At the west door of the Abbey, George IV. was greeted by the traditional herbswoman, her maids, and the Sergeant-Porter, who, after curtseying and bowing, filed off,—their last appearance on a scene which they had graced for centuries.

The banquet in Westminster Hall was as gorgeous as any in the *Arabian Nights*. There were three tables on each side, each laid for fifty-six, and a silver plate for every person—all the other plate being of gold. The King entered the Hall at about half-past four o'clock, and the meal, which was a cold one, began at once. So ravenous, it would seem, were the guests, that the chicken-bones were in their hands as they watched a time-honoured ceremony, in which the Duke of Wellington took part, as Lord High Constable of England, with the Marquis of Anglesey, and Lord Howard of Effingham. These exalted personages entered the Hall on horseback, attended by grooms and pages. They stopped in front of the King's table, whilst the Clerks of the Kitchen advanced and took the dishes from the Gentlemen Pensioners. Then the equestrian procession backed out with great precision, amidst deafening applause.

After the first course, a tremendous blast of trumpets announced the entry of Dymoke, Hereditary Champion of England,

in full armour, mounted on his piebald charger, the Duke of Wellington on his right, and Lord Howard of Effingham on his left. Lifting his vizor, he shouted his defiance and flung down his glove. No one accepting his challenge, he too rode backwards out of the Hall, returning twice again to repeat the ceremony, with the same result. Each time he received an ovation.

When the banquet was duly despatched, a disorderly scene occurred. As soon as the King and his train withdrew, the noble and gentle spectators in the galleries, who were fasting, rushed down into the Hall, and, to use the parlance of our day, "made" for the fragments of the viands and the remainder of the port, the sherry, and champagne. In an instant, the wine-bottles were emptied, and "more" were called for and quickly supplied. Soon the tables were cleared both of solids and delicacies. Then, taking advantage of the confusion, the aristocratic mob broke the trophies, the flowers and the flower-pots, the allegorical figures in barley-sugar, and the divinities in almond paste, into fragments, as souvenirs of a wonderful, though not very dignified pageant, which had the inestimable advantage of being chronicled by no less a writer than Sir Walter Scott!

A most dramatic incident happened during this great function. The discarded Caroline of Brunswick had been flattered by her friends into conceiving it wise and dignified to go to the Abbey and demand her right to be crowned with the King, regardless of the fact that no preparation had been made for her part in a ceremony which she was undoubtedly entitled to share. The Queen drove from her residence in South Audley Street, accompanied by her faithful friends, Lord and Lady Hood, and Lady Anne Hamilton. She was in Court dress, wearing a long violet velvet robe, lined with ermine, and a great crown of diamonds, and many jewels. Throughout her line of route—by Bird Cage Walk, and Princes Street, to Dean's Yard—the soldiers presented arms, and the crowd raised deafening shouts of "Long live the Queen!" "The Queen for ever!" We need not enter into the particulars of the well-known and most painful episode. The Queen and her gallant little escort vainly endeavoured to obtain entrance to the Abbey, till, crestfallen and discouraged, they were at last forced to return home.

Her Majesty was insulted by some persons who should have known better, whom Lord Hood rebuked for their bad breeding. No doubt the unhappy Caroline belittled herself by this attempt to obtain by force that which had been already refused her with scant courtesy. Though legally she was Queen of England, her exhibition of impotent pain and displeasure served no good purpose, and many of those who sincerely pitied her, and would have helped her if they could, felt it a grave error of taste and judgment.

A month later she died. Her stubborn spirit was crushed by the failure of her last unfortunate and hopeless attempt. Lady Charlotte Berry, in one of her amusing letters, describes Queen Caroline as among the most contradictory women she had known. "The tissues of her character are more uneven than those of any other person I was ever acquainted with. One day, there is tinsel and tawdry: another, worsted: another, silk and satin, and another, gold and jewelry,—another, *de la boue, même de la crasse.*" Her funeral gave rise to some serious rioting. The Government had ordered the hearse to pass quietly from Hammersmith (the Queen had died at Brandeburgh House), to Kensington, and thence, through the Park, to the Edgware Road—it was to be eventually embarked at Harwich, for Brunswick. But the people willed otherwise. They insisted upon its being brought through the city. Every issue was barred by tremendous throngs of excited men and women, and in the course of the day, the coffin, surrounded by the frantic populace, found itself as far out of the official line of route as Drury Lane and Temple Bar. Several times the soldiers, exasperated by the hostile attitude of the frenzied people, fired on the crowd, killing two and wounding some thirty more. It was pouring with rain and very cold. The city authorities had hastily assembled to meet the procession, if such it could be called, beyond the Bank. Thence they escorted it to Whitechapel, from which point it was permitted to continue its sad journey to the coast, under more peaceful circumstances. The body of Caroline of Brunswick, Queen of George IV., rests in the Cathedral of St. Blaize, at Brunswick, between the coffins of her father, who fell at Jena, and her brother, who was killed whilst avenging him, at the head of his famous "Black Brunswickers, at Waterloo." When we remember that this hapless

Queen's mother died alone and in exile, and her sister, Charlotte of Wurtemburg, was murdered, we may well consider her house one that was foredoomed.

From this period onwards, pageantry in England, and especially in London, became greatly modified. The revived mediævalism of George the Fourth's coronation is never likely to be renewed. A rooted dislike to any sort of personal display in public is a characteristic trait of the Englishman of the present day. The theatre has now absorbed most of the pomp which had hitherto been a delight, not only to the army of onlookers, but to the participants in the gay shows. In the hands of a succession of such fine artists as Kemble, Macready, Phelps, Kean, Calvert, Irving, Wyndham, Alexander, Otho Stuart, and Tree, the modern play-house gratifies the love of the gorgeous which in past ages acclaimed the public progresses of the great ones of the realm through the thoroughfares of the metropolis. Even the Lord Mayor's Show has shrunk to a shadow of its former self, and the leading streets of the city impatiently await the happy hour when the time-honoured but exceedingly shabby procession shall, for another twelve months, be a thing of the past.

Never did future Queen of England enter our usually hospitable country with less ceremony than did the Princess Adelaide of Saxe-Meiningen. She reached London, on a July evening in 1818, accompanied only by her mother, the travelling carriage setting her down at Grillon's Hotel, Albemarle Street. Nobody was there to meet her, except Mr. Grillon, who at once sent for the Prince Regent. His Royal Highness was giving a dinner-party at Carlton House, and was unable to get to Albemarle Street until quite late in the evening. The bridegroom-elect, the future William IV., was at Kew, whence he was fetched post-haste. Arriving about midnight, he found his brother George, the Duchess, and her daughter, his future consort, at supper, all of them in very high spirits. They welcomed him with due cordiality, and it is more than probable that this pleasant impromptu meeting was one of the causes for the few but happy years of married life enjoyed by William IV. and Queen Adelaide. The quaintest of all royal weddings was theirs. The marriage took place in old Queen Charlotte's private room at Kew Palace,

and in her presence; the improvised altar being a toilette-table, specially draped for the occasion, its only ornaments two candles and a prayer-book. As it was a bright summer's day, the wedding-banquet took the form of an old-fashioned English "high-tea," under the trees hard by the Chinese pagoda in Kew Gardens. The table was presided over by the Prince Regent, who could be charming when he liked, and on this auspicious occasion he was, Queen Adelaide afterwards declared, "quite delightful." Never was there a more jovial marriage feast in any walk of life—let alone in royal circles!

William IV. and Queen Adelaide were crowned on September 8, 1831, in a similarly unostentatious manner. The procession to the Abbey, however, gave particular satisfaction to the crowd, which had, hitherto, been very little considered in this connection, for previous Sovereigns had passed from Westminster Hall to the Abbey. King William's procession followed precisely the same line of route as that taken by King Edward the Seventh's,—up Constitution Hill, down Piccadilly, St. James's Street, Pall Mall, and Parliament Street, returning through the Horse Guards' and by the Mall to the Palace.

Two months earlier, an extremely pretty water pageant had taken place on the occasion of the opening of the new London Bridge. In the course of nearly a thousand years the old Bridge had fallen into a very unsafe condition. During the eighteenth century, the picturesque houses which stood upon it had been removed, and some attempt had been made to reduce the power of the great body of water which swept under the arches at the rise and fall of the tide, and rendered "shooting the bridge" so extremely perilous, an adventure. For many years large sums were spent on the old Bridge, till at last the authorities perceived it would be much wiser to pull the whole structure down than to attempt any more expensive patching. So a new Bridge was built, 180 feet west of the old one, from the designs of John Rennie, who drew the general plans, whilst his son, Sir John Rennie, made the working drawings, the elder Rennie having died before building operations were commenced. The first pile was driven on March 15, 1824, and the first stone was laid by Lord Mayor Garrett on June 15, 1825, in the presence of the Duke of York. The Bridge cost nearly two millions of money, the

greater part having been spent on widening the approach on either side. It was opened on August 1, 1831, by King William and Queen Adelaide. Their Majesties came by water, and something of the old glory of the Thames was revived for the occasion. The river was alive with pleasure-boats and brilliant with the State barges of the Lord Mayor and Corporation, gaily bedecked with bunting. The vessel that conveyed the King and Queen was tastefully decorated, the prow covered with gold-leaf, and the masts so surcharged with the flags of every nation, surmounted by the Royal Standard of England, that, the weather being fine and the sun brilliant, it appeared to the delighted eyes of the chronicler of a leading journal of that day, "like a floating prism." The royal party lunched in an elegant pavilion erected on London Bridge, and then returned to Somerset House.[1]

The life-work of Queen Victoria, with the history of the great

[1] The other principal bridges over the Thames, are: Southwark Bridge, designed by John Rennie, the first stone of which was laid on May 23, 1815, by Admiral Viscount Keith. Being erected by a public Company, and not by the Government, it was opened privately, at midnight, on March 24, 1819. This bridge, which cost £800,000, was sold to the Corporation of London in 1866 for £218,868, made free of toll. The first stone of Blackfriars Bridge was laid on October 31, 1760, and it was opened as a bridle-path eight years later. On November 19, 1769, the Lord Mayor declared the whole Bridge open. This Bridge was freed from toll in 1785. Old Blackfriars Bridge stood till 1860, when a new Bridge was begun from the designs of J. E. Cubitt, and opened by Queen Victoria in state on November 6, 1869, on the same day that her Majesty opened Holborn Viaduct. Waterloo Bridge, originally called the Strand Bridge, was built by a public Company in 1809, the first stone being laid in 1811, and was opened by the Prince Regent on the second anniversary of Waterloo, June 18, 1817. It was not declared toll free until 1878. Charing Cross Footbridge replaced the old Hungerford Suspension Bridge, which was taken down in 1863 and removed to the Avon at Clifton. Begun in 1863, it was finished five years later. As early as 1671, a Bill was brought in proposing a bridge at Westminster. This was rejected; but another Act, ordering it to be built, was however passed in 1736. The architect was Charles Labelye, a naturalised Swiss. This Bridge was opened to the public November 18, 1750. Ten of the piers having settled, the old Bridge was closed entirely for repairs in 1846. In 1854, a new Bridge was commenced from the designs of Mr. Thomas Pay. The first half was opened in 1860, and the second in 1862. The first stone of Vauxhall Bridge was laid by Lord Dundas, as proxy for the Prince Regent, on May 9, 1811. The whole Bridge was completed by June 4, 1816, for £255,230, but it was not declared free of toll until 1879. A new Bridge was begun in 1899, and every vestige of the older one has now disappeared.

epoch which will always be called the Victorian era, is too mighty a subject for these pages. But we must dwell upon one or two of its most salient features in the next chapter, in order that the reader may recognise the giant strides made since that memorable morning in June, 1837, when the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain, the Marquis of Conyngham, knocking loudly at the doors of Kensington Palace, brought the young Princess the news that her uncle was no more, and that she, herself, was Queen of England.

THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, FROM THE RIVER

CHAPTER XIX

THE VICTORIAN ERA

LONG before the beginning of June, 1839, London began to fill, and evident peculiarities of costume, complexion, and bearing, made it apparent that the city was entertaining an astonishing number of "country cousins." The hotels, not very numerous in those days, were soon obliged to refuse visitors. Every lodging-house was crammed from basement to garret, and there was scarce a private house in town but was full of guests. It was computed that between 300,000 and 500,000 strangers had come to swell the stationary population of the capital. Greville, in his *Memoirs*, says, "There never was anything seen like the state of this town. It is as if the population had been on a sudden quintupled. The uproar, the confusion, the crowd, and the noise are indescribable. Horsemen, footmen, carriages, squashed, jammed, intermingled,—the pavement blocked up with timbers, hammering and knocking and falling fragments, stunning the ears and threatening the head,—not a mob here and there, but the town all mob, thronging, bustling, gaping and gazing at everything, at anything, or at nothing."

It is curious that though the coronation of George IV. had been conducted on a far more magnificent scale, the town was now infinitely fuller than on that occasion, yet the young Queen's intention to dispense with the banquet and its formalities, and as much as possible to curtail the expenses of the ceremony, was well known throughout the country.[1] This intimation was not very cordially received by the populace, which might, however, have reflected that the banquet at Westminster Hall was not likely to be of much benefit to it, seeing none but the invited

[1] As a matter of fact the Queen's coronation cost less than £70,000.

guests could enjoy the pleasure of eating it, or of seeing others eat. Her Majesty also made known her desire that her coronation should be so arranged as to give enjoyment to the largest number of her subjects, and for this purpose she selected a circuitous route from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey, passing through Piccadilly instead of the Parks.

So great was the excitement in London, that on the eve of the eventful day many thousands of persons slept in the streets. Ladies sat up all night to have their hair dressed, and the mother of the writer of these pages has often told him that long before dawn she and her sisters had taken their places in one of the upper galleries of Westminster Abbey, adding, "Thank Heaven we had some sandwiches with us, for it was nearly twelve before the first great personage entered."

"Queen's weather" waited upon the ceremony of her Majesty's coronation. The day was neither rainy nor too hot, and the sun occasionally burst brilliantly through the clouds. The air was full of music, and of the rapturous cheering of what was then considered a vast multitude.

The procession from the Palace to the Abbey was remarkable or the immense number of State coaches. All the Ambassadors appeared in magnificent gilded chariots, with four horses each, sent expressly from abroad for the occasion; and even the representatives of the smaller courts had provided themselves with equipages which might have compared favourably with the sumptuous coaches that conveyed the Envoys of the Great Powers.

Unfortunately the interior decoration of the Abbey robbed it of much of its solemnity. It was literally turned into a sort of opera-house; the nave, the transepts, and aisles boarded up, and converted into a series of boxes hung with red cloth fringed with gold. The irreverent behaviour of the spectators may have been largely due to the profane appearance of a building usually so solemn and silent. But though the devotional element was conspicuous by its absence, the scene in the Abbey was none the less extremely splendid. The chatter, however, for hours before the Queen arrived, was deafening. Well known persons were cheered to the echo, hands clapping, and handkerchiefs waving, as they passed to their appointed seats. Especially was

this the case when Marshal Soult appeared. Perhaps his boisterously friendly reception was prompted by a universal desire to soften the painful impression produced by a recent article in *The Quarterly Review*, and by the fact that the State ball at Buckingham Palace took place on Waterloo night. The Marshal received a perfect ovation as he passed up the aisle. The crowds in the streets greeted him with equal warmth; and thus Croker's spite was defeated, and England's reputation for hospitality sincerely, if somewhat inopportunely, vindicated.

The royal procession entered the Abbey at about a quarter to twelve, and the excitement of the spectators within the noble edifice, all of them people of position in full Court dress, rose to such a pitch that a hum of admiration was heard, which broke into tempestuous applause as the young Queen moved slowly towards the choir. Her Majesty's dress was extremely magnificent. Her mantle of cloth-of-gold, embroidered in red silk in a pattern of roses, thistles, and shamrocks, and sweeping far upon the ground, was borne not by ladies, but by youthful pages in the costumes of a bygone period. Close behind the Queen walked the Duchess of Kent, regally handsome, in a sumptuous robe of purple velvet, heavily furred with ermine. A conspicuous figure in the pageant was the beautiful Duchess of Sutherland, "who looked every inch a duchess." Among those present was a young lady, a few years the Queen's senior, then known as Miss Angela Burdett, now universally respected as the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Barham, in his *Ingoldsby Legends*—Mr. Barney Maguire's account of the coronation, set to the tune of the "Groves of Blarney"—records the never-to-be-forgotten scene—

"Och! the Coronation, what celebration
For emulations with it can compare?
When to Westminster the royal spinster
And the Duke of Leinster all in order did repair.
'Twas there ye'd see the new Polismen[1]
Making a scrimmage at half afther four,
And the lords and ladies and the Miss O'Gradys
All standing round the Abbey door."

[1] Who had recently taken the place of the old watchmen, and were nicknamed Peelers after Sir Robert Peel. They still retain the "nick" of his Christian name, Bobby.

Her Majesty had scarcely risen from her faldstool in front of the Altar, and the anthem, which accompanied this act of devotion, was still re-echoing through the glorious fane, when a tremendous uproar was made by the Westminster schoolboys, who, exercising an ancient privilege, raised loud shouts of "Victoria, Victoria, *vivat* Victoria Regina!" a cry taken up both within and without the Abbey. The tumult at this juncture is described as being, for several minutes, "uncontrolled and deafening"! The proceedings throughout were accompanied by outbursts of applause and hand-clapping, such as we are usually wont to associate more with theatrical representations than with ecclesiastical ceremonies; a perfect storm of approbation greeted an act of good feeling on the part of the Queen, who threw her arms round the neck of her aged uncle the Duke of Sussex when he was ascending the steps of the throne to do her homage. The Duke of Wellington, Earl Grey, and Lord Melbourne, as each ascended the steps of the throne and touched the cross in her Majesty's crown, in expression of their loyalty and determination to defend her against all earthly enemies, were as vehemently applauded as though they had been actors playing a part. A pretty incident occurred when the octogenarian Lord Rolle was led to the foot of the throne by two Peers. Miss Martineau, an eye-witness of the incident, says that his lordship "slipped through the hands of his supporters, and rolled over and over again." He was immediately lifted up, and tried again, amidst shouts of admiration for his valour, to perform his act of homage. The Queen at length spoke to Lord Melbourne, who stood at her shoulder, and he bowed approval, on which she rose, leaned forward, and held out her hand to the old man, dispensing with his touching the crown. He was not hurt, and his self-quizzing on his mishap was as brave as his behaviour at the time of its occurrence.

Another singular incident of this coronation, and one not likely to be repeated, was the scramble for medals which took place in another part of the Chancel, while the Peers were doing homage. The Treasurer of the Queen's Household threw silver commemorative medals about the Choir and into the lower galleries. For these medals there was a tremendous fight, in which Maids of Honour contended, not too playfully, in some

cases, with Court Pages, to secure the greatest number possible. Screams of laughter and merriment followed the efforts of the successful or the unsuccessful skirmisher, and in the midst of the frolic an Alderman of the City of London was thrown down, and rolled over three or four times, before he was picked up. One of the Court Pages, a lad of between twelve and fifteen summers, contrived to secure no less than thirteen medals, with which he embellished his sash and strutted about for the rest of the day.

The ceremony suffered, in some respects, from insufficient forethought and rehearsal. Although the crown had been made the proper size and weight, the orb was far too heavy for the Queen's small hand.

Seeing how prodigiously big and weighty it was, "What in the name of Heaven am I to do with it?" said she to Lord John Thynne, who presented it to her.

"You must carry it, Madam, if you please, in your hand."

"Must I?" replied the Queen, "it is fearfully heavy."

However, it was too late to get another, and the Queen had to carry the orb as best she could. But a more serious mistake was made with respect to the ruby Coronation ring, which was so small that it would hardly pass over the Queen's little finger, which, under the circumstances, she offered to the Archbishop. His Grace informed her Majesty that the ring must be put on her fourth finger.

"It is too small!" the Queen protested; but the Primate firm, if somewhat cruel, replied: "According to the Rubric, Madam, the ring must be put on the fourth finger, and on the fourth finger it must go."

After the Peers had done homage, the choir sang, "This is the day which the Lord hath made." Then the Queen received the sceptre with the cross, and the sceptre with the dove, from the Dukes of Norfolk and Richmond, respectively, and the Abbey resounded with shouts of "Long live Queen Victoria, God save the Queen!" and "May Queen Victoria live for ever!" Guns thundered, trumpets blared, and the great bell of the Abbey pealed. This loyal demonstration, although the noise of it was out of place, perhaps, in a church, was sincere and extremely impressive. The Queen rose from her throne, and holding her

sceptre in her hand, followed the Archbishop of Canterbury to the altar, before which she knelt in silent prayer. Then, laying aside the ensigns of her regal authority, her Majesty received the Sacrament from the Primate. At the conclusion of this part of the ceremony the Queen rose, resumed her crown and sceptre, returned to her throne, and occupied it during the remainder of the Communion Service, at the close of which the choir sang, "Hallelujah! for the Lord Omnipotent reigneth."

The Queen left the Abbey by the west door at 4 p.m., having been exactly four and a half hours in the church. She must have been thoroughly wearied out, and exceedingly thankful not to have to sit through the customary banquet in Westminster Hall. But though, by a wise arrangement, this feast was omitted, the day's work was far from done. On her way back to Buckingham Palace, her Majesty was received all along the route with deafening cheers; the church-bells pealed, the mob shouted itself hoarse, the bands played, and the hubbub and excitement were enough to give a marble statue a violent headache. In after years her Majesty often recalled her coronation day as "the very noisiest of all her life."

Gladly, therefore, the young Sovereign must have laid down the heavy orb, and made her way from the Abbey in complete silence. The first words she uttered as the great gilded State carriage rolled into the courtyard of Buckingham Palace, was an exclamation of delight at the sound of her pet dog's bark. "There's Dash!" cried she; "thank God it is all over."

The downright earnestness of her Majesty was never better expressed than in her answer to the Archbishop of Canterbury when, immediately before her marriage to the Prince Consort, he asked her if she wished any alteration in the Liturgy for the celebration of matrimony, which includes the promise of "obedience"—a rather singular promise for a Sovereign to make to a newly naturalised subject. The Queen answered very simply, "I wish to be married like any other woman, according to the revered custom and usage of the Church of England, and though not as a Queen, but as a woman, I am willing to promise all things contained in that portion of the Liturgy." And so it came to pass.

No event connected with the history of St. James's Palace

ever aroused the enthusiastic loyalty of the people to the same extent as the marriage of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. More than a century had elapsed since the celebration of the nuptials of a reigning Queen of England—those of Queen Anne to Prince George of Denmark.

The morning of the marriage was wet, foggy, and dismal, but the day was not to want the happy omen of that sunshine which came afterwards to be proverbially known as "Queen's weather." Soon after the return of the bridal party from the chapel, the clouds passed off, and the sun shone out with unusual brilliancy, so that the thousands who lined the road from London to Windsor Castle were more fortunate than those who had crowded the avenues of St. James's Palace in the morning, heedless of rain or cold, to witness the bridal procession on the way to and from the chapel.

The chapel itself was beautifully decorated with tapestries and hothouse plants from the royal gardens. Her Majesty was dressed in white satin, of Spitalfields manufacture, with a very deep flounce of Honiton lace; a veil, also of Honiton lace, rested on her wreath of real orange blossoms, mingled with diamonds. She had twelve bridesmaids, of whom the last survivors, Lady Jane Ellice and the late Duchess of Cleveland, died quite recently. The bridegroom was so good-looking that the morning journals of the day fell into ecstasies over his personal appearance, and became quite poetic over "his elegant shape, the beaming beauty of his eyes, and the matchless curve of his calves"! As to the Queen, with her beautiful blue eyes, and delicate complexion, she looked "sweetly pretty." One reporter discovered that her hair was "quite iridescent," and that she walked with "the grace of a Juno." How often has that wedding been described? And how often have we been told that the wedding-cake was the largest ever known, and that it cost £200? The Queen herself has described the Duchess of Kent, with the charming pride a dutiful daughter takes in a beautiful mother. "Dear mamma," says she, "looked oh! so handsome, in her purple velvet robes." Lady Lyttelton, in her letter to W. H. L., dated February 21, 1840, says, "The Queen's look and manner, her eyes much swollen with tears, but great happiness in her countenance, and her look of confidence and

comfort in the Prince, when they walked away as man and wife from the altar, was very pretty to see." That confidence was never betrayed, that comfort never diminished, till the black day towards the close of the year 1861, when Death robbed her of the best of husbands, and the country of a very able and useful man.

The late Lord Cholmondeley was wont to say that, to his mind, the most important event of the nineteenth century had been the opening of the Great Exhibition of 1851. The venerable nobleman was, in a certain sense, perfectly correct in this assertion. The first Exhibition, which tempted thousands to leave their country homes and visit the metropolis in days when travelling was but a new-found delight, brushed away a million cobwebs, wiped out countless prejudices, and changed, for better or worse, the entire social system of the country. It did a great work, too, in the improvement of the general taste in matters artistic, and stimulating the intellectual sense of the nation. People began to perceive that their view of life had hitherto been exceedingly narrow, hampered by old-time notions and ideas which must speedily disappear if real progress was to be made. Hence, to quote Marquis Cholmondeley's own words, "civilisation literally radiated from Hyde Park and penetrated the most remote parts of the kingdom."[1]

The notion of holding a great Exhibition originated with the Prince Consort, whose excellent project was matured by two loyal co-operators, Sir Joseph Paxton, the architect, and Sir Richard Cole.

London, on the eve of the opening of this most marvellous of Exhibitions, was very different from the London of 1800. The population had almost doubled, and gas lighted every house and street. There were still very few hotels,—the principal being the "Clarendon" in Bond Street, Mivart's (afterwards Claridge's), in Brook Street, Hatchett's in Piccadilly, and Morley's at Charing Cross,—and the greater part of the enormous throng of visitors had to put up at old-fashioned boarding-houses. Not even at the coronation had the city been so full. Locomotion was almost impossible in the crowded streets. Every

[1] From notes of a conversation held by the author with Lord Cholmondeley.

language under the sun was to be heard, and the thoroughfares were gay with an extraordinary number of Oriental costumes, never likely to be seen again, since they have even disappeared from the near East itself. For the first time, too, our American cousins came over in their hundreds, and were re-inforced by a fair number of Colonials, though Australia and New Zealand were then but writing the first chapter of their history.

The fact that the vast building was constructed of glass was, in those days, a sufficient marvel to attract almost incredulous interest, and it was reported that some people had actually sold their plate and jewels to come and see so great a wonder. In the remote shires, many declared the whole thing a hoax, and even the accounts of those who had actually beheld the gigantic glass house failed to convince them. They didn't dare confess, said they, that they had been humbugged.

But let the late Queen herself, in her own unaffected style, describe the wonderful *coup d'œil* of the inauguration ceremony—

"At half-past eleven" [we quote Her Majesty's Journal], "the whole of the procession of State carriages was in motion, to proceed to the Exhibition. Green Park and Hyde Park were one densely crowded mass of human beings, all in the highest good humour and all most enthusiastic. I never saw Hyde Park look as it did—as far as the eye could reach it was packed with people. A little rain fell just as we started, but before we came near the Crystal Palace, the sun shone and gleamed upon the gigantic edifice, upon which the flags of all nations were floating. We drove up Rotten Row and got out at the entrance on that side.

"The glimpse of the transept through the iron gates, with its waving palms, flowers, statues, myriads of people filling the galleries and seats around, with the flourish of trumpets as we entered, gave us a sensation which I can never forget, and I felt much moved. We went for a moment to a little side room where we left our shawls, and where we found Mamma and Mary [the late Duchess of Teck], and outside which were standing the other Princesses. In a few seconds we proceeded, Albert leading me, having Vicky at his hand, and Bertie holding mine. The sight as we came to the middle where the steps and chair (which I did not sit on) were placed, with the beautiful crystal fountain just in front of it, was magical, so vast, so touching. One felt—as many did whom I have since spoken to—filled with devotion, more so than by any Church service

I have ever attended. The tremendous cheers, the joy expressed on every face, the immensity of the building, the mixture of palms, trees, flowers, statues, fountains—the organ (with two hundred instruments and six hundred voices, which sounded like nothing), and my beloved husband, the author of this 'Peace Festival,' which united the industries of all nations of the earth—all this was moving indeed, and it was indeed a day to live for ever. . . . The only event it in the slightest degree reminded me of was the Coronation, but this day's festival was a thousand times superior. . . .

"Albert left my side after 'God save the Queen' had been sung, and at the head of the Commissioners—a curious assemblage of political and distinguished men—read me the report, which was a long one, and to which I read a short answer. After this the Archbishop of Canterbury offered up a short and appropriate prayer, followed by the 'Hallelujah Chorus,' during which a Chinese mandarin came forward and made his obeisance.[1] This concluded, the procession began. It was beautifully arranged and of great length, the prescribed order being exactly adhered to. The nave was full, which had not been intended: but there was no difficulty, and the whole long walk from one end to the other was made in the midst of continued and deafening cheers and waving of handkerchiefs. Everyone's face was bright and smiling: many with tears in their eyes. Many Frenchmen called out, '*Vive la Reine.*' The organs were but little heard, but the military band at one end had a very fine effect as we passed along. They played the march from 'Athalie.'

"We returned to our own place, and Albert told Lord Breadalbane to declare the Exhibition open, which he did in a loud voice: 'Her Majesty commands me to declare this Exhibition open,' which was followed by a loud flourish of trumpets and immense cheering. All the Commissioners, the Executive Committee, etc., who worked so hard, and to whom such immense praise is due, seemed truly happy, and no one more so than Paxton, who may be justly proud: he rose from being a common gardener's boy. Everybody was astonished and delighted: Sir George Grey [the Home Secretary] in tears.

"The return was equally satisfactory, the crowd most enthusiastic, the order perfect. We reached the Palace at twenty minutes past one, and went out on the balcony and were

[1] This incident was not provided in the official programme. It was purely spontaneous on the part of the mandarin, who was apparently overcome by the solemnity of the scene.

loudly cheered. That we felt happy, thankful, I need not say, proud of all that had passed, of my darling husband's success, and of the behaviour of my good people.

"I must not forget to mention an interesting episode of this day, viz., the visit of the good old duke on his eighty-second birthday to his little godson, our dear little boy, and gave him a golden cup and some toys, which he had himself chosen, and Arthur gave him a nosegay.

"We dined *en famille*, and then went to the Covent Garden Opera, where we saw the two finest acts of the *Huguenots* given as beautifully as last year. I was rather tired, but we were both so happy, so full of thankfulness! God is indeed our kind and merciful Father!"

The Queen paid a farewell visit to the Exhibition on October 14, and it was dismantled shortly afterwards. During the five and a half months it had remained open, the visitors had numbered 6,200,000, and the total receipts had been £500,000. The material of the Exhibition buildings was used for that other enchanted, but less popular, Palace at Sydenham—a palace which ought to be national property, but which is at present owned by a public Company.

A good idea of the passing show of the Vanity Fair of London during the memorable Exhibition year, may be obtained by a glance at the volume of the *Illustrated London News* for 1851. To the more modern eye it brings a revelation of quaintness. The streets appear with their rough, uneven pavements, and primitive lamp-posts, up which the lamp-lighter climbed with a portable ladder. The parks are full of odd-shaped vehicles, now long out of fashion. We see cumbrous gilded coaches with two and three flunkeys, in plush and powdered wigs, hanging on behind,—for the Lord Mayor had not then the quasi-monopoly of such outward signs of invisible dignity. The ladies wear flounced dresses, Cashmere shawls, be-frilled spencers, long curls, and bonnets with veils pending lackadaisically to one side. The men appear in baggy trousers, long-waisted frock-coats, plaid waistcoats, mutton-chop whiskers, protruding on either side of their "stand-up" collars and black satin "stocks." Every masculine head sports a "top-hat" a good inch and a half taller than the horror which still holds its own amongst us. Weird, to our eyes, seem the "yellow-bellied"

hackney cabs (cabriolets), with the facetious drivers immortalised by Leech, garbed, winter and summer alike, in voluminous, many-flounced capes. London possessed, so Murray's London Handbook for 1851 informs us, about six thousand cabs and hansoms,[1] four-wheelers distinctly predominating. Omnibuses plied along the main arteries, for sixpenny fares, and the "Underground" was as yet a "marvel," suggested, indeed, but not to be realised for another ten or a dozen years. The Thames had its penny steamers, which were much patronised, but the three thousand "wherries," which conveyed passengers across the river in the first twenty years of the century, had been more or less superseded by the building of new bridges.

The difficulty of getting away from the Exhibition, under these limited conditions of locomotion, was the subject of general lamentation. A serious and tiresome business it must, indeed, have been, especially for women of "quality," who, however low their finances, risked their very reputations, if, even accompanied by husband or brother, they ventured inside a "hansom" or a 'bus. The closing of the Exhibition at dusk, necessitated by this difficulty of locomotion, was a distinct benefit to the opera, the theatres, and other places of amusement.

There were two Italian Opera Houses open during the season,—Her Majesty's and Covent Garden,—but neither house gave more than four performances a week, and these were, as a rule, only attended by those who, in some way or other, belonged to Society. The phenomenal success of Jenny Lind, had, however, somewhat broken down this barrier, and many country cousins scarcely considered their season complete unless they had been taken to the Opera pit, which in those days occupied two-thirds of the space now devoted to stalls, the seats costing 10s. each. That matchless pair, Grisi and Mario, were in their prime; Alboni of the rich contralto, the graceful Sontag, the pathetic Bosio, the glorious-voiced and inimitable Signor Ronconi, and M. Lablache were the prime favourites of a musical world which had barely heard of Wagner, although his finest works, including *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, and *Der Fliegende Hollander*, had already been offered to, and rejected by, nearly every Opera House in Europe. But of all the *prime-donne* of

[1] Mr. Hansom patented his invention in 1834.

her day, Jenny Lind stands pre-eminent; not so much, however, as a great artist but as a great personality of unblemished reputation and exceeding benevolence. She made her first appearance at Her Majesty's as Alice in *Robert Le Diable*, on the night of May 4, 1847. Her success was beyond precedent. A "Jenny Lind night" at the Opera was soon a veritable historical event. The last time Mdlle. Lind ever appeared on the stage, the crowd was so great that the police had the utmost difficulty in keeping the fashionable mob in order,—hundreds of people being driven into the house by the throng, without being able to pay for their seats. Jenny Lind left the operatic stage for the concert platform at an early period of her career—from conscientious scruples suggested, so it was said, by the Bishop of Norwich. She eventually married Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, the eminent conductor. She died some twelve years ago at Malvern, as deeply regretted by the Queen as by the people of her adopted country.

Excellent and well-established concerts, such as the Philharmonic and the Ancient Concerts were generally given, as we have already seen, before the opening of the St. James's Hall, at the King's Concert Rooms in Hanover Square. Julien's Concerts, at Drury Lane, were very popular in the days when every street-boy whistled the "Jenny Lind" and "Dream" Polkas, "Pop goes the weasel!" "Villikins and his Dinah," or "Buffalo girls." In the year 1851, the favourite concert singers were Jenny Lind, Madame Clara Novello, Mr. Sims Reeves, Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr. Charles Santley, and Mr. Charles Harrison. A few years later, the great names of Adelina Patti, Theresa Titiens, and Christine Nillson rose to pre-eminence on the operatic stage and in the concert-room. At this period the ballet was even more fashionable than the opera. It was the age of the "transcendent" Taglioni, the "exquisite" Fanny Ellsler, the "delightful" Duvernay (afterwards Mrs. Lyne Stevens), the "divine" Cerito, and the "incomparable" Lucille Grahn. When the four great dancers—Taglioni, Cerito, Ellsler, and Carlotta Grisi—were announced to appear together in a *pas de quatre*, not London alone, but all Europe was moved with excitement as by a great political event. The ballet has now taken refuge at the "Empire," where the exquisite Adeline Genée reigns supreme Queen of Dance.

The theatres, not very numerous, were stuffy, if not absolutely dirty, and reeked with the odour of stale orange-peel. Play-bills were half a yard long, and printed in such thick ink as to soil dainty gloves and hands that were clean. From the play-bill of the "Royal Princess Theatre," dated March 16, 1854, we learn that the celebrated "dramatic romance," the *Corsican Brothers*, was presented on that night for the hundred and forty-sixth time (a phenomenal run in those days), with Mr. Charles Kean in the dual part of the twin brothers. It was followed by *Harlequin the Miller and his Men*, with not less than twenty changes of scene, and a magnificent Transformation. The prices of admission were: Dress circle, 5s.; Boxes, 4s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Half-price to all parts of the house after nine; doors open at 6.30; performance to commence at seven punctually. The elderly, who are still with us, swear that our players are but poor puppets compared with Kean, Macready, Mathews, Phelps, Bedford, Buckstone, and Kate and Ellen Terry, Mrs. Alfred Wigan, Mrs. Keeley, Mme. Celeste, and Miss Woolgar of the days when they were young. It may be so, but we are the young ones now—and there's the difference.

Three principal restaurants, corresponding to the Savoy and the Princes' of our time, were Soyer's "Universal Symposium," at Gore House, Kensington, Verrey's in Regent Street, and Simpson's Cigar Divan in the Strand. Few ladies attended these or any other restaurants in London, it being considered hardly "proper," and, indeed, quite as "fast" as to drive in a "hansom" cab. Murray's Guide Book for 1851 recommends strangers in quest of a good dinner to visit the "Salutation" in Newgate Street, famed for its three-course dinner at 1s. 6d., and the "Rainbow," "The Mitre," "The Cheshire Cheese," and "Dick's," celebrated for the excellence and cheapness of some special dish or other. The fashionable hour for dining was between six and seven o'clock. Nearly all the theatres opened at half-past six. On the other hand, the famous supper-houses of those times—the "Cider Cellar" in Maiden Lane, Evans's in Covent Garden, "The Coal Hole" in the Strand, and "The Europe" in the Haymarket, remained open nearly all night. "The Cider Cellar" and "The Coal Hole," were celebrated for the mock trials of notable cases conducted by a "Judge and

Jury." It is very doubtful whether they would now be tolerated by the police. Evans's, on the other hand, was very respectably conducted, the cooking good, and the glee singing excellent, and the stranger up from the country was pretty sure to see some great celebrity or other, enjoying his steak or his chop whilst listening to the exquisite singing of the famous Glee Boys. Even such men as Dickens, Thackeray, Disraeli, and Palmerston, not to mention Douglas and Blanchard Jerrold, John Oxenford, John Holingshead (but lately deceased), Edmund Yates, Albert Smith, Charles Mathews, Paul Bedford, Buckstone, Alfred Mellon, and a score of others whose names were then on every lip, frequented Evans's.

Wax-works were very popular, too, and Madame Tussaud's Exhibition in Baker Street, then in the zenith of its glory, was a place of pilgrimage for every visitor who came to London. It is still going, but the wax-works and Napoleonic relics are now exhibited in the Marylebone Road, where they quite recently celebrated the centenary of their existence.

The popularity of the Panorama, to which people flocked, proves that travel was still a rare luxury. In 1851, London possessed not less than twenty panoramic Exhibitions. These, especially one in the Egyptian Hall, attracted crowds, which were personally conducted on a mimic tour through Oregon, Texas, and California. At Burford's, in Leicester Square, sightseers were duly thrilled and chilled in the Arctic regions; at the Gallery of Illustrations, Regent Street, they went by a canvas Overland Route to India; at Linwood's they obtained a glimpse of New Zealand; at the Coliseum in Regent's Park they experienced the horrors of the earthquake at Lisbon, and beheld London by day and Paris by night.

Vauxhall Gardens were already half built over, but the Surrey Gardens, with a well-arranged spectacle of the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, were extremely popular. The star of Cremorne was steadily rising, as a rendezvous of the frivolous; and once, at least, in the season, the staid and respectable went by boat from London Bridge to partake of tea and shrimps at Rosherville Gardens.

Queen Victoria exercised very little personal influence on costume during her long reign, but, at State functions, her

Majesty invariably represented the Realm with the greatest magnificence, even eclipsing her predecessor, Queen Elizabeth, in the splendour of her jewels and laces. In domestic life, on the other hand, the Queen always advocated the useful and comfortable, preferring old bonnets to new, and roomy shoes to pointed toes and preposterous heels. Queen Alexandra, shortly after her arrival from Denmark, as Princess of Wales, invented for her own use the dainty little bonnet which so exactly suited her elegant figure and exquisite face, and which she has wisely continued to wear.

That horrible monster, the crinoline, loomed over the horizon of fashion in the early 'fifties with the advent of the Empress Eugénie. Her Imperial Majesty, who would have been considered lovely in any rank of life, was, in the opinion of many, not strong in the matter of artistic taste, and in honour, probably, of her native Spain, gave unhesitating patronage to the hooped skirt, a flimsy adaptation of the sixteenth-century *guardinfante* or farthingale, which, even when it served to display a wealth of jewels, and was limned by a Velasquez, was never otherwise than hideous. The inconvenient crinoline, with its freight of commonplace ribbons, slight silks, and modern satins, abominable as it was, resisted satire and ridicule for over twenty years, and only fell into the limbo of things *demodées* with the disaster at Sedan in 1870.

The gentlemen of this particular period, not to be out of the running with the fair sex, assumed peg-top trousers, a sort of masculine edition of the crinoline. The late E. A. Sothern, in his delicious satire, *Lord Dundreary*, managed at last to deal a staggering blow to the "peg-top," and trousers have remained straight and unobtrusive ever since. The last London woman of note who wore a crinoline was "Speranza," Lady Wilde, the respected mother of that unhappy genius, Oscar Wilde, who, to the day of her death, clung with wonderful tenacity to the fashion of her youth.

How the ladies of those days ever contrived to squeeze through crowded assemblies, or to get into carriages, imprisoned as they were in hooped skirts that were sometimes three yards in circumference, is a matter which the inimitable Leech endeavoured to explain in *Punch* with results that still raise gales of laughter.

In the late 'fifties, the popularity of *La Dame aux Camelias*, reduced to operatic form by Verdi as *La Traviata*, affected dress in no small degree. Madame Doche, who first played the part of the consumptive heroine, and who was a very pretty woman, wore her hair plain *en bandeaux*, over the ears, with a bunch of camellias on either side. Within a month all the women in Europe wore their hair in the same style, and the demand for camellias was such that the Covent Garden florists charged as much as half a guinea for a single bloom.

Without putting herself outside the realms of fashion, a woman may now dress pretty well as she likes. She may wear a Medici collar and a Renaissance gown if they suit her; and she may even attire herself after the beautiful models of Gainsborough and Romney, without being accounted eccentric. Male costume has also undergone considerable modification. Lord Ronald Gower's crusade against the preposterous silk hat is beginning to take effect, and, in a single week, the omnipresent "Belle" and "Madge" have seen, and described in the columns of their weekly journals, a live duke, marquis, and earl, even at the fashionable hour of three in the afternoon, sauntering down Bond Street, adorned either with "bowlers" or "Homburg" felt hats!

The first forty years of the Victorian era left much to be desired from the artistic point of view. To the charming Sheraton and Chippendale furniture of the eighteenth century, and the stately "Empire" of the first quarter of the nineteenth, had succeeded a style in which rounded mahogany backs and bulgy legs converted chairs, tables, and sofas upholstered in dismal horsehair or else in extra double-glazed chintz, into objects of absolute horror. It was the age of knitted anti-macassars, of pseudo-classical stucco ceilings, of heavy picture and looking-glass frames, of glass shades screening from dust loathsome waxen or shell flowers, of terrifying family portraits, and other abominations too numerous to detail, which none the less contrived to stigmatise as old-fashioned and to drive from the drawing-room every bit of the charming ceramic art of the eighteenth century, the pretty old Lowestoft, Derby, Worcester, Leeds, Chelsea, and Battersea ware, which had delighted the *virtuosi* of the powder and patch period, as much as they do

the *connoisseurs* of our own time. The painter's art flourished, however, and the line of masters of the early British school received additional lustre from such artists as Turner, Wilkie, Thorburn, Etty, Landseer, Mulready, Stansfield, Creswick, Rossetti, Millais, Holman Hunt, Tadema, Leighton, Frith, Orchardson, Burne-Jones, David Murray, Poynter, Elizabeth Thompson, and Watts, the greatest of them all.

In domestic architecture, the middle Victorian era was a dismal failure. Its inevitable columns on either side of the porch, its heavy useless balconies, and its general air of depressing monotony still disfigures South Kensington and other parts of the West End and suburbs. But there are one or two public buildings, erected in the reign of Victoria, which stand out well from this dismal mediocrity,—the very beautiful Houses of Parliament for instance, built in 1846, the picturesque Law Courts, and more recently still the Byzantine Roman Catholic Cathedral at Westminster, the finest ecclesiastical edifice built in England since the seventeenth century. Within the last twenty years, a new style of domestic architecture has been introduced which, though often badly designed after the French, has at least the merit of variety in detail, and of a fairly effective and picturesque skyline.

Although, from 1851 onwards, Society saw Willoughby d'Eresby's original "noble six hundred" increase its brigade by thousands, nay, by tens of thousands, it was still manageable enough, which is more than can be said for it at the beginning of the twentieth century! Queen Victoria, in the early years of her reign, entertained right royally, and her two great fancy balls at Buckingham Palace in the 'fifties were of historic importance. In the earlier, her Majesty appeared as Queen Philippa of Hainault, and the Prince Consort as Edward III., the company attending in the dresses of the age of chivalry. A year or so later, the Queen gave her second and last fancy-dress ball, when she impersonated her ancestress, Caroline of Anspach, the Prince Consort appearing as George II.

At Stafford House, the Duchess of Sutherland, one of the most beautiful women of her time, entertained in princely style not only the court and aristocracy, but the élite of the literary and artistic circles. At a time when the civilised world was

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stirred to its depths by a novel as it has never been before or since, the Duchess of Sutherland had as her guest Mrs. Harriet Beecher-Stowe, the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. The book had been phenomenally successful; Thackeray had praised it, and Landseer had painted his admirable "Uncle Tom and Aunt Chloe for Sale," now in the Tate Gallery. Everybody was weeping over the sorrows of poor old Tom and the death of little Eva, was thrilling at the escape of Eliza over the ice-bound Ohio, and being convulsed by the drollery of the immortal Topsy. Mrs. Stowe was for the time something more than a success, she was a furore.

After the Italian Revolution the Duchess also received the veteran Garibaldi, the popular idol of the day, thereby relieving the Queen of one who, from the political point of view, would have been a rather awkward guest. In those days Charles Dickens and Thackeray, the two greatest of English novelists, were residing, the first in Tavistock Square—to move a little later into Devonshire Terrace, Marylebone—the second in Onslow Square, and both were frequent visitors at Stafford House.

In the 'thirties and 'forties the accomplished and beautiful Countess of Blessington held her *salon*, first at No. 8 Seymour Place, and later at Gore House, Kensington, where men of letters, art, and science, as well as politicians, assembled to flatter that "gorgeous" lady and persuade her—'twas an easy task—that she was the equal of the Nine Muses rolled in one! Here D'Israeli would look in of an afternoon to find Dickens, Blanchard, Landor, Bulwer Lytton, and many another man of wit and renown installed by the tea-urn, whilst Count D'Orsay, "the last of the dandies," who married the hostess's daughter, Lady Harriet Gardiner, assisted Lady Blessington and her niece, Miss Power, in doing the honours of her hospitable mansion. Here, also, Tom Moore might sometimes be heard, singing, with infinite pathos, his own matchless Irish melodies. In the late 'forties, Prince Louis Napoleon, then an exile, was often to be seen among Lady Blessington's other numerous "lions." He proved rather ungrateful after he became Emperor. Lady Blessington, having lost a considerable part of her fortune, went to Paris, where the Emperor met her one day at a reception, and

asked her, coldly, how long she was going to remain in France. "And you, Sire?" was the scathing reply.

At Kensington Gore, Mrs. Nassau Senior received the scientific and artistic, as well as the political and literary worlds. At Cambridge House, Piccadilly, now the Army and Navy Club, that most tactful of hostesses, Lady Palmerston, kept open house, where, in addition to diplomats and the Whig party, one might fall in with such distinguished foreigners as M. Guizot. At Aubrey House, Notting Hill, the brilliant Mrs. Peter Taylor, wife of the Liberal Member for Leicester, entertained the Radical world, and such conspicuous political exiles as Kossuth, Aurilio Saffi, and Mazzini. In this charming old house you might, in the early 'sixties, have brushed up against Holman Hunt, Rossetti, young Burne-Jones, Herman Merivale, and Millais, this latter then winning his earliest laurels as a leader of the "pre-Raphaelite school." Later on, George Eliot appeared on the scene. But that was when the literary world in its enthusiasm for *Adam Bede* had almost forgotten the fuss it had made over Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre*. She, too, had been a "lioness" for a brief time—but a very timid "lioness," being painfully shy! The medico-scientific world foregathered at Sir Benjamin Brodie's, Sir William Jenner's, and at Sir James Paget's; while the advanced thinkers met round the table of Herbert Spencer, Sir Richard Owen, and Professor Darwin. Artistic and theatrical people were to be found at Charles Dickens's and at Charles Kean's in Tavistock Square, and also in the studio of that great artist, Watts, who died but a few months ago. At Miss Burdett-Coutts' house in Stratton Street you were sure to meet with "noble company" and many "immortals,"—with some of the exiled Bonapartes, with Thackeray, Dickens, Ainsworth, Bulwer Lytton, with the future Lord Beaconsfield, with Wilkie Collins, and Charles Fechter,—the finest of romantic actors,—and later in the 'seventies and 'eighties with Henry Irving, Edwin Booth, and other theatrical celebrities. The lovely Duchess of Westminster, the beautiful Marchioness of Douro, afterwards Duchess of Wellington, the Duchesses of Rutland, Norfolk, Abercorn, Buccleuch, and Roxburgh, were famed for the magnificence of their entertainments; the Marchioness of Ely, the Queen's great friend, for her charm;

and Maria, Marchioness of Aylesbury, for her wit. At Strawberry Hill, that oft-married lady, the Countess of Waldegrave,[1] gathered huge crowds of smart people to her garden parties; and for many years Lady Holland's brilliant annual fête at Holland House announced the close of the season. We must not forget to mention, *en passant*, the great Catholic hostesses of this period, the Duchesses of Buccleuch, Leeds, Argyle, and Hamilton, Cecily, Marchioness of Lothian, and the delightfully amusing Mrs. Washington Hibbert,—"the only woman who knew how to live for this world as well as the next, and to serve both God and the other gentleman," as they said of one whose charity was boundless and whose hospitality was princely,—and also her sister Lucy, Mrs. John Townley. The names of these two revered ladies remind us that they were born Tichborne and were, consequently, aunts of that unlucky Sir Roger Tichborne whose untimely death at sea suggested to John Orton, the Claimant, a good chance of winning notoriety, if nothing else, as the hero of the most extraordinary domestic trial of the nineteenth century. These are but a few of the most prominent hostesses of the middle Victorian era. This list—like that of the celebrities they received—might be extended over many and many a page.

In the 'eighties and 'nineties the Court was admirably represented by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and a new series of hostesses—headed by the present Lady Londonderry, Lady Hayter, Lady Dorchester, Lady Lansdowne, Lady Downshire, Lady Glenesk, Lady Dudley, Lady Rothschild, Lady Jeune, and the late Dowager Lady Freake—helped to make the season a success and an attraction to the ever-increasing invasion of fair Americans, many of whom have elected to remain with us as the wives of Dukes, Earls, and Barons, and spend their millions in Mayfair instead of on Fifth Avenue.

The earliest year of the last half of the late century witnessed

[1] The Countess of Waldegrave was the daughter of Braham, the most popular tenor of the day. She married, firstly, the seventh Earl of Waldegrave; secondly, his cousin, Mr. Waldegrave; thirdly, Mr. Harcourt, eldest son of the Archbishop of York; and lastly, the Rt. Hon. Mr. Chichester Fortescue.

a magnificent interment, that of the great Duke of Wellington. It was decided that the people's reverence for the memory of the illustrious deceased, and their grief for his loss, should find expression in a public funeral. The body of the Iron Duke, enclosed in a shell, remained for a time at Walmer Castle, where he had died, a guard of honour, composed of men of his own rifle regiment, watching over it, and the castle flag flying half-mast high. On the evening of the 10th of November, 1852, the coffin was placed upon a hearse and conveyed, by torchlight, to the railway station, the batteries at Walmer and Deal Castles firing minute-guns, whilst Sandown Castle took up the melancholy salute as the train with its sad burden swept by. Arrived in London, the procession re-formed, and marched, by torchlight, through the silent streets, reaching Chelsea at about three o'clock in the morning. Here the coffin was carried into the hall of the Royal Military Hospital. Life Guardsmen, with arms reversed, lined the apartment, which was hung with black and lighted by waxen tapers. The remains rested upon an elevated platform at the end of the hall, over which was suspended a cloud-like canopy or veil. The casket was covered with red velvet, and on a table at the foot all the decorations of the deceased warrior were laid. Hither, day by day, repaired a constant stream of men, women, and children, all in deep mourning. The first visitor was the Queen, accompanied by her children; so deeply was her Majesty affected, that she never got beyond the centre of the hall, where her feelings quite overcame her, and whence, weeping bitterly, she was led back to her carriage. Unfortunately, the arrangements for the lying-in-state of the Duke of Wellington were very badly managed, and several people were crushed to death in their attempts to view the face of the Iron Duke.

The public funeral, on the 18th of November, was attended by the Prince Consort and all the chief Officers of State. The body had been removed the previous night, by torchlight, and under an escort of cavalry, to the Horse-Guards. At dawn on the 18th the solemn ceremony began. From St. Paul's Cathedral, down Fleet Street, along the Strand, by Charing Cross and Pall Mall, to St. James's Park, troops lined both sides of the streets; while in the Park itself, columns of infantry, cavalry, and artillery formed up, ready to fall into their places

in the great procession. How solemnly the ceremony was conducted—with what respectful interest watched by high and low—how grave and striking the notes of the regimental bands, as one after another they took up the "Dead March in Saul"—how grand, yet how touching the scene in the interior of St. Paul's—none can realise but those who remember this pageant which marked the close of the great Duke's faithful service to his country.

The Prince Consort's funeral took place on December 23, 1861, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. It was a stately, but almost a private function. For nearly twenty years after his death, her Majesty retired as much as possible from public life. Every duty appertaining to her towering position was fulfilled with the utmost scruple, but she was rarely seen by the people of her capital, and the British Court was thereby shorn of much of its previous magnificence. The Queen was not present at the inauguration of the great Exhibition at Kensington in 1862, the Prince of Wales representing Her Majesty at this ceremony. On March 7, 1863, the beautiful Princess Alexandra of Denmark landed in England as the bride of the Heir-Apparent. Like the Roman of old, her Royal Highness came, saw, and conquered. From that day to this she has remained, to Londoners especially, the "Queen of Hearts."

In 1887 Queen Victoria returned, in a measure, to public life, in the celebration of the fiftieth year of her reign. June 22, 1887, was one of the loveliest days of which poet or artist could have dreamed. Before dawn, the immense crowd of spectators began to assemble along the line of procession; and everywhere its behaviour was beyond reproach—scarcely an accident occurred to mar the festivities. The procession, though simple as compared with similar pageants abroad, was rendered imposing by its very lack of ostentation, and the princely escort surrounding the Queen's carriage was received all along the route with the wildest demonstrations of delighted enthusiasm. Amongst the Princes rode one whose splendid appearance is stamped on the memories of all who marked the never-to-be-forgotten figure, white-uniformed, stately, and chivalrous—Frederick William of Prussia, of the golden helmet, and the flying plumes, the very embodiment of

the legendary hero of his country, the blameless Lohengrin. The scene in the Abbey, when the Queen, in her widow's weeds, knelt in stately solitude to receive the Benediction, was more imposing than words can paint.[1] A ray of sunshine streamed upon the bowed figure, pathetic in its simple majesty, glorifying it as with a smile from Heaven itself.

Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee, celebrated in 1897, was, in a measure, a repetition of the first. But increasing years and infirmities prevented the Queen from entering St. Paul's, as she had entered Westminster Abbey in 1887, and the special service was held on the Cathedral steps, her Majesty assisting at it from her carriage. From St. Paul's, the royal procession proceeded over London Bridge, through the Borough, crossing Westminster Bridge on its way back to Buckingham Palace. Everywhere the Queen was received with the utmost enthusiasm, and yet, dimly, a cloud was felt to hover over all the gaiety—the universal presentiment, no doubt, that a long and glorious reign was drawing swiftly, remorselessly, to its inevitable close!

The reader, who has followed, in our company, the evolution of the metropolis of Great Britain, from a cluster of huts, close by the marshy Thames, to the human ant-hill which witnessed the opening of the 1851 Exhibition,—if he but compares the London in which he dwells, with the London of the beginning of the nineteenth century, and notes the astounding march of the last hundred years,—cannot but catch his breath with admiration and amazement! The least enlightened portion of the population is being brought, by degrees, into contact with a higher civilisation, and a remarkable diminution of the yearly record of crime is the consequence. Extreme poverty and misery will still, alas! remain with us for many a weary decade to come. But, even now, we note signs of an amelioration in the condition of "Darkest London," which point to the long-wished-for time when much unmerited suffering will be a thing of the buried past. Much of this improvement is due to the energy of the Booths and their interesting Salvation Army, which for

[1] The writer, who was present in the Abbey, well remembers this dramatic and striking incident, which was commented upon by all the papers of the day.

all its faults has done very noble and useful work. We stand, now, but on the threshold of the twentieth century. Let the nation see to it that, long before its close, no honest English man or woman, whose need is not caused by his or her own fault, shall lack necessary shelter, food, and raiment. Englishmen are beginning to realise, tardily it is true, but profoundly, that our national greatness depends not so much on material wealth as upon the true conception of the meaning of that much-abused word, "Liberty"; *i.e.* education, toleration, and humanity.

Many causes contributed to the extraordinary moral and mental progress of the sixty-two years of Queen Victoria's reign. On two points this progress has been amazing,—I refer to the incredible increase in the facilities of communication and inter-communication, and the equally marvellous strides made by journalism. Eighty years ago, it took the better part of three days to get from London to Norwich, a journey now performed comfortably enough in three hours or less by rail. Cardinal Wiseman spent six weeks in getting to Rome by sea, the cheapest and most expeditious way of reaching the Eternal City in his day. It took two to three months to get to America, and six, at least, to sight the nearest port of India—the Overland Route was not regularly opened till 1859. Even fifty years ago, emigrants left England with a heavy heart, feeling almost certain they would never behold their old homes or loved ones again. All that is changed now; a poor man who went to New Zealand some seven years ago, has been back to see his father and mother twice since he left our shores. Many of our American cousins think nothing of crossing the Atlantic three or four times a year; but it is unnecessary to dwell further on so well-worn a theme. Facilities of travel, together with telegraphy and telephony, are making the world smaller, and its interests more universal every day. So shortened have distances become, in the civilised world, that nothing of importance can happen at the Antipodes without affecting every part of Europe and America. A Japanese war, of which, fifty years ago, probably nobody would have heard, is now an event of such world-wide import that its consequences may well transform the history of Europe. A recent disaster in Chicago —a city which, half a century since, was a small station of the Hudson Bay Company, with about 200 inhabitants, and which

has now a population of 1,698,700, served by 775 churches, and thirty-five theatres—was known in London in less than an hour after its occurrence, and had a marked and immediate effect on the attendance at our metropolitan theatres, reducing their profits for a night or so by 50 per cent. In the middle of the nineteenth century it cost 10d. to send a letter to France, whilst the charge for sending a single sheet, weighing half an ounce, to the Colonies, was arbitrary, varying from 1s. to 5s.; to-day, we can send a letter anywhere within the Postal Union for 2½d., and one weighing half an ounce to Delhi, Hong Kong, or Bulawayo for 1d.!

Less than seventy years ago, about 60 per cent. of our entire population could neither read nor write. In our time the illiterates number less than 15 per cent. To these and other facts, far too numerous to admit of more than a passing allusion, is due the prodigious increase of our newspapers and periodicals, daily, weekly, and monthly. A newspaper of a sort existed in London in the sixteenth century,—a manuscript sheet, containing a great deal of curious information, evidently intended for private circulation only, and most likely, as Macaulay suggests, written to the order of noblemen who, whilst absent at their country houses, desired to be informed of the doings of the metropolis. English journalism began to take shape in the seventeenth century, and the British Museum contains a very large collection of early newspapers wherein the student may observe the evolution of the Press in this country. It was not till the reign of Queen Anne that the newspaper began to become a power in our midst. In the first year of this reign, *The Daily Courant*, the earliest London daily, made its appearance. By the end of the century, fourteen daily, seven evening, and five bi-weekly papers,—one French bi-weekly, the *Courier de Londres*,—and thirteen English weeklies were published in London. In this year 1906, the spread of journalism in England and America is so enormous that, even to do it the faintest justice, would require a long chapter to itself. Let it suffice to say that, to its honour and glory, the Press of England has so far maintained a higher level of morality and justice than that of any other country; a happy fact, mainly due to the common-sense of the English people, who are their own censors,

and would speedily reject any paper that ventured to neglect those obligations of self-respect and decency due by every editor to his public. British journals, as a rule, are in the hands of educated and honourable men, who, prejudiced and bigoted as some of them may be in their individual religious and political opinions, are too wise, and too practical, to force their private views on an unwilling reader. And, take it all in all, it may be said fairly, that the work of English journalists has been of incalculable value in the building up of our Empire, and in eradicating many of the prejudices, which, at one time, marred the harmonious understanding between the units of the nation.

The reader who would judge for himself of the extraordinary strides during the last fifty years made by England in the direction of true progress, should devote a few hours, in the Reading Room of the British Museum, to the perusal of the far-back numbers of the *Illustrated London News*, and similar publications, some of which reach to the beginning of the eighteenth century. He will thus be able to follow the evolution of many things in a practical manner. He will realise, for instance, that in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, civilised communities had already awakened to the necessity for some more expeditious means of conveyance from place to place. Aerial navigation suggested itself as the easiest way of settling the problem, and in all parts of Europe people took a vast interest in aeronautics. The boldness of the Brothers Montgolfier—who actually mounted in their balloon and made their first experiments in the presence of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette at Versailles in 1784—was the subject of much talk. In September of the same year, London went wild over Leonardi's experiments in air navigation, when, in the presence of the Prince of Wales and a prodigious crowd, that intrepid inventor ascended in his balloon to a considerable height above St. Paul's Cathedral. The people went for days to the Lyceum to see "the wonderful engine" in which Mr. Leonardi was to make his ascent—and 20,000 persons paid their shillings and sixpences for the privilege. So great was the excitement, that when Leonardi accidentally dropped his oar, a lady in the crowd, thinking the body of the aeronaut had fallen overboard, died of sympathy and grief,—Leonardi himself, *in propriâ personâ*, failing to convince her of her mistake! Again and again ascents were

made in Paris and London, and even in Constantinople, but without marked success. It is very amusing to observe, in the old pictures, the alteration of the shape of the balloon—from the Montgolfiers' with four globes, to Charles Green's, the first inflated with hydrogen, which went up on the occasion of the coronation of George IV. Thenceforward we can follow all the variations, till we reach those of M. Santos Dumont, Count Zeppelin, and Mr. Spencer. Yet it would almost seem as though Providence did not intend to permit man to blacken the heavens with "flying" squadrons, and celestial transports, and, somehow or other, aerial locomotion appears destined to remain in the experimental stage. Not so with terrestrial locomotion by steam and electricity,—(how different the story of these which our old prints show!),—and we may feel proud, indeed, of the extraordinary development of communication by their means.

The uncomfortable toy-box-looking train of carriages, open to the winds of heaven, which dragged a delighted party from London to Brighton in 1843, amid the cheering of an astonished multitude, makes as piteous a figure beside the saloon dining- and sleeping-carriages of our own day, as these, in their turn, will doubtless make, when, some twenty years hence, they shall be contrasted with the travelling palaces, propelled by electricity, which the future may, perhaps, hold in reserve for us.

Even the nimble cycle is no modern invention. Early in the nineteenth century there was a veritable velocipede, or "bone-shaker," craze; and as early as 1833, the enterprising Sir George Dance made weekly journeys, during four months, in a primitive sort of motor-car driven by steam, between London and Brighton and London and Cheltenham. Sir George met, however, with so much opposition from the official world that, after conveying 3360 passengers to and fro, he eventually gave up his "steam carriage" in despair. The same fate had befallen Messrs. Trevithick and Vivians' venture in the same direction nearly half a century earlier. The public protested against what they deemed to be a nuisance which "frightened the horses."

* * * * * * *

When, in February 1901, a vast, silent, and mourning multitude witnessed the last pageant in the reign of Queen Victoria, many who had reached mature years, recalling that

the better period of their lives had been spent under the rule of that illustrious Monarch, must have realised that it was something more than the funeral procession of a great and worthy Queen, that was slowly wending its way through the throng, to the royal tomb at Windsor; it was, indeed, the greatest epoch in English history which was being rolled back like a scroll—a scroll on which was written the story of that transcendent era in the history of our race, to which the most excellent of sovereigns had bequeathed a name eternally to be revered. The dignified simplicity of that procession, the coffin on the gun-carriage covered with the Union Jack, can never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. None of the external pomp that bore Elizabeth to her grave was there, but not less poignant was the national grief, and, we may add, of a higher order, unmixed with any sentiment save that of the profoundest respect for the Sovereign,—the deepest love and veneration for the Woman, who, throughout her life and reign, as daughter, wife, and mother, had set to the womankind of the world, throughout all the coming ages, a most noble example.

Henceforth we part, let us imagine for a moment that the Spirit of the devout Pilgrim in whose company we beheld the London of Chaucer's time has returned to earth for a brief space, and stands perched with us in the balcony above the swelling dome of the second St. Paul's Cathedral. At his feet, a wonderful panorama unfolds itself. The little London of his day has spread and covered a province. Above the irregular roofs, he can scarce recognise one of the beloved landmarks of the city in which he erstwhile dwelt. The Tower is still there, but it is hardly the same palace-fortress from which he saw Edward III. and Queen Philippa of Hainault issuing forth with that glittering escort of men in armour and gorgeously robed prelates and noblemen, whose many-hued garments recalled a wheat-field gay with poppies and cornflowers. The power of the once formidable stronghold appears broken now, its bastions and round towers are fewer; for it is no more a fortress, but a somewhat grim museum, much frequented by travellers from continents and islands, of which, during his lifetime, our Pilgrim never even dreamt! In vain he seeks the familiar outline of the old bridge with its quaint houses, and its lofty Gothic gateways and towers

decked with the reeking heads of traitors. It is gone! and in its place a broader, nobler bridge is crossed each day by a multitude outnumbering the whole population of good King Edward's capital. To the poetic fancy of the ancient Chroniclers, the shipping in London's Pool, below the bridge, was so thick that the masts and rigging reminded them of "a wood in winter time, when the branches are bare." To-day, so prodigious is the gathering of ships from every corner of the earth, it would rather recall a mighty forest. As our Pilgrim gazes on the Thames from London Bridge to Westminster, his astonishment increases; for here is bridge after bridge, and the crowd on each, as dense, if not denser, than on London Bridge itself! Beyond Blackfriars, the river has lost a good third of its width, and a broad embankment replaces the series of royal and episcopal palaces which he knew so well. Glancing down on the city proper, the Shade notes with a pleased smile a tower or spire which leads him to hope that some time-honoured fane, within which he has often said his beads, has not been utterly swept away by the hand of time. He recognises the sites, if not the very towers, of St. Mary-le-Bow, St. Michael-Cornhill, St. Catherine-Cree, St. Mary Axe, St. Magnus-by-the-Thames, and St. Mary Woolnoth. But the tall, lance-like, Gothic steeples have been replaced by others in that curious blending of Dutch and Doric, dear to Sir Christopher Wren. Gone, too, are the great palaces of the nobility and of the merchant-princes, — who, trading with Bruges, Venice, and Florence, thought their ships had travelled to the world's limits. All are now replaced by towering business houses, insurance-offices, and caravanserais, in which the commerce of Central Africa, of New York and Newfoundland, of Mexico and Valparaiso, Cape Horn and Timbuctoo, Pekin and Tokio, Port Arthur, Irkutsk and Petersburg, is focussed and despatched. In a word, nearly every brick of his London is changed. Changed, too, the religion, the ideas, the customs, and the costumes of the people who throng the streets. In vain he looks for a certain well-known shrine of Our Lady, where, in his time, an ancient anchorite kept alight the twelve lamps that glimmered, night and day, before the sacred image. In its place stands an enormous temple, with a pious inscription over

its front,—"the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof,"—that veritable Temple of Mammon, the Royal Exchange! To the left, a long, low building, in a style of architecture quite unfamiliar to the puzzled Pilgrim, covers a site occupied, in his day, by the apple orchards of the neighbouring Austin Friars. We whisper in his ear the information that what he sees is the rich shrine of "Our Lady of Threadneedle Street," who watches over the interests of the greatest financial establishment in the world, the Bank of England. St. Martin's-le-Grand, where criminals and outcasts sought sanctuary in our Pilgrim's time, has now become the site of a pseudo-classical building, yclept the General Post Office, which, in a single week, sends forth more letters than there were inhabitants in all England and Scotland when Chaucer wrote his *Canterbury Tales*.

Vainly does the poor Spirit look for the towers and spires of the great Abbeys, Priories, and Commanderies, which occupied so large a share of public attention in his day! All have vanished, save the transept of the Church of St. Bartholomew the Great, facing Smithfield, from whence the ancient cattle market is gone, a "dead meat market" having taken its place as long ago as the reign of Charles II. Gone, too, are city walls and city gates, even bars and turnpikes. Everywhere, covering spaces that were once convent and monastery orchards and gardens, extends the sea of houses, with here and there a church steeple, or some aspiring factory chimney, which a Mohammedan might take for a minaret, or a mediæval knight for a watch-tower.

The city, we tell the Spirit, now stretches out to Putney and Richmond, even to Twickenham, and beyond Brentford, on the one side, and, on the other, towards Guildford, under the Surrey hills. It covers the heights of Kensington and Hampstead, Islington, Hackney, and old Tottenham, stretching far along the way to Barnet, and over the plain by the river, down to Romford, and farther yet. On the Southwark side its buildings have overwhelmed Bermondsey, Brixton, Clapham, and are submerging Croydon. It is not a beautiful city, but it is something more—a wonderful city, such as the world has never known since the times of Babylon and Nineveh; it dwarfs Imperial Rome, and will probably never be equalled, unless by some city in that New

World which was discovered some hundred and fifty years after our Pilgrim had gone to his nameless grave.

The poor Spirit is dazed and troubled. Already he wishes himself back under the peaceful shade of the eternal trees, beside the limpid waters of the streams that bathe the flowery meadows of Elysium. Presently the sun begins to sink, and the shades of evening encompass the restless city. The Spirit silently watches the transformation.

In King Edward the Third's time, the darkness settled down at once, and was only broken, here and there, by the glare of the torches borne by retainers attending some great baron to his palace. This new London at the Spirit's feet, shines like a lower firmament, full of suns, and moons, and stars. Lights innumerable gradually gleam out in all directions; some like planets, fierce and steady, others twinkling like little stars. Here the reflections of a long line of electric lights, remind our Pilgrim of the Milky Way, which, as he was taught in his childhood, pointed the road to Our Lady's shrine at Walsingham. Presently he asks us, with a touch of timidity, "What may be those comet-like streams of fire, that flash so swiftly through the darkness?"

"They are trains, or trams, or horseless carriages, bearing thousands of travellers through the night, to the farthest confines of the kingdom, nay, even of the earth."

Great is his wonderment when he realises that Friar Bacon's prophecy concerning horseless vehicles is indeed fulfilled, and learns that those restless trains burrow under the earth, carrying thousands, day and night, through a "tube," from the heart of the city to its most distant suburbs,—nay, further, that countless miles of wires, concealed underneath the streets, bear messages, in the twinkling of an eye, all over the globe, and that men can actually hold converse with each other, not within the walls of the city only, but at far distances, and even beyond the seas.

The night goes on, and the lights grow fewer and fewer, but only towards morning, in "the still, small hours," does the Colossus snatch a little rest. It sleeps at last! The silhouette of houses and domes and towers grows hazier and hazier as the lights die down, until that which appeared as a firmament

becomes a plain of darkness athwart which the silent river flows on, majestic, reflecting a red or blue or green light here and there as some lumbering barge steals along beneath the many bridges, to the Pool beyond them all. A few streets may still be traced by their long light of gas or electric lamps, and here and there in the blackness the light of some vehicle, cab or belated motor, shoots by, like a fiery Cyclops, visible for a moment, then lost for ever in the gloom. Six million of people, forgetful alike of sorrow and of joy, are wrapped in slumber. Nought breaks the silence save some church chime, or the shrill whistle of a railway engine. Even the Pilgrim's Shade, accustomed as it is to the wonders of spheres unknown to us, seems profoundly impressed. To mortals, this Dantesque vision of London, seen by night from the great dome, is so overwhelming, so awe-inspiring, so thrilling, that emotion almost chokes the labouring breath.

In the west, a pallid streak of light announces the approach of dawn. Gradually the sun rises, and the rosy tints fall first upon the mighty dome, above which we stand. Then the radiance paints the procession of churches and towers, and the massed buildings and the spires, till, as it rises higher and ever higher, the whole city unfolds into life, to the likeness of a great flower, transfigured for the time being. Things that are really ugly grow beautiful in that exceeding purity of atmosphere characteristic of London in the earliest morning hours, but, alas! so evanescent, that one can scarce say "It is," ere it has gone. The broad bosom of the river shivers with opalescent tints, soft pearly grey, pink and silver, flecked with gold, all shimmering on a blue that deepens almost into blackness towards the shore. The bridges are spans of light, upon which a few lamps still burn. The trees in the distant parks and squares catch the fairy gleam at last and become ethereal things, of every shade of green, of pale blue, and delicate violet, worthy, for one brief hour, of the gardens of the Hesperides. A mellow glow falls, with beauty indescribable, on the mighty city, whose slow awakening to light and daily toil is as pathetic, as it is majestic, to the watcher.

Then the Spirit, looking down upon all these things, notes for the first time the glinting domes of the distant Crystal

Palace suddenly illumined by the sun's early rays; sees the first movement among the shipping in the Pool beyond the bridge, bathed in the brilliance of a glorious summer morning; sees the distant Abbey and the graceful outlines of the Palaces at Westminster, the tall pink campanile of the Cathedral, and the far-off hills of Kensington, Hampstead, and Highgate girdling the wondrous panorama;—till, as the church-bells ring out their earliest chime, and the hum of the awakening city reaches his ears, he turns a face radiant with kindliness upon it all, and, as he vanishes into space, lets fall the faintly murmured words of some old-world benediction.

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